Gc
973.74
M28maf
1892
camp.2
1755116

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Go

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 00822 4161

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

http://archive.org/details/firstmainebugle1892tobi

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second-Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II. JANUARY, 1892. CALL 7.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO ALL OF ITS MEMBERS.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

ROLL CALL OF 1892.

(Will You Answer to Your Name?)

REUNION AT BOSTON,

(Banquet at the Revere House),

September 17th, 1889.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. P. CILLEY, *Treasurer*, ROCKL

1755116

A Complete Alphabetical Roster of
MEMBERS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY
1861--1865
&
EXPLANATORY NOTES

The figures opposite the names refer to the pages of the extended roster in the history, but are of value in this pamphlet as showing the company, etc., of each member, viz:

Pages 451-460 show the Field and Staff.
" 461-462 Non-Com. staff.
" 463-464 Band.
" 465-480 Co. A.
" 481-499 Co. B.
" 500-512 Co. C.
" 513-525 Co. D.
" 526-540 Co. E.
Pages 541-557 Co. F.
" 558-577 Co. G.
" 578-593 Co. H.
" 594-610 Co. I.
" 611-630 Co. K.
" 631-643 Co. L.
" 644-658 Co. M.
" 660-665 Comrades of the 1st D. C. Cavalry who died prior to transfer, or were not taken up on the rolls of the First Maine Cavalry at that time.

* A star indicates that such member is dead.

	PAGE	
Abbott, Alfred	598	
J. Holman	504	
John P.	598	
Abrams, John	515	*
Achorn, James W.	531	Camden.
Adams, Daniel	661	
Frank C.	565	Lowell, Mass.
James M.	515	Lincoln Center.
Job C.	487	Van Buren.
Thara S.	583	Solon.
Additon, Charles H.	565	Auburn.
Aderton, Thomas J.	583	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 12, '64.
Agin, Patrick	618	
Akers, John M.	544	Alfred.
Aldrich, William C.	467	
Allen, Elijah	467	
Frederick K.	471	Died in Southern prison, Feb. 13, '65.
Harrison B.	565	Hartland.
Hazo P.	531	
Henry C.	546	
Hiram W.	583	Died at Andersonville prison.
Ivory R.	597	26 Heard St., Chelsea, Mass.
Josiah S.	504	
Melvin J.	583	Skowhegan.
Samuel H.	451	Thomaston.
Walter	599	
Alexander, Arley P.	618	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Chelis	618	
George E.	618	
William F.	531	
Ambrose, Charles	618	Bath.
Ames, George S.	487	Lincolnville.
Henry C.	649	
John	487	Searsport.
William H.	471	Died in the service, Sept. 24, '64.
Anderson, Thomas	517	

	PAGE	
Andrews, Ebenezer	503	Willard.
George P.	515	Eastport.
Gideon, Jr.	488	Hermon.
John R.	579, 581	Malta, Ohio.
Lewis	582	Holliston, Mass.
Orlando V.	488	
Sylvanus G.	661	Died in the service, May 5, '64.
Tristam	531	
Annis, Alonzo	516	Charlotte.
Jonathan A.	661	
Archibald, Samuel G.	661	
William C.	616	
Arnold, Jerry E.	517	
Perry	504	Bangor.
William A.	504	
Atkins, Edgar	505	
Atwood, James F.	661	Killed in action, June 26, '64.
Averill, Frank W.	616	
Avery, Coleridge C.	635	
Oswald S.	634	Died at Hallowell, Dec. 26, '90.
Ayer, Joseph	531	
Ayres, Clarence	661	
Ayres, William H.	517	Charlotte.
Babb, Abner	488	Alton.
Lothrop L.	616	
Badger, Nathan	585	
Bagley, Alonzo J.	488	
Benjamin	488	Dexter.
Levi	618	Troy.
Bailey, Charles M.	528	Killed in charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
Edwin D.	615	W. Bristol.
Henry W.	636	E. Livermore.
Ira F.	649	
Mark W.	471	
William E.	583	
Baker, Albert	484	
Charles H.	579	
Cornelius V.	618	Bangor.
Dow C.	581	Skowhegan.
Edward S.	503	
Frederick	661	
Frederic M.	502	Died in the service, April 17, '65.
Granville W.	471	
Sanford G.	618	
Wellington P.	451, 583	Anawana, Ill.
William B	514	Died at Richmond of wounds received May 11, '64.
Bangs, Augustus A.	635	16 Cumberland Street, Portland
Edward F.	635	Stroug.
John C.	635	Broken Bow, Neb.
Roscoe R.	635	Wescott, Custer County, Neb.
Banks, Charles	616	York Village.
Barber, Jesse	649	Abbott Village.
Barden, Ansel	531	
Barker, George	617	
Henry	661	Died at Washington, April 26, '64.
Henry S.	516	
Barlow, Willard W.	485	Thomaston.
Barnard, Otis H.	635	East Auburn.
Barnes, Benjamin F.	509	Killed at Charles City Cross Roads, Aug. 16, '64.
George W.	479	Winslow.
Barrett, Addison D.	504	148, 150 Main Street, Norfolk, Va.
Cyrus F.	531	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 23, '64.
George H. M.	501	Isleshport.
James F.	488	"
Barrows, Benjamin O.	502	
Roscoe J.	488	Methuen, Mass.
Bartlett, Aaron	650	Garland
George A.	648	Prof. Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.
George W.	489	Killed at Coal Harbor, June 2, '64.
Joseph W.	479	
Orrin W.	484	
Bassett, Charles E.	505	
Edward	503	
Baston, Nathan P.	509	

Batchelder, Theodore J.	517	Houlton.
Batchelor, Joseph M.	479	
Bates, Henry	516	Killed by accident, Feb. 1, '64.
Bayard, John D.	486	
Beal, Burton A.	618	
Charles F.	546	Died at Georgetown, Feb. 6, '63.
George P.	507	Otono.
Beals, Roscoe G.	502	East Hebron.
Waldo C.	544	
Bean, Burnis R.	618	Saco.
Charles H.	484	Died at DeWitt, March 12, '77.
Oscar L.	516	Monticello.
William S.	655	Died at Washington, April 19, '63.
Beathen, Robert	502	
Beckwith, Alonzo	488	Belfast.
Bedell, Moses	526	
Beede, Gilman H.	471	Levant.
Begin, John B.	542	
Bell, Charles H., Jr.	515	Soldier's Home, Santa Demonica, Cal.
Franklin H.	471	
Loring W.	517	Died at Boston, Mass., '72. [4]
Webster	625	
Wesley K.	471	
Belony, John	618	
Bendenger, Peter	618	
Benner, Alexander	485	Liberty.
Daniel W.	488	
Thomas H.	488	Rockland.
Benson, Andrew M.	549	Liberty Square, Boston, Mass.
Calvin B.	552	Died at North Abington, Mass., Feb. 21, '83.
Bennett, Preston	546	Newport.
Berry, Stephen A.	546	*
Thomas	502	Died at Richmond, Me., '62.
Besse, Edward P.	618	Died at Washington, June 21, '64.
George C.	618	Killed at Boydton Plank Road, Oct. 27, '64.
William G.	619	Lewiston.
Betts, George H.	661	
Bibber, Andrew H.	457, 513, 541	Eastport.
Bickford, Aaron F.	530	Skowhegan.
Artemas D.	461	
Isaac	585	Died at Alexandria, Dec. 29, '64.
John H.	619	Died July 30, '90.
Warren F.	468	Berkeley, Cal.
Bickmore, Llewellyn F.	583	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 11, '64.
Bicknell, Isaac S.	541	Died at Washington, Dec. 31, '64.
Bigelow, Eustace C.	458, 542	92 Water St., Room 68, Boston.
Levi E.	463, 504	Skowhegan.
Bingham, Isaac	545	
Birce, Francis A.	483	
Bird, David E.	517	Belfast.
Birkenstock, John	661	
Bisbee, Hannibal, Jr.	503	Died out west a few years after the war.
Blackington, George E.	547	Rockland.
Black, Lebalister	589	
Blackman, Albert	619	
Francis H.	517	
Blaisdell, William	619	Killsd at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Blake, Charles A. J.	619	
Charles E.	488	
David A.	655	Died in the service, Feb. 13, '62.
Horace P.	532	Denmark.
John S.	615	Cape Rosier.
William C.	467	
Blanchard, Albert J.	661	Killed in action.
Albion E.	504	Died in prison at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 7, '64.
David D.	532	Forest City.
David J.	583	
Henry F.	559	Augusta.
Walter	504	
Blennerville, John	599	
Blethen, Horace K.	647	
Zebulon B.	558	Auburn.
Blodgett, Edwin R.	623	Died in prison at Salisbury.
Silas	619	

	PAGE	
Bodfish, Frank	459	Died at Anson, July 3, '86.
Boissonault, Madison P.	650	Died at Andersonville prison, Sept. 11, '64.
Bolan, Allen L.	661	
Bolton, Daniel V.	543	
Horace W.	542	Cor. Clark and Washington Streets, Chicago, Ill.
Bond, George S.	488	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
William	536	Newfield.
Bonnasa, Eswell	517	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Boothby, George W.	592	Saco.
Stephen	474, 541	Died of wounds received May 10, '64.
Boston, Henry W.	580	Died of wounds received Aug. 18, '64.
Bowden, Nathaniel, Jr.	514	North Bluehill.
Bowen, Benjamin F.	661	Killed in action, June 29, '64.
John C.	471	Bangor.
John C. C.	614	
Bowlan, Jeremiah	565	Killed at Staunton River, June 26, '64.
Bowker, Edmund C.	565	Canton.
Oren L.	532	Died at Strasburg, May 23, '62.
Bowler, Marquis	482	East Palermo.
Bowley, Edward M.	625	Died at Washington, Dec. 9, '62.
Bowman, M. T. V.	458, 592	Des Moines, Iowa.
Boyd, James W.	547	
Wm. L.	457, 493, 542, 631, 646	
Boynton, Abiel D.	488	North Whitefield.
Edwin J.	561	
Samuel P.	565	Rockland.
Brackett, Albert A.	532	
Alvin M.	547	Killed on the Dahlgren Raid, March 1, '64.
Hiram E.	471	
James W.	483	Greenwood Garden, Peaks Island.
Brackley, Enoch A.	625	
Bradbury, Russell S.	565	Auburn.
Wyman O.	635	
Bradeen, Isaac	635	Milo.
Bradford, Sumner P.	650	
William	488	Friendship.
Bradman, William H.	645	Died at City Point, Va., July 20, '64.
Bradstreet, Elbridge H.	488	Died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 9, '64.
Brady, John	489	
Bragdon, Augustus	650	
Bragg, Samuel M.	471	North Vassalboro.
Branch, Milton M.	471	Waterville.
Brown, Amos	532	
Bray, George H.	650	Monson.
Henry L.	463, 650	
James W.	565	Killed at Berryville, Aug. 14, '64.
Joseph S.	635	Died in Southern prison, Oct. 30, '64.
Justin L.	635	
Brennan, Patrick	532	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 20, '64.
Brewer, Charles E.	661	Died at Washington.
Brewster, Solomon C.	471	
Brickett, George W.	661	Died at Washington, Dec. 22, '63.
Brick, Isaac C.	491, 543	82 Ferrand Street, Charlestown Dist., Boston.
Bridgham, Samuel W.	543	Newburgh.
Brier, Eben F.	486	Died of wounds received July 14, '63.
Francis	489	
Briggs, Alonzo B.	650	
Charles, Co. I	509	
Charles, Co. M	650	Died of wounds received May 24, '62.
Elijah H.	564	Monticello.
Broad, Louira K.	615	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Brock, Freeman	489	Died at Frederick, Md., Aug. 29, '62.
Brookings, Frederick C.	631	
Brooks, Alanson V.	635	
Francis	509	
Jonathan	501	13 Middlesex Street, Chelsea, Mass.
Brown, Augustus D.	635	Livermore Falls.
Benjamin B.	619	
Calvin H.	582	
Charles B.	514	Bangor.
Charles S.	489	Lincolnville.
David F.	661	Died in the service.
George H.	484	
George M.	456, 644	Bangor.
George W.	532	Died at Alexandria, Aug. 21, '64.

	PAGE	
Brown, Henry N.	489	Searsmont.
Isaac H.	471	Lewiston.
James M.	565	
John	517	
Jonathan	489	
Levi G.	650	Farmington.
Orrin K.	635	
Philander	583	
Seth C.	489	Hillside, Col.
Thompson M.	517	Hampden Corner.
William	564	Died in prison, Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 1, '64.
Bruce, John O.	480	Belfast.
Samuel J.	489	Belfast.
Brusos, Peter	532	
Bryant, David, Jr.	633	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
George W.	622	West Paris.
James W.	631	
John	552	
Lawrence	590	
Sumner H.	504	Died in the service, Jan. 7, '63.
Verano G.	590	
William W	518	Boston.
Buck, Cyrus A.	565	Died in Hospital, Jan. '65.
Edward P.	504	Waterville.
Henry A.	583	Died in Southern prison.
Merrill S.	619	
William, Jr.	650	
Buckingham, John E.	631	
Bucklin, Moses R.	480	South Warren.
Buckman, Winfield S.	547	
Budge, Daniel	471	Springfield.
Bugbee, George E.	533	
Buker, Fayette	518	
Bullen, William S.	503	Died in Salisbury prison, '64.
Bulmer, Mark P.	518	Died at Andersonville, Oct. 15, '64.
Bump, Hosea F.	630	Farmington.
Bunker, Eli H.	532	
George H.	650	Franklin.
Burbank, Augustus J.	558	147 La Salle Street, Chicago.
Burgess, Charles	616	Bath.
Hiram E.	532	Branford, Conn.
William M.	504	
Burleigh, Albert A.	585	Houlton.
Burlingame, Jason	662	
Burnham, James O.	619	
Linsdale	547	
Robert	590	Died at Alexandria, Aug. 5, '62.
Burns, James, Co. G	565	Died of wounds received March 21, '65.
James, Co. L	556	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 9, '64.
John	504	
William, Co. C	504	
William, Co. K	619	Chalkstone Ave., Providence, R. I.
Burrill, William L.	471	
Burrows, Jerome W.	485	
Rufus E.	480	Thomaston.
Samuel	482	Broad Cove.
Burton, Elbridge 462,	482	Thomaston.
John F.	505	Cushing.
Butler, Luther H.	590	
Plummer H.	583	South Norridgewock.
Butterfield, Freeman H.	619	
William J.	612	Milford.
Butters, George H.	532	
Buzzell, Samuel L.	579	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
Cahoon, William	505	Hallowell.
Caleb, George A.	662	
Call, Lyman H.	489	
Cameron, George R.	505	Died at Rockport, Dec. 8, '90.
John	532	
Campbell, Angus	634	
Charles W.	518	
Colin	532	
J. Sanborn	583	
Cannel, John J.	546	
Conney, William H.	636	Dixmont.

	PAGE	
Canwell, James	582	
Capen, Charles W.	582	Williams Street, Bowling.
Henry A.	565	
Cappers, Osgood	484	Levant.
Card, James H.	557	East Surry.
Carey, George	611	Houlton.
Cargill, Alonzo M.	482	Killed in action Aug. 16, '64.
Carle, Lauriston	518	Died at Andersonville, Oct. 15, '64.
Carleton, Asa	619	
Carling, Michael	547	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 3, '64.
Carlton, Daniel C.	560	
Carpenter, Alpheus	619	Bath.
George W.	619	
Carr, Enoch R.	586	Pittsfield.
James P.	619	Brunswick.
Martin	487	
Samuel B.	619	
William H.	566	Pittsfield.
Carroll, James	480	Died in his tent, Petersburg, Aug. 31, '64.
Carson, Jeremiah L.	619	
John P.	634	Mount Vernon.
Carter, Alvin A.	489	South Hope.
Benjamin F.	473	Died at Ervilen, Fla., '85.
Charles E.	565	Joliet, Ill.
Cromwell	632	Died at Andersonville.
Eugene B.	595	Died at Frederick, Md., Oct. 29, '62.
Heman P.	471	Died in Southern prison Jan. 29, '65.
Thomas F.	489	32 Summer Street, Somerville, Mass
Carty, Dennis	582	East Livermore.
Case, Cyrus	564	Nelvern, Osage Co., Kan.
Casey, William	595	Killed at Sailor's Creek, April 6, '65.
Cates, Solomon B.	465	
Cathcart, James	582	Died in prison at Belle Isle, Sept. 29, '64.
Catland, Nehemiah B.	488	Died June 14, '65, from prison life.
Caverly, Amos	471	
Charles H.	630	
John	544	
Orrin B.	547	Died in the service, Dec. 31, '64.
Caviss, Lucius H	650	
Chadbourne, Albra	599	Died Jan. 1, '81.
Collins M.	565	Died of wounds received May 11, '64.
Nelson W.	650	
Paul	456, 599	Died some years after the war.
Chadwick, David	599	W. Washington.
Challis, Henry E.	621	906 Hollis Street, Baltimore, Md.
Chamberlain, Isaac	650	Plainview, Pierce Co., Neb.
James W.	619	
Lorenzo	595	
Lorenzo D.	635	
Sylvanus R.	636	
Champney, Alonzo D.	599	Rockport.
Chandler, Elbridge G.	599	
Frederick A.	599	
Josiah A.	480	
Nelson	564	
Perry	594	Lewiston.
Chapman, Edward F.	599	Died at Chester, Pa.
Edward K.	619	Stroutwater.
Marcellus G.	463	
Milton C.	488	
Chase, Charles T.	586	3 Davis Place, Portland.
Edward E.	634	59 Brown Street, Portland.
Frederick W.	632	
George H.	548	New Gloucester.
Isaac N.	620	Died at Camp Bayard, March 18, '63.
James A.	544	
Oscar T.	492	
Samuel S.	592	
William F.	548	Died at City Point, Nov. 9, '64.
Chick, Frederick L.	546	
John H. L.	615	Died at Salisbury prison, Jan. 3, '65.
Child, Henry A.	561	Died in New York after the war.
Homer	653	
Childs, William H.	650	
Churchill, Otis M.	620	Orland.
Cilley, Isaac	489	

	PAGE	
Cilley, Jonathan P.	455, 481	Rockland.
Ciphers, William H.	532	
Clapp, Charles T. E.	583	
Clark, Albion W.	650	
Edward H.	485	Rockland.
James O.	518	Belfast.
Job	518	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Joseph A.	505	Died at Andersonville, June 27, '64.
Leonard	471	
Nathan	547	
Orville H.	615	Bristol.
Paul F. R.	582	
Prentiss M.	468	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 8, '64.
Roland C.	489	Warren.
Sidney W.	468	Masardis.
Clarke, George	589	
Theodore	586	Died at Andersonville, Nov. 1, '64.
William E.	566	Killed at Appomattox, April 9, '65.
Clarkson, Charles B.	628	Neenah, Wis.
Clary, Osgood, Jr.	615	*
Clayton, Collamore O.	656	Zaopi, Minn.
Edmund B.	633	Died in Salisbury prison, Oct. 6, '64.
Rufus M.	638	Fort Moure, No. Dakota.
Cleary, Patrick	529	
Cleaveland, Elisha B.	468	Snohomish, Wash.
Charles A.	471	Died in prison at Richmond, '62.
William H.	459	Colebrook, N. H.
Cleaves, Frank	590	
Horatio M.	595	Saco.
Clement, Albion H.	486	Searsmont.
James	532	
John K.	480	
William Y.	489	
Clifford, Elisha A.	459, 547	Care Post 12, G. A. R., Bangor.
Cliff, William E.	565	
Closson, George D.	597	Surry.
Cloudman, Joel W.	457	*
Clough, John W.	662	Died in the service, July 12, '64.
Clouser, John	547	
Cluff, Eben	509	
Coan, Etheridge J.	626	
William H.	584	
Coakley, James W.	532	Killed by accident, Liberty, Va., Dec. 12, '63.
Martin H.	532	Died in the service, March 7, '65.
Coats, Francis W.	518	
Cobb, Charles H. Co. B.	489	Brunswick.
Charles H. 1st D. C.	632	
George	620	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. 18, '65.
Coburn, Hiram S.	468	Malden, Mass.
Jefferson L.	467	Lewiston.
Levi C.	560	
Coffin, Charles W.	506	Shapleigh.
John	556	
Joseph H.	583	514 Main Street, Lewiston.
William H.	518	
Colbath, Martin P.	471	
Miles	465	
Colburn, Abraham M.	518	Orono.
Francisco	504	Windsor.
Colby, Alonzo	615	
Cornelius	547	Brunswick.
George G.	583	
George W.	458	Died at Waldoboro, Feb. 24, '81.
Joseph E.	600	
Levi M.	600	
Colcord, Albert J.	555	
Joseph L.	505	35 Portland Street, Boston
Cole, Albert M.	660	Appleton, Wis.
Horace S.	465	Fergus Falls, Minn.
James D.	484	
Joseph G.	547	
Orison W.	547	Etna.
William W.	505	Fairfield.
Coleman, Charles A. Co. B.	490	Benton.
Charles A. Co. H	584	

	PAGE	
Coleman, Elijah H.	547	
William P.	481	Wetmore, Col.
Colesworthy, Henry R.	652	W. Gorham.
Collamer, Solomon C.	484	Died at Washington, Aug. 28, '62.
Collamore, Andrew W.	490	
Elijah	566	Died of small pox, in Lewiston, '66.
Colley, Charles H.	483	
Collins, Albion	620	Died at Salisbury prison, Dec. 28, '64.
Winfield S.	527	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Colson, Edward W.	626	Died in Salisbury prison.
Comins, Leander M.	467	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Como, Peter	620	
Comstock, Edgar F.	471	
Conant, Albert	598	
Alexander B.	614	
Isaac B.	505	Died at City Point, Va., n Ag. 29, '64.
Conley, George W.	662	
Connies, Samuel	533	Died at Camp Bayard, Jan. 4, '63.
Connor, John	515	Calais.
Peter C.	547	
Connors, Peter	532	
Cook, Hiram T.	64[illegible]	City Building, Portland.
Melville B.	482	Friendship.
Nathan V.	461, 579	
Coombs, Artemas	600	Assyria, Berry Co., Mich.
Clement W.	471	
Israel A.	502	Died at Togus, '91.
James H.	471	Died in the service, March '64.
Jesse F.	584	Fitchburg, Mass.
Lucalius J.	566	
Samuel E.	584	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. 25, '65.
Thomas P.	600	Sturgis St., Woburn, Mass.
Copeland, Oliver E.	490	Thomaston.
Llewellyn	584	Dexter.
Manley	650	
Corbss, Benjamin M.	566	27 Cedar Street, Salem, Mass.
Marcellus	650	Killed at Shepardstown, July 16, '63.
Samuel M.	547	Killed by accident, Augusta, Me., Oct. 12, '64.
Cornell, Edward F.	600	Port Allegheney, McKean Co., Pa.
Corson, Charles A.	581	
Charles I.	584	
Cotter, Thomas	650	
Cousins, Nathan H.	584	
Cowan, Henry R.	600	Bangor.
Kilburn	584	Orono.
Louis O.	594	
Samuel N.	649	
William D.	650	Ludington, Mich.
Cowee, George	591	
Cox, Cyrus	650	
George H.	620	
Coyle, John	533	
William	490	
Crabtree, Gilbert D.	650	
Cratts, Granger C.	620	Died in prison, at Salisbury, Feb. 6, '65.
Craig, Albert A.	591	
John	505	
John C.	662	
Cram, Ashbel H.	565	
John P.	470	
Joseph, Jr.	471	Bangor.
Crane, Eldridge C.	518	Died at Washington, Aug. 23, '63.
Joshua H.	565	
Richard J.	633	Bradley.
Crapleton, James	471	
Crawford, James	518	
John E.	502	Fort Jones, Cala.
John F.	5[illegible]	
Crocker, Alfred	4[illegible]	
Crockett, Albert S.	647	Died at Augusta, Feb. 13, '62.
Charles W.	662	Bangor.
Crooker, Melville C.	648	Bath.
William J. (misprinted Crocker)	621	
Crosby, Charles S.	461	
David	620	

	PAGE	
Crosby, George W.	584	
Stephen R.	602	
Crosgrove, Robert.	601	
Cross, Asa V.	547	
Eben G.	650	
Isaiah W.	490	
John	603	
John F.	603	
Lewis C.	472	Cornish.
Sewall B.	518	Augusta.
Simon	584	Died in the service, Feb. '64.
Crowell, Addison W.	634	
Charles H.	602	Died in the service, April 2, '64.
Levi	617	*
Crowley, Jeremiah	595	
Croxford, Horace	462	
Culnan, Michael	518	
Cummings, Frederick A.	547	
James G.	502	
John C.	595	Died at Annapolis, March 1, '65.
John G.	606	Died at Biddeford.
William	595	Died at Aquia Creek, May 19, '63.
Cunliffe, Elisha B.	606	
Cunningham, Edward	630	Killed at Gettysburg, July 3, '63.
William W.	620	Holyoke, Mass.
Curran, David	576	
Currie, David	606	
Currier, John D.	566	Died in camp, Feb. 14, '64.
Curtis, Daniel S.	457	Died at Washington, Feb. 6, '90.
Erving T.	645	
James, Jr.	602	Died in the hospital.
Joseph R.	490, 597	Portsmouth, N. H.
Uriah	490	Stetson.
Vandorous	617	
Warren W.	490	
Cushman, Fairfield	490	Died in the service, July 14, '62.
George H.	650	Died of wounds received April 9, '65.
Horace B.	606	Bangor.
William M.	602	
Cushing, James B.	566	Died in prison at Salisbury, Nov. 7, '64.
Cutler, Frank M.	481	*
Cutting, George D.	518	
Cyphers, Martin C.	581	Hancock, Minn.
Daggett, George W.	606	So. Liberty.
John H.	544	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
J. Monroe	583	St. Marys, Kootenai Co., Idaho
Levi H.	504, 651	61 Clinton Street, Boston, Mass.
Washington	583	Hodgdon.
Dailey, Erastus K.	595	
Dakin, Frank B.	623	
Levi S.	566	No. Fayette.
Daley, James B.	606	Patten.
Dam, Albert C.	464, 646	Died in New York, May 15, '90.
Charles F.	545	118 Exchange Street, Portland.
Damon, Lafayette	584	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 8, '64.
Daniels, John E. Co. K	629	
John E. 1st D. C.	651	
Richard M.	540	Pittsfield.
Walter D.	598	Died in prison at Danville, N. C., Dec. 27, '64.
William H.	548	Exeter Mills.
Darling, Jackson V. B.	654	
Joseph T.	548	Melaca, Cal.
Darnaby, Ephraim B.	620	Died of wounds received Sept. 16, '64.
Davis, Alexander S.	463	
Asa E.	583	Died of wounds, March 13, '64.
Benjamin F.	548	
Boardman	651	
Charles F.	634	
Charles J.	518	
Charles M.	661	Died in the service, May '64.
Charles N.	583	*
Daniel F.	545	Bangor.
Daniel W.	606	Amesbury, Mass.
Ebenezer P.	648	Died in Southern prison, Jan. 4, '65.
George A.	651	Abbott.

	PAGE	
Davis, Horace O.	620	
James P.	490	
Jason C.	490	
Leland F.	600	Arctic, R. I.
Luther	620	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 13, '64.
McKendree	486	Friendship.
Milton R.	566	Canton.
Octavius A.	472	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 14, '64.
Otis D.	620	
Rodney C.	566	Died at Augusta, March 5, '62.
Samuel	595	Great Falls, N. H.
Samuel C.	470	Monson.
Samuel W.	472	
Stephen	548	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 9, '64.
Thomas	472	Bangor.
Thomas W.	472	
William B.	596	
William L.	533	Died at Annapolis, April 6, '64.
Dawes, Frederick S.	505	Hudson, Mass.
Dawson, Simeon M.	472	
Day, Alfred F.	651	
Charles D.	584	Died in prison, at Salisbury, Nov. 15, '64.
George F.	651	Auburn.
John H.	468	
Nathaniel, Jr.	636	
Thomas	518	
Dealey, John, Jr.	562	Killed at Brandy Station, June 9, '63.
Dearborn, Calvin	566	Auburn.
Charles B.	620	
Charles E.	472, 620	Died at City Point, Va., Feb. 13, '65.
Charles E. Co. M.	651	
John B.	614	Moultenville, N. H.
Decker, Charles B.	584	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Edward E.	533	Died in the service, Oct. 20, '64.
John C.	533	
Deering, Edward B.	636	Knightville.
John S.	600	Died at Fortress Munroe, Aug. 17, '64.
Delaite, John	503	
Samuel P.	662	Killed on Kautz's raid, May '64.
Delano, Charles R.	566	Killed at Beaver Dam Station, May 10, '64.
George M.	563	Died at Auburn, soon after the war.
Levi	651	Died a prisoner, at Lynchburg, June 16, '62.
Deller, John	490	
Dennett, Irving C.	600	Saco.
Menander	620	Lewiston.
Derring, Octavus	533	
Devereaux, Augustus R.	514	Ellsworth.
Elisha W.	548	120 4th Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Devine, Cornelius	566	
Oliver	620	
Dill, George S.	662	Killed in action.
Dillingham, Virgil P.	567	2012 Olive Street, St. Louis.
Doane, Edward H.	584	
Dobbins, Joseph	472	Died at Washington, Oct. 19, '64.
Dobbs, Warren	662	Killed in action, June 15, '64.
Doble, William	567	*
Dockendorf, James W.	560	
William	502	
Dockham, George A.	651	Died a prisoner, Lynchburg, June '62.
Dodge, George W.	472	Died at Annapolis, Md., Sept. 18, '62.
John M.	595	*
Nelson A.	472	Lewiston.
Rudolph L.	548	606 Congress Street, Portland.
Doe, Bradbury P.	600	Cambridgeport, Mass.
Edwin K.	490	
Erastus A.	518	
James M.	472	
John	472	*
Joseph	621	Milford.
Dogea, John	621	
Dolbin, John H. (misprinted Dolbier)	533	Myrtle Point, Coos Co., Oregon.
Dolley, Nathan D.	533	Killed, charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
Donaver, John F.	542	Kendaskeag.
Donnell, Almon B.	564	Green.
Donnelly, James	533	Washburn.

	PAGE	
Dority, Alvin A.	505	
Dorrity, Hugh	490	
Douggons, William M.	472	
Dougherty, Valentine H.	472	
Warren O.	469	
Doughty, George	651	Augusta.
Douglas, Abner L.	636	
Arrona W.	636	
George F.	584	
Jeremiah S.	646	Commercial Street, Portland.
William W.	469	
Douty, Calvin S.	451	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Dow, Albion K. P.	584	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 19, '64.
James E.	518	
James H.	633	
John H.	518	Waite, Washington Co., Me.
Joshua M.	490	Warren.
Downey, Arthur	621	
Downs, Phineas L.	490	
Doxey, John	600	
Doyen, Daniel B.	561	
Henry L.	662	Killed while on picket.
Howard M.	548	W. Levant.
Drake, Alvin	505	
Francis E.	505	Died at Frederick, Md., Oct. 23, '62.
James F.	548	Emporia, Lynn Co., Kan.
John B.	561	144 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.
Dresser, David D.	567	
Edward E.	533	*
Peter J.	468	Auburn.
Purrington	468	
Drew, Alonzo	472	
Ansel	469	*
Frederick C.	596	
Hiram T.	472	
Irving F.	636	*
Walter	584	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 2, '64.
William H.	616	Died at Alexandria, Aug. 12, '64.
Drinkwater, Albion C.	472	Braintree, Mass.
Duchane, E. L. T.	517	
Dudley, David Y.	601	
William F.	548	Lewiston.
Duley, Charles T.	567	
Dunan, John	518	
Dunbar, Edward	518	
Dunham, George H.	503	*
William B.	505	
Dunn, Christopher C.	530	
James T. W.	472	
John	463	Died in Augusta.
John A.	472	
Dunning, Alonzo	543	
A. M.	466	
Freeland	506	
Dunsmore, Rufus M.	636	Temple.
Dunton, Guvanus H.	490	Winterport.
Zealor A.	584	
Durgin, Edwin G.	601	
John A.	621	Died at Falmouth, Va., Dec. 15, '62.
William M.	469	
Dushane, Francis	651	
Duston, George L.	567	Auburn.
Dutch, Alonzo	518	Belfast.
Amos M.	506	Boyd Lake.
Dwelley, John C.	567	
Dyer, Albert C.	621	
Charles	548	Etna
Jeremiah C.	533	Died in Andersonville, Aug. 24, '64.
Robert F.	500	
Stover, G. (misprinted Storer)	621	
Dykes, William R.	584	Died of wounds received June 24, '64.
Earle, Ebenezer	651	
Henry D.	636	Canton, Mass.
Eastman, Charles	548	Freedom, N. H

	PAGE	
Eastman, Gilman L.	662	
John	624	
Eaton, Albert J.	601	*
Charles	634	
Frederick B.	506	
George W.	490	Belfast or Northport.
Joseph D.	601	Wells.
Nathaniel	507	Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 16, '64.
Eddy, Charles	533	
Eleazer	518	Killed at Hawes' Shop, May 28, '64.
Edes, Edwin T.	506	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Edgar, James	616	Winslows Potter, Portland.
Edgartown, James P.	499	*
Edgecomb, Albert	472	123 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.
Edwin P.	601	Cornish.
Edgerly, Asa B.	506	
Austin	601	Biddeford.
Edwards, Nathaniel S.	548	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 23, '64.
Elder, Gilman B.	637	
Eldredge, Levi, Jr.	518	
Elliott, Daniel H.	601	
Farnum A.	567	
John G.	533	
Samuel B.	621	Died at Salisbury prison, Dec. 3, '64.
William	506	
William D.	612	
Ellis, Hiram H.	533	Died at Washington, Nov. 19, '62.
Hiram S.	472	Windom, Cottonwood, Minn.
John F.	506	
Matthew W.	518	Searsmont.
Osco A.	526	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Scott, S.	487	
William	518	
Ellsworth, Rufus G.	463, 631	
Elwell, Tristram J.	506	Charlestown Dist., Boston.
Emerson, Elisha D.	584	St. Albans.
Henry R.	601	Died in Andersonville, Dec. 1, '64.
Emery, Abner C.	581	*
Briggs H.	621	Old Colony R. R., Boston, Mass.
Carlton P.	633	*
Charles A. F.	463, 470	106 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.
George C.	637	Hallowell.
George E.	472	Died of wounds received April 9, '65.
Horace B.	619	
John, Jr.	473	Hampden.
Nahum	473	Hampden.
Nathaniel S.	567	Waterville.
Zebulon M.	633	
Emmons, Joseph P.	567	Died in prison, at Charleston, Oct. '64.
Emory, George M.	595	
Erskine, John A.	491	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 28, '64.
Esancy, John F.	662	
Estabrooke, Edward M.	463	
Thomas S.	529	Houlton.
Estes, Chelsea L.	490	
Gustavus K.	567	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Jeremiah A.	504	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 25, '64.
Llewellyn G.	495	Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.
Evans, Harrison S.	545	
John G.	548	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 1, '64.
Lorenzo K.	548	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 1, '64.
Stewart E. Co. F	548	No. Guilford.
Stewart E. Co. M	604	
Eveleth, Melvin W.	543	Colorado Springs, Colo.
Ewer, Charles	651	Died of wounds received May 24, '62.
Fales, Fenelon M.	487	Died of wounds received June 24, '64.
John Leroy	506	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Leonard K.	508	Thomaston.
Falkner, Alexander	519	
Farnham, Frederick L., Jr.	503	Washburn.
James B.	469	
Farnum, William H.	563	Rumford Center.
Farr, Mansel W.	585	Lewiston.
Farrington, Byron H.	506	Died at Washington, Aug. 22, '62.

	PAGE	
Farrington, Henry L.	567	
Farris, Charles W.	548	Died at Warrenton, Va., March 4, '64.
Walter S.	548	Died at City Point, Va., Aug. 10, '64.
Farwell, William S.	501	
Fassett, George L.	647	Lewiston.
Gorham P.	504, 649	Died in prison, at Danville, March 3, '65.
John G.	646	Minneapolis, Minn.
Faulkner, John E.	533	Monticello.
Faunce, John	637	Oxford.
Felch, Ivory H.	651	
Felix, Andrew	519	
Fellows, Samuel	533	Severy, Greenwood Co., Kansas.
Fenderson, Gilbert	585	
James W.	581	
John H.	580	
Fessenden, Joshua A.	482	Presidio, San Francisco.
Nathaniel	567	
Ferguson, Charles H.	597	Boston & Maine R. R., Boston, Mass.
Ferrill, C.	491	Died in the service, March '65.
Feyler, William	491	
Field, Bohan	528	Hot Sulpher Springs, Col.
Hanson S.	567	Killed at Ground Squirrel Bridge, May 11, '64.
Files, Joseph P.	651	Portland.
Fish, Austin A.	632	Woburn, Mass.
Fisher, Albert G. B.	473	
Andrew	651	Died at Peaks Island, Aug. 14, '90.
Fisk, Amos	491	Rockland.
George F.	491	
Fitzgerald, Daniel S.	621	Lewiston.
John	548	
William H. H.	637	Died in hospital, Va., Feb. 8, '63.
Flaherty, John	548	
Fletcher, Joseph W.	585	
Stephen R.	567	
William E.	601	Camden.
Flinn, Juan F.	533	Died of wounds received April 6, '65.
Flint, Daniel D.	501	Dexter.
Levi C.	651	Monson.
Thomas	651	Monson.
Floyd, Henry S.	585	Killed at Roanoke Bridge, June 25, '64.
Fogg, Albert R.	621	
Benjamin F.	467	Died in Southern prison, Aug. 27, '64.
Horace A.	614	
Llewellyn W.	585	
Moses H.	585	
Follett, Henry H.	549	
Folsom, Benjamin F.	533	
Francis J.	637	Auburn, Cal.
Gorham A.	530	
Henry H.	631	16 Queen Street, Lowell, Mass.
Henry W.	533	Eddington.
Oliver J.	464, 534	
Ford, Charles W.	611	42 Exchange Street, Portland.
John	506	Died on the way from prison, Aug. 13, '64.
John F.	618	245 Washington Street, Haverhill, Mass.
Llewellyn	651	
Forsythe, John G.	585	
Nelson S.	560	28 Bow St., Somerville, Mass.
Forrest, Thomas.	534	Died in Andersonville, June 23, '64.
Foss, Benjamin R.	473	Lee.
Franklin B.	585	Harmony.
Jacob P.	534	Machias.
Silas S.	534	
Volney H.	559	Bangor.
William L.	519	Killed at Briery Creek, April 7, '65.
Foster, Alfred	651	Gardiner.
Charles H.	560	Canaan.
Charles W.	602	
Daniel M.	580	Canaan.
George W.	637	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
James D.	562	
James M.	585	
John H.	647	
Joshua F.	651	
Phineas, Jr.	513	Tacoma, Wash.
William E.	585	Killed at Wyatt's Farm, Sept. 20, '64.

	PAGE	
Fowles, George S.	621	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Samuel (misprinted Fowler)	549	Corina.
Fowler, Samuel H.	601	
Foy, William	583	Canton.
Frank, Oliver B.	451	Gorham, N. H.
Frasier, David	549	
Frazer, Alexander	637	
Free, Robert	589	Died at Augusta, April 11, '62.
Freeman, Adelbert	585	Died in hospital, Nov. 12, '64.
Perrin P.	566	Camden.
Freese, John W.	465	Eureka, Cal.
Frenell, Allen D.	531	Waltham, Mass.
Charles A.	473	
Evander L.	531	
John	648	Lewiston.
John S.	651	31 Oak Grove Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
Friend, Adelbert I.	637	Died in Salisbury prison, Dec. 12, '64.
Albert P.	567	
Taylor B.	549	
Frisbee, Randolph R.	463	Died at Washington, April 12, '62.
Frost, Columbus B.	602	
Daniel	637	Died in Salisbury prison, March 12, '65.
Edward	551	Pasadena, Cal.
George D.	473	North Monmouth.
George W. H.	564	Died in hospital, Sept. '64.
Nathan P.	484	
Sewell F.	505	
Wellington	585	Pembroke.
Fuller, Alden A.	551	
Alden W.	582	
Edwin Y.	567	
Elisha C.	637	No. Livermore.
Henry D.	481	*
James	472	*
Samuel	459	Hubbard, N. H.
William F.	562	Died in Portland, July 20, '84.
Fultes, John	651	
Furber, Frank M.	465	
Furbush, Charles D.	473	Garland.
Henry W.	564	Lewiston.
Gage, Daniel W.	561	157 North Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
Gammon, George Q.	632	North Livermore.
Walter	585	
Gallagher, John	621	Caribou.
Gardiner, Albert	589	Died of wounds received April 9, '65.
Charles E.	473	1107 51st St., Chicago.
Gardner, Leslie B.	519	Died at Washington, June 30, '63.
Garey, Lionel D.	637	
Garland, Henry D.	473	
Garnett, James L.	596	
John H.	585	27 and 29 South Market Street, San Jose, Cal.
Garrett, Orrin L.	549	Carmel.
Garvin, Simeon	587	Good Thunder, Bluehill Co., Minn.
Getchell, Emery T.	461, 621	Brunswick.
George W.	567	Brewer.
John R.	549	Died at City Point, Va., Dec. 23, '64.
Josiah	611	Brunswick.
Gates, Edwin S.	585	Lincoln Centre.
Frank	649	Sherry, Wis.
Oliver P.	473	
Gay, Charles	633	
Elijah	596	Center Montville.
Gearnar, George	601	
Geary, Charles B.	601	Newton Centre, Mass.
Cyrus M.	648	Died of wounds received April 9, '65.
Gerald, Alexander	621	
Dudley B.	596	
George W.	596	Died in the service, July 31, '63.
Samuel M.	596	China.
Gerry, Samuel B.	549	North Bradford.
Getchell, Anna T.	491	
George C.	622	Died in Salisbury prison, Dec. 31, 64.
John	549	
Joseph T.	651	

	PAGE	
Geyear, George	506	
Gibbs, Reuben	506	
Gibson, Charles H.	563	Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 16, '64.
Gilbert, Arad E.	601	
Ellison	567	Augusta.
Joseph D.	632	
Josiah R.	464, 568	
William W.	464, 568	
Gilchrist, Alden	601	
Arthur	491	Center Montville.
Riley	491	"
Giles, Frederick M.	568	North Boothbay.
Gilkey, Edward	633	
Gilley, Charles B.	519	South West Harbor.
Edward	506	
John	514	Died of wounds received May 11, '64.
Gilman, Alexander B.	534	
Amasa	651	Dover.
Charles B.	491	Solon.
Daniel H.	461, 580	
Fairfield J.	534	
Lewis	534	
John M.	549	
John N.	637	
William B.	506	
Gilmore, Aldrich	506	Pablo Beach, Fla.
Robert J.	464, 601	
Gilpatrick, Charles	519	Wilbur, Ulster County, N. Y.
Jesse L.	622	Died at Salisbury, Dec. 4, '64.
Gipson, George W.	601	
Given, Albert P.	534	
Gleason, Carlton T.	568	Georgetown, Col.
Glidden, Charles	534	
Kelsey L.	585	Died of wounds received May 8, '64.
Lyman W.	637	
Goddard, Charles W.	534	Care Cape Cottage Box, Portland.
John	451	"
John H.	527	Willard.
Goding, Abraham	652	
William H. H.	637	Newport, Vt.
Gonyea, Jock	585	
Goo, Peter G.	534	
Gooch, Orrin W.	491	Fostoria, Turcola Co., Mich.
Goodale, Andrew J.	601	
Goodbehere, Joseph S.	475	Died at Annapolis, Jan. 12, '65.
Goodine, Harvey L.	564	
Stephen S.	647	Haverhill, Mass.
Goodnow, Jason S.	582	
Goodrich, John H.	601	
Goodridge, Leonard J.	586	
Goodspeed, William M.	506	
Goodwin, Charles C.	585	159 Clark Street, Portland.
Charles H.	549	Stetson.
C. L.	530	Springfield.
George E.	580	Skowhegan.
James A.	581	East Livermore.
John W.	549	Gaines, Pa.
Levi A.	473	Canaan.
Llewellyn	585	Skowhegan.
Orrin L.	585	Died at Lee, '90.
Seth B.	568	
Tristram	463, 637	
Gordon, Charles	473	
Charles O.	631	"
Gore, Charles H.	544	
Gould, Asa S.	637	Washburn.
Charles	652	
Charles R.	473	Hampden.
Edward D.	534	
Levi W.	637	
Nathaniel	637	Died at Warrenton, Va., March 28, '64.
William	691	
Gove, George A.	622	Limerick.
Moses E.	582	Perry.
Gowen, Benson	491	Sisson, Siskeyon Co., Cal.
Graham, Joshua B.	534	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.

	PAGE	
Grafton, Edmund C.	488	Killed by railroad accident, July 30, '62.
Grant, Abner D.	473	Columbia.
Charles E.	473	Hermon.
Charles L.	632	York Village.
Gustavus	549	Died at Andersonville, July 28, '64.
John P.	617	Medway, Mass.
Madison M.	473	West Bangor.
Royal	632	
Samuel	473	Hermon.
William B.	545	Orland.
Graselle, Joseph	568	
Graves, Augustus A.	618	
Gray, Francis	637	
George M.	473	
George W.	473	39 Leonard Street, Dorchester, Mass.
James J.	529	Orange, Cal.
James S.	473	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 15, '64.
Stephen	468	Lakeman Market, Boston.
Thomas C.	549	South Brooksville.
Wesley	514	Solon.
Greeley, David	543	Foxcroft.
Greenleaf D.	652	Died at No. Pittston, Dec. 26, '90.
Warren J.	534	
Green, Alden A.	463	
Edwin H.	586	
Frank W.	529	22 Pitman Street, Somerville, Mass.
Herman R.	619	
Llewellyn	652	So. Lagrange.
Oscar F. A.	652	Boulder, Col.
Greenlaw, Augustus	506	
Greenleaf, Charles L.	506	
George W.	534	
Gregory, Elbirous	629	
George W.	652	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Grey, Abner K.	518	Prospect.
John P.	622	Lost at sea, Sept. '76.
Griffin, Andrew	457	
Samuel E.	549	W. Pembroke.
Thomas	602	"
Grindell, Melville	519	"
William B.	652	
Gross, Arthur I.	622	Orland.
Edwin R.	549	
Grover, Boynton	566	Killed by accident in Missouri, after the war.
Gulliver, Moses H.	473	
Gulliver, Thomas H.	491	
Gumty. William (mis-printed Gumty)	473	
Guptill, Isaiah	637	
Lemuel H.	491	
Gurney, Freeman J.	568	
Isaac P.	506	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 28, '64.
Nathaniel	491	Waldo.
Samuel J.	488	Belfast.
Gurns, L. B.	515	
Hagan, John	622	
Haines, Albert	534	Fort Fairfield.
Daniel W.	461, 529	Died at Fort Fairfield, Aug. 15, '70.
Dudley L.	504	
Walter P.	615	Saco.
Hair, Sebina R.	647	
Hale, George B.	637	
Haley, David M.	479	Sebago.
George W.	458	
Hall, Alden	502	W. Auburn.
Alto L.	586	Winn.
Amos R.	586	
Dana M.	529	
Daniel W.	579	Died of wounds received June 17, '63.
Edwin B.	474	"
Elijah E.	530	South Atkinson.
Elijah G.	652	The Forks, Somerset Co.
George D.	602	
George W.	515	
Henry C.	478	Woburn, Mass.

	PAGE	
Hall, Isaac A.	484	
James G. B.	568	
James M.	408	Killed in charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
James R.	584	South Atkinson.
Marcellus W.	636	Dover.
Sullivan T.	652	
William H.	662	
Hallowell, Henry T.	541	
Nathan T.	611	Windsor.
Ham, Benjamin F.	602	Springvale.
Hiram H.	564	
Hamilton, Benjamin	602	
Charles L.	622	
Dimon	545	Box 254, Norway.
George F.	542	Sheridan, Wis.
Ivory W.	540	South Waterboro.
Josiah	491	
William	652	Unity.
Hamlin, Henry A.	598	Died in Southern prison, Aug. 1, '64.
Hammon, Lyman	637	
Hammond, James C.	470	
Hannaford, George O.	597	W. Newfield.
Hanscom, Levi P.	598	Died at Augusta, March 21, '62.
Loring L.	540	Bath.
Sylvanus L.	549	Boothbay.
Hanson, Albert W.	618	Fall River, Mass.
Asa F.	646	Maple.
Austin D.	602	
Daniel P.	506	Augusta.
Elbridge M.	635	
Israel	602	
Hardgrave, George	602	
Hardinbrook, Charles W.	593	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 6, '64.
Hardison, Hiram P.	531	Died at Belle Isle prison, July '62.
Harlow, Hollis	622	Died at Salisbury prison, Oct. 29, '64.
James H.	582	Dead River.
Orlando W.	582	
Harmon, Frank R.	561	Mechanic Falls.
William L.	622	
Harper, Alonzo D.	593	
Harriman, Frederick A.	470	
James W.	534	Neceda, Wis.
Joseph N.	515	Orland.
William H.	586	Brockton, Mass.
Harrington, Orrin M.	491	Newport.
Harris, Albert H.	637	
Daheer	598	
Elisha De Wolf	543	
Gilbert N.	515	28 School Street, Boston, Mass.
Hezekiah F.	622	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Horatio W.	622	Oldtown.
Isaac B.	491	Box 21, Groveland, Mass.
Isaac S.	549	Died at Andersonville, Dec. 26, '64.
James B.	648	
Jason F.	637	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Leonard A.	549	
Samuel F.	602	
Stephen E.	652	Dixmont.
William	541	Killed by accident, May 17, '64.
Harrison, Charles F.	568	
Hart, Francis	622	Bath.
Henry	597	
John E.	586	Burnham.
Harvey, Charles C.	586	Died in hospital, Dec. 26, '64.
George D.	597	
Ira B.	543	Lewiston.
John F.	653	Killed at Shepardstown, July 16, '63.
Haskell, Almore (miss-printed Almon)	637	Bolsters Mills.
Henri J.	485	
Orrin S.	461, 465	Pittfield.
Haslett, Enoch	597	
Hassan, Albert W.	549	Belfast.
Hastings, Simeon C.	586	Sidney.
Hasty, Robert	602	

	PAGE	
Hatch, Frederic C.	564	
Israel M.	568	Died soon after the war.
Noah	534	Springfield.
Phillips	622	
Hattin, Charles M.	507	
Haugh, Henry	519	
Hawes, Henry A.	435	Valejo, Cal.
Washington	529	
Hawkes, Benjamin G.	542	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Nathaniel S.	540	Phillips.
Hayden, George W.	474	Died in the service, Jan. 25, '63.
Hayes, James	554	
Michael	632	Died at Salisbury prison, March 16, '65.
William M.	503	Died at Frederick, Md., Nov. '62.
Hayford, Orlando A.	568	Died at Canton, Nov. 11, '83.
Haynes, Frank G.	485	29 Henry Street, New Haven, Conn.
Horace M.	602	
Haywood, William H.	519	Died at Washington, Oct. 22, '62.
Hazeltine, Robert, band	435	
Robert, Co. I	602	
Hazelton, Asa B.	507	41 State St., Camden, N. J.
Hazen, John B. Co. F	544	South Waterford.
John B. Co. M	647	
Head, John H.	574	
Heal, Luther L.	536	Killed at Harper's Ferry, Aug. 23, '64.
Robert A.	580	Lincolnville Center.
Heald, Charles	637	Died at Washington, April 23, '64.
Charles A.	652	Bangor.
Edwin	540	
John A.	526	Killed in charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
Heath, Lorenzo J.	535	
Hemmingway, Joseph H.	602	
Henley, Harmon T.	544	
Herbert, Edward B.	613	Died of wounds received Dec. 10, '64.
James	529	*
William M.	613	Bristol.
Herman, Christian S.	535	
Herrin, James W.	543	
Philander S.	580	
Herring, John G.	647	Foxcroft.
Hersey, Henry A.	623	North Turner.
Hesketh, Thomas	623	Died at Washington, April 15, '64.
Hewitt, Ephraim	549	
Hibbert, Baron S.	474	
Hicks, Benjamin C.	535	
Higgins, Albert H.	652	108 7th Street, South Minneapolis, Minn.
Charles J.	507	Hallowell.
Edwin M.	519	W. Eden.
George H.	507	
James H. (misprinted James A.)	623	Old Orchard.
Warren S.	507	
William N.	614	Lewiston.
Hight, Thomas	454	*
Hildreth, Charles A.	504	
Horace W.	502	
Hill, Charles E.	503	Milltown.
Edwin	550	Dover South Mills.
Jeremiah	602	
John F.	505	
Joseph C. Co. A	446	45 Exchange Street, Portland.
Joseph C. Co. E	530	
Lorenzo B.	528	Augusta.
William H.	474	
Hilton, Alfred L.	586	No. Waldoboro.
Joseph M.	543	
Hinckley, Frank K.	519	
Hindle, David L.	637	19 Ames Street, Lowell, Mass.
Hinds, Josiah D.	602	So. Orrington.
Hinkley, William	582	
Hitchings, Oliver	662	
Hoben, Marcellus	530	
Hodgdon, William H.	491	
Hodges, Thomas B.	474	
William H.	555	

	PAGE.	
Hoalsdon, Moses M.	602	Died of wounds received July 1st, '63.
Hogan, James	474	
John	625	
Holden, Samuel M.	487	Maitland, Cass Co., Neb.
Simeon A.	516	Tremont.
Holland, Henry	586	
Hollis, Thomas	637	Died at Augusta, Jan. 3, '62.
Holman, Freeland L.	632	Died in prison, at Savannah, Ga.
Rawson	584	
Holmes, Horace	582	
William L.	519	Fairfield.
Holt, Charles H.	507	
Frederick	586	Orono.
William T.	543	
Holway, Sumner A.	586	Windsor.
Holyoke, Horace P.	543	*
Hooper, Charles H.	623	Lynn, Mass.
Gilbert A.	652	Died Oct. 30, '89.
Lawrence P.	623	
Lorenzo C.	652	W. Sullivan.
Hopkins, D. Oscar	602	Died in Washington, Feb. 2, '64.
Elbridge S.	634	
Gustavus A.	601	Died of disease while in the service.
Homan, Peter	586	
Horn, Rufus A.	595	
Horne, Thomas L.	595	
Horton, William	597	
Hovey, Emerson W.	580	
Silas G.	608	Died of disease in '64.
Howard, Albert	602	Died in the service, Sept. '64.
Hollis	602	*
Horatio N.	602	
James P.	408	
Johnson, Jr.	642	Died at Washington.
Lloyd	632	
William	595	
William H.	623	432 St. John St., Portland.
Howe, George G.	602	*
Nathaniel	632	W. Brooksville. (Should be Hawes.)
William S.	513	Died at Lewiston, Aug. 24, '91.
Howes, James F.	623	
Llewelyn G.	595	
Samuel W.	623	Died at Andersonville, July 23, '64.
Sumner W.	598	
William O.	598	
Hoxie, William H.	593	Detroit, Me.
Hubbard, Charles P.	595	Died at City Point, '65.
Humphrey, Ephraim B.	644	
Timothy P.	598	Pittsfield.
Hunnewell, David	602	Died in the service, June 12, '64.
Hunt, James L.	638	West Washington.
John	529	
Hunter, Alvin	559	Flintville; Brown Co., Wis.
John M.	539	Killed in charge on Lee's train, April 6, '65.
Huntington, Daniel B.	632	North Bradford.
James C.	559	
Huntoon, Peter	504	
Hunton, George E.	598	Abilene, Kan.
Huntress, Henry O. (misprinted Henry)	536	
Hurd, Charles C.	550	63 L. M. S. Dutton Street, Lowell, Mass.
Henry B.	548	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Henry J.	602	
James A.	586	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Jethro H.	491	Blaine.
Robert F.	602	Berwick.
Samuel, Jr.	545	Stetson.
Washington I.	579	Died of wounds received June 17, '63.
Hussey, Charles	506	
George W.	526	Died March 24, '90.
James R.	474	Died in Southern prison, '65.
Haston, Albert N.	519	
Charles C.	602	
Hutchings, Charles	519	Died in the service, Nov. 30, '64.
F. W. J.	565	
Newell S.	519	Verona.

	PAGE	
Hutchins, Benjamin F.	580	
George . .	623	
Hanson, Jr. .	589	Etna.
John A. .	586	
Joseph F. .	568	
Hutchinson, Dennis .	471	East Corinth.
Fred L. .	489	
Joseph M. .	602	*
Hyson, Zebard F. .	623	Cooper's Mills.
Illsley, Horace C. .	463	Died in Augusta.
Ingalls, Emery G. .	652	Bangor.
Hiram B. .	638	
Samuel . .	649	
Ingersoll, Augustus W.	403	Houlton.
Ingraham, Francis .	535	Houlton.
Irish, Daniel G. .	508	Lewiston.
Irving, Elnathan P. .	569	
Jack, Charles E. . .	403	Rear 22 Chauncy Street, Boston.
Harrison J. .	543	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 1, '64.
Jackman, Charles C. .	589	
Jackson, Albert F. .	652	Monson.
Albert M. .	638	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. '65.
Charles . .	652	
George W. .	550	
Henry A. .	586	
John B. .	550	
Miles . .	414	Died in Southern prison, '65.
Moses T. .	550	Killed at Petersburg, June 15, '64.
Samuel H. .	546	
Sylvanus R. . 538,	550	*
Jacobs, Almon J. D. .	617	Died from imprisonment, March 15, '65.
William . .	569	
Jellison, Benjamin W.	602	Bangor.
Jenkins, Alexander .	550	Newport.
Isaac N. .	602	Died in Southern prison.
James . .	550	Togus.
John . .	569	
Jennings, Peter .	603	
Reuben B. .	631	
Jerris, Peter . .	474	
Jewett, Charles .	653	
Edward E. .	653	Died in Philadelphia, Aug. '62.
Frank E. .	616	1622 Warren Street, St. Louis, Mo.
George F. .	611	42 Washington Market, Boston.
Rufus L. .	586	Died at Baltimore, March 26, '65.
William H. .	507	
Johnson, Aaron .	507	
Albert H. .	550	
Albert R. .	514	*
Alonzo L. .	602	
Alvin M. .	507	
Charles K. .	644	Died on the way north from prison.
Charles P. .	615	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Ebenezer S. .	632	
Eldridge G. .	603	
Eri A. . .	451	Died in the service, April 7, '65.
George F. .	519	Died at Augusta, Feb. 19, '62.
Henry . .	550	
John B. .	605	Died in the service, Oct. 2, '64.
John F. .	550	Killed at Farmville, April 7, '65.
John H. .	569	
Mariner S. .	507	South Exeter.
Rufus . .	603	
Samuel M. .	550	Killed at Sailor's Creek, April 6, '65.
Walter . .	544	
Wilder . .	623	
William . .	507	
William J. .	602	
William L. .	550	Died of wounds received April 6, '65.
William P. .	550	
Johnston, Charles H. .	638	Belmont Cor.
John E. .	623	
Jones, Austin L. .	633	
Charles D. .	587	Rockland.

	PAGE	
Jones, Cyrus T.	623	
Eugene F.	491	Union.
Ezra E. L.	608	
James, Jr.	471	
John	595	
Riley L.	560	E. Saginaw, Mich.
Rodney	503	Fairfield Center.
Rufus L.	633	Died at Washington, Feb. 12, '64.
Stafford B.	490	W. Auburn.
Jordan, Andrew J.	502	Died in hospital, Oct. 26, '62.
Benjamin F.	471	
Charles W.	559	Auburn.
Edward	461, 645	Bangor.
Elbridge G.	634	
Eleazer	474	South Vineland, N. J.
Gustin	635	
Hiram C.	559	Care W. & H. C. Plummer, Portland.
Thomas D.	471	"
Warren A.	519	Bangor.
Judkins, Sylvanus	587	Athens.
Jumper, George E.	559	San Francisco, Cal.
Junkins, Robert P.	463, 648	
Kalloch, Edward K.	559	
Kame, John M.	461, 464, 653	Scottsville, Mason Co., Mich.
Kane, James W.	603	
Peter M.	519	
Keen, Howard	653	
Keenan, George	597	
Keene, Seneca E.	595	Lincoln Centre.
Seth H.	595	
William C.	492	
Keeting, George R.	623	58 Highland Ave., Haverhill, Mass.
Keiser, John S.	550	Ellsworth Falls.
Kellan, Thomas P.	655	
Kellen, John, Jr.	633	Died in prison at Charleston.
Kelley, Charles S.	569	
George M.	569	East Northport.
George S.	515	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
John	625	
Orlando	656	South Etna.
Kellogg, Charles F.	608	
Marcellus R.	605	
Kelsey, John B.	569	Died some years after the war.
Kemp, Charles E.	542	Livermore Falls.
Kendall, Alfarther R.	581	Died in Southern prison.
Kendrick, Ralph	623	Died at City Point, Va., Nov. 28, '64.
Kenerson, Ithiel S.	570	"
Kennard, William K.	559	Bar Harbor.
Kennedy, William H.	570	Died at Andersonville, Oct. '64.
Kenney, Charles B.	464, 617	335 Front Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kilkenney, Benjamin	638	West New Portland.
Kimball, Albion P.	492	East Bradford.
Andrew J. Co. A	471	
Andrew J. Co. B	492	Hermon.
Augustus W.	587	9 Lawrence Corp., Lowell, Mass.
Charles	469	
Charles A.	605	
Cyrus B.	587	Auburn.
George E.	587	
George S.	560	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Hiram	605	Died in Augusta, Jan. 8, '62.
James	467	
William H.	658	Purnham.
William W.	570	Died in '89.
King, Albert H.	605	
Alpheus	474	
Hiram B.	470	Mechanic Falls.
Kingsbury, Alpheus R.	624	65 Hampshire Street, Lowell, Mass.
Kingsley, Charles E.	624	Died in Salisbury prison, Dec. 29, '64.
George A.	624	North Auburn.
Kitchen, George	570	433 Albert, cor. Fifth, Seattle, Wash.
Knapp, John P.	595	
Kneeland, Alfred	587	Winterport.
Knight, Albert E.	550	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Alfred W.	492	North Whitefield.

	PAGE	
Knight, Augustus H.	570	Camden.
Cyprian M.	504	*
Cyrus E.	535	
Edwin D.	542	
James M.	624	Kennebunk.
Simeon M.	603	So. Waterboro.
Thomas W.	648	
Zebulon	544	Otisfield.
Knowles, Adoniram J.	587	Died in Maryland, Oct. 4, '64.
Benjamin P.	514	Died at Hampden, '72.
Henry L.	519	
Hosea	502	
John	545	
Knowlton, James L.	570	Died of wounds received April 6, '65.
Samuel J.	546	Liberty.
Knox, Charles O.	507	Gardiner.
Kucking, Theodore	474	
Kyle, Alexander	492	
Labelle, Lewis	535	
Labree, Horace	474	
Ladd, John W.	663	
Laine, Columbus C.	587	
Lake, Enoch H.	474	
Lakeman, Frank	535	
Lakin, Corydon B.	660	Norfolk, Va.
Lambert, Daniel	624	Skowhegan.
Lampher, William A.	550	
Lamson, Edwin B.	485	Union or So. Vassalboro.
Lancaster, Richard E.	474	
Zelotes	474	
Lane, David R.	587	Died in Southern prison.
George W.	570	
John	507	Appleton.
Leander	519	Turner.
Lee	474	Died of wounds received June 24, '64.
Samuel W.	408	Augusta.
Thomas	633	
Lang, Caleb N.	619	86 Portland Street, Portland.
Charles	624	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Robert	624	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
William	624	
Langpher, Daniel R.	492	Died of wounds received on picket, Aug. 9, '64.
Langworthy L.	492	
Lanelle, Virgil G.	535	Died in Southern prison, '64.
Lannon, John	474	
Lary, Charles S.	653	Killed in action, June 30, '64.
Lash, John R.	502	
Latham, Charles F.	516	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 4, '64.
Charles W.	470	
Lawrence, David	550	Stetson.
Joseph H.	515	Orland.
Leach, Lyman	603	
Silas	520	North Castine.
Lear, Joseph R.	492	
Leathers, Daniel	653	Carmel.
Frank J.	535	South Winn.
John B.	587	Died in prison, Richmond, March 20, '64.
Leavitt, Frank W.	535	
Horace C.	520	Died at Washington, June 9, '62.
Lee, Joseph W.	559	Bristol, Pa.
Leeman, Roscoe G.	653	
Leighton, Benjamin F.		
Co. G	570	
Benjamin F. Co. H.	587	
Cyrus	603	Killed in action, June 27, '64.
James W.	570	
John W.	485	
Lyman P.	516	Lynn, Mass.
Nathaniel W.	615	Richmond.
Lennon, William A.	507	Stetson.
Lermond, Edward W.	507	
Ephraim	492	East Union.
Le Sault, Batiste	545	Milford.
Leslie, Henry B.	535	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.

	PAGE	
Lancarder, Julius M.	528	
Lancellar, Samuel	570	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 25, '64.
Lewis, Almon	551	
Eben G.	653	Died at Brandy Station, Jan. 27, '64.
Frank	474	Orono.
George E.	638	
Levi B.	587	
Orrin F.	570	Lee.
Waterman T.	648	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
William N.	587	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Libby, Alvah M.	598	"
Anson O.	474	Waterville.
Benjamin F.	598	"
Eugene A.	535	Saco.
Granger A.	507	Milford, Mass.
Henry T.	542	East Baldwin.
Horatio S.	501	American Express Co., Boston.
John Q. A. (misprinted John G. A.)	507	Rockport.
Madison	570	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Osman	475	
Samuel O. (misprinted Samuel I.)	489	
Seth	579	
Lincoln, James W.	492	Died in Washington, Aug. 28, '62.
Raymond	535	15 Sanborn Ave., Somerville, Mass.
Linnell, Charles E.	663	Died in the service, March 24, '64.
Lippert, Charles	624	
Liscomb, William S.	581	
Little, Henry	589	Auburn.
Thaddeus	457, 612	Boston, Mass.
Littlefield, Charles F.	603	Died at Andersonville, Oct. 14, 64.
Dependence S.	603	465 Main Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.
James A.	587	
Jonathan	535	
Joshua M.	624	Edgerton, Pipestone Co., Minn
Oliver B.	603	
Reuben O.	603	
Lloyd, James	612	
Locke, William R.	507	Etna Center.
Lockhart, Robert	507	Custer City, Pa.
Lombard, Jesse	624	Saco.
William H.	587	Ripley.
Long, Charles E.	653	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Thomas J.	461, 617	38 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.
Lord, Ambrose M.	529	Tilden, Neb.
Amos	648	"
Augustus, Jr.	475	Williamsport, Pa.
John F.	603	Waterboro.
John T.	544	"
Loring, Jacob B.	481	Rockland.
Loud, William M.	612	Richmond.
Lougee, Enoch W.	545	"
James S.	653	Killed at Middletown, May 24, '62.
John E.	542	North Parsonfield.
Samuel	545	Died in New York, Oct. 15, '64.
William H.	551	"
Lovejoy, James W.	603	Killed in action, June 29, '64.
Marcellus P.	638	"
Samuel B. M.	550	Died soon after the war.
Samuel C.	491	Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C.
Lovell, Daniel K.	544	"
Lovering, John	493	Houlton.
Lowe, Franklin B.	597	Waterville.
Perley	597	Laflin Street, South of 22d Street, Chicago, Ill.
Lowell, Albert	544	"
Benjamin P.	661	Lewiston.
Charles H.	648	Dexter.
Daniel W.	551	"
Horace H.	469	Penfield, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Lowlin, Stephen	520	Died in the service, Dec. 25, '64.
Lubbam, Peter	624	"
Lucas, Samuel	570	Canton.
Willard, 2d	492	"
Luce, Alonzo B.	563	"

	PAGE	
Luce, Charles R.	624	Died at Washington, Jan. 26, '64.
Charles S.	520	Monticello.
Henry A.	536	
Hezekiah	529	Winterburn, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Joseph P.	544	
William H.	475	Rice Lake, Wis.
Luddon, Levi	633	
Lufkin, Andrew J.	468	
Charles L.	475	
Jason L.	507	
Otis E.	475	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Lunt, Charles W.	638	
Joseph	507	Died at Gardiner, '64.
Parker G.	508	
Thomas	502	Gardiner.
Wilbur F.	559	
Lurvey, Lemuel R.	520	Southwest Harbor.
Lwoney, Michael	624	Canton.
Lynn, Frederick D.	492	Togus.
Lyon, Henry F.	502	Killed at Shepardstown, July 16, '63.
Lucian W.	587	820 Douglas St., So. Saginaw, Mich.
Lyons, Charles W.	531	Houlton.
Thomas G.	624	Nobleboro.
Mace, Edward A.	638	
Mack, Luther J.	475	
Maddocks, Charles	520	
Maddox, James	604	Amesbury, Mass.
Madigan, Dennis	492	
Mallitt, James H.	546	
Maguire, James	579	
Mains, Ivory	536	
Maloon, Horton (misprinted Hartom)	570	Killed at Shepardstown, July 16, '63.
William, Jr.	564	Auburn.
Mangan, Michael	536	
Mann, George W.	604	
James K.	526	
Mansell, George F.	475	Brownville.
Mansur, John S.	531	Mansur's Mill.
Warren	403	637 Main Street, Charlestown Dist., Mass.
Manter, Benjamin A.	554	
Marble, James S.	568	
Marden, Alston R.	598	Died at Belle Plain, Dec. 25, '63.
Rufus R.	402	
Wayland	403	
Mariner, Ambrose	598	Augusta.
Marks, Augustus	564	Died in Southern prison.
Marsh, Charles H. Co. H	587	Eastport.
Charles H. Co L	638	
John B.	604	3 Chester Place, Boston.
Marshall, Benjamin F.	581	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 10, '64.
Marston, Charles L.	562	58 Congress Street, Portland.
Edwin T.	502	
Hathorn	638	
Martin, Joseph H.	568	Rockport.
Thomas	536	
Mason, Fernando F.	570	Turner Center.
Jonas W.	554	Died at Washington, Jan. 16, '64.
Silas D.	598	
Matthews, Henry A.	570	
William R.	517	
Maxim, Henry	653	
Maxwell, Isaac C.	475	Litchfield.
Mayberry, Charles F.	536	
George H.	581	Madelio Minn.
Mayhew, Nathan	541	
Maynard, Joseph B.	596	
Mayo, Clifford N.	403	Grinnell, Iowa.
Daniel T.	580	
William H.	570	
McAllister, Amos	536	
De Witt C.	663	
Joseph	492	Died at City Point, Va., June 29, '64.
William	536	
McCarthy, Richard	624	52 Nichols St., Providence, R. I.

	PAGE	
McCauslin, Franklin	508	Hartland.
William T.	508	
McClanning, William S.	570	Killed at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, '64.
McClure, Edward W.	502	
Gustavus	648	Died in Minnesota, May 17, '90.
McCobb, Austin	483	Hollister, San Benito Co., Cal.
Wilbur	484	Hollister, San Benito Co., Cal.
McCombs, John H.	663	
McCorrison, George S.	492	Died at City Point, '64.
James, Jr.	554	
McCoy, Andrew	582	
Charles E.	520	Bangor.
McCurdy, Eben H.	492	
Hugh	520	Died of wounds received June 19, '64.
John	530	
Samuel R.	502	North Vassalboro.
McDaniel, Cornelius C.	663	
McDonald, Albert L. 464,	604	
Alexander	625	Killed at Ground Squirrel Bridge, May 11, '64.
Christopher	654	
George T.	475	
John, Jr.	571	Kenduskeag.
McDougall, Alexander	613	Fort Fairfield.
McDuffie, Charles	536	
McFarland, Ira A.	504	Died in the service, Feb. 6, '65.
Justin L.	492	
William O.	492	Brunswick.
McFarlin, John	529	Woodstock, N. B.
McFee, John	551	
McGaffey, Florian	653	
Otis	551	Died at Frederick, Md., Nov. 24, '62.
McGee, John	587	
McGinley, Thomas	569	Springfield.
McGoon, Ephraim J.	587	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
McGrath, William N.	553	
McGuire, Alfred D.	487	St. Helena, Cal.
McIntire, Oliver H.	604	
Thornton W.	583	Plymouth.
McIntyre, Charles A.	487	Killed at Appomattox, April 9, '65.
Henry S.	560	
McKean, Ezra H.	633	Phillips.
McKeene, Silas	536	
McKenney, Albert S.	508	
Cyrus W.	663	
Daniel R.	545	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 15, '64.
Joseph	604	Orono.
Richard	554	
William H.	553	4 Trowbridge Place, Portland.
McKenzie, John	504	
William	475	
McKinnon, Alexander	553	
McKusick, Benjamin F.	588	Union Street, Portland.
John T.	595	
McLaughlin, Charles H.	463	Oldtown.
William	625	
McLoud, John	489	Folsom, Cal.
McMaster, Thomas J.	588	
McNear, Alfred	503	102 Decatur Street, East Boston, Mass.
McNeill, Dwight	475	
McNichol, Thomas	520	
McPhail, Alfred E.	588	
Duncan	588	
William H.	508	
McKay, John	571	
Meadler, John	475	
Mears, Parker	624	
Meads, Daniel J.	604	Biddeford.
Mequier, Elisha H.	658	
Meivin, Albert A.	475	17 Appleton Corp., Lowell, Mass.
Ambrose T.	654	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 1, '64.
Edwin B.	551	South Exeter.
Merriam, Joseph	516	
Leonard B.	663	Fort Robinson, Neb.
Merrick, Stephen W.	604	
Merrifield, Charles N.	456	Lewiston.
Jacob C.	553	
James S.	515	

	PAGE	
Merrill, Albert G.	624	Brunswick.
Asa	489	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 25, '64.
Charles C.	588	Died of wounds received July 16, '63.
Charles H.	501	
Dennis H.	624	Died in Salisbury prison, Dec. 7, '64.
Edward F.	513	55 Bramhall Street, Portland.
Henry O.	588	191 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.
James W.	624	
John A.	588	Sanford.
John H.	544	Killed at White House Landing, June 21, '64.
Lewis	544	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Lemuel O.	624	Los Angeles, Cal.
Samuel H.	490	*
Willard R.	517	Manchester, Me.
William	673	
Merrim, Orrin L.	455	
Merritt, James H.	526	U. S. Inspector, C. H., Portland.
Merrow, Francis E.	604	Died in Augusta, Jan. 16, '71.
William O.	638	
Messer, Adelbert A.	485	Died of injuries received in the valley, '62.
George A.	485	
Willard L.	493	*
Meserve, James H.	536	Died in Southern prison.
Miller, Alonzo D.	551	Weeks Mills.
Charles H.	516	Lincoln.
John	503	
Millett, Joseph C.	588	
Milliken, Loren H.	614	
Mills, Gustavus L.	531	Saco.
John S.	638	Schuda, Iowa.
Manfred	653	
Miner, John L.	655	Died in prison in Georgia, July, '64.
Mitchell, Edward P.	551	
Everett	693	
Henry L.	493	Died in Augusta, April 7, '64.
John	571	Bangor.
Nanum W.	596	Died March 12, '67.
Moffitt, Eugene C.	571	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Monk, Eugene	551	Readfield.
Montgomery, Joseph	536	*
William	513	
Monroe, Albert P.	475	East Bootlaby.
Warren B.	604	Died in Southern prison, Oct. 30, '64.
Mooney, John	663	Quincy, Mass.
Moores, Josiah N.	638	
Moor, James	693	Died at Camp Stanton, May 10, '62.
Moore, Albert	526	
Charles H.	604	
Delmont	604	Died at Annapolis, Md., Nov. 3, '64.
Eber S.	464, 475	
Lewis G.	520	Rochester, N. H.
Moses D.	520	Died at Andersonville.
Nathan	551	
Thomas	485	
Thomas B.	526	Died at the Soldier's Home, Togus.
William H.	588	Houlton.
Wilson J.	516	St. Albans.
Moores, Morris L.	493	Waltham, Mass.
Murray	604	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 9, '64.
Morang, Calvin S.	638	
William	652	Died in the service, March, '65.
Morey, George W.	634	Sanford.
Morgan, Alonzo D.	604	
Averill C.	653	
Jacob O.	663	Sangerville.
Morgridge, Samuel T.	464, 604	
Morrill, Benjamin C.	520	Rockland.
Edward F.	520	
Elijah	536	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Emery	493	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 8, '64.
George	604	Hermon.
Ira	536	
William	536	
Morris, James W.	663	Biddeford.
Morrison, Aaron L.	503	
Angus	604	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.

	PAGE	
Morrison, George	571	
Morrow, John	508	Madison.
Morse, John	403	
Thomas H.	508	
William B.	638	
William H.	571	East Friendship.
Mosher, Benjamin C.	589	South Norridgewock.
Isaac G.	588	South Norridgewock.
John M.	508	Died of wounds received Oct. 9, '63.
Mosman, George G.	638	
Moulton, Albert	625	York Corner.
Charles E.	604	Auburn.
Jonathan P.	547	
Mountford, Vincent	406	Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 16, '64.
Mower, John M. Co. A	479	North Vassalboro.
John M. Co. L	638	
Thomas H.	563	
Mulvey, John	551	
Melvin, Benjamin	663	
Munson, Laurel	529	Houlton.
Marsh, Alfred B.	545	
Ephraim A.	529	
Marshmore, William	638	Died March 18, '88.
Murphy, Dennis	588	Skowhegan.
James A.	615	Died in Salisbury prison, March 18, '65.
Samuel H.	605	Killed at Charles City Cross Roads, Aug. 18, '64.
Murray, Russell	605	Charlestown, Mass.
Thomas M.	605	Liberty.
Myrick, Edward E.	627	Augusta.
John D.	611	Died at Augusta, Dec. 27, '82.
Joseph H.	508	
Nevio, Henry C.	564	Weymouth, Mass.
Nash, David J.	563	
Jonathan	616	Died in prison at Danville, N. C.
Nason, George E.	503	
Josiah, Jr.	508	
Samuel E.	663	Died in the service April 21, '64.
Neal, Franklin B.	508	Belfast.
James A.	605	
John O.	663	
John W.	502	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Reuben S.	502	W. Farmingdale.
Thomas J.	502	
Thompson	561	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 7, '64.
Nealman, Frank C.	571	Bethel, Me.
Nealis, William H.	639	
Nelson, Edward F.	536	Died in Maryland, June 20, '63.
Neville, Mark	527	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Nevins, Justin S.	632	
Newbegin, Danville	598	Newfield.
Eugene	605	
Sumner E.	617	Milford.
Newbold, Andrew D.	493	
Newell, Charles W.	605	
Nicholas, Frederick B.	639	
Nichols, Charles F.	571	Enfield.
Oscar W.	529	Died at Andersonville prison.
Nicholson, William	625	
Nickerson, Eugene	536	
Hezekiah O.	548	
Moses	571	
Nason G.	663	
William H. H.	551	
Niles, Timothy B.	571	
Nobrega, Mitchell R.	571	
Noelstrom, Charles E.	536	
Nolan, Michael	551	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Norris, Richard	632	
North, Charles A.	498	Malden, Mass.
Northrop, George	563	56 Booth Corp., Lowell, Mass.
George J.	459	206 East Ridge Street, Marquette, Mich.
Norton, Charles A.	625	
Norwood, Frederick A.	598	
Henry W.	461, 634	
Noyes, Clarence	493	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 18, '64.
Fred K.	471	

	PAGE	
Noyes, Joseph H.	598	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Nute, Israel F.	536	Lee.
Nutt, James E.	520	
Nutter, Robert	537	Port Cabedonia, Cape Breton, Canada.
Samuel A.	605	Biddeford.
Nutting, Chandler B.	588	
Frank	502	
Jason S.	520	Died in the service, Jan. 8, '65.
Oakes, Corydon J.	520	Lost at sea.
Evander	439	
George E.	464, 695	
Oakman, Isaac	653	Weeks Mills.
O'Brien, Dennis	571	Killed at Stanton River, June 26, '64.
James	598	
Michael	475	Mendocino, Cal.
William	587	
O'Connell, Redmond	475	Milwaukee, Wis.
Odell, Solomon H.	639	
Ohlsen, John	581	
Olson, Charles J.	493	
O'Neil, John	656	Died in the service, Nov. 9, '64.
Orcutt, Rosalvo F.	528	1110 19th Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Ordway, Augustus L.	639	Medford, Mass.
Benjamin	663	
Caleb F.	464, 582	
George A.	652	Quincy, Mass.
Osborn, Benjamin A.	527	Watsonville, Cal.
William A.	537	Mt. Pleasant, Isabella Co., Mich.
Osborne, Charles P.	588	Killed near Richmond, May 12, '64.
James H.	663	
Osgood, John N.	571	Died in hospital, Sept. '64.
Otis, Eugene H.	653	132 Essex Street, Bangor.
George H.	598	
Overlook, Rufus L.	639	
Owen, Nathaniel L.	464, 653	Cambridgeport, Mass.
Oxton, Franklin A.	493	West Camden.
Packard, Corbitt L.	483, 646	Orient.
Pagett, Frank	551	Rockland.
Page, Christopher A	483	
Henry B.	588	
John	551	
Paine, Richard H.	551	
Painter, James W.	639	
Palmer, Albion D.	493	
Charles C.	635	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. 25, '65.
Dennis W.	475	Hermon.
George D.	493	Died Feb. 12, '99.
Samuel W.	484	
Thomas B.	561	
Parker, Aaron	557	Died in Andersonville, July 24, '64.
Albert S.	525	Died in Washington, May 13, '65.
Alexander M.	653	Deering.
Aurelius	483	225 Camp St., New Orleans, La.
Frank W.	659	
Marcellus M.	485	
Samuel E.	598	
Sanford G.	663	
Parkman, Eli W.	609	Killed in action, June 16, '64.
Parks, Darius N.	625	
James	475	
Parsons, John B.	571	
Partridge, Charles A.	616	
Frank A.	605	Died in prison at Danville, Dec. 29, '64.
John B.	695	Northampton, Mass.
Patch, Henry L.	659	Osborn, Neb.
Patten, Alonzo	493	
Edward M.	457	San Fransisco.
George	520	Died at Point Lookout, Md., Sept. 24, '64.
George G.	654	Sullivan.
Robert A.	503	Washburn.
Stephen W.	598	Died at Lunda, Cal., Dec. 27, '84.
Sumner A.	459	Skowhegan.
Patterson, Aaron B.	475	
Charles F.	493	

	PAGE	
Patterson, Jeremiah F.	571	
Lycurgus	508	Hampden.
Paul, Leander H.	663	Rockport.
Payson, Barak C.	508	Died in Washington, July 6, '64.
Peakes, James B.	475	Santa Cruz, Cal.
Joseph B.	625	Dover.
Peake, William G.	630	
Peachey, John B.	654	
Pearson, Chester C.	654	Died in Augusta, March 20, '62.
Pearsons, William R.	493	6 Broadway, N. Y.
Peare, George L.	546	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 28, '64.
Peavey, Darius W.	475	
Hiram	475	Died at Exeter, Jan. 20, '90.
Pendleton, Andrew F.	517	
Richard F.	475	
Silas P.	520	Camden.
Penly, George W.	654	
Pennington, Frank A.	520	
Penny, Henry S.	571	
Pentland, Robert	537	
Perkins, Alonzo	482	Died in the service, Aug. '62.
Barron G.	483	"
Daniel	605	Died in Andersonville, May 30, 64.
Elliott	654	Farmington, Wash.
George	504	
George E.	508	Box 77, Hooksett, N. H.
Hiram	625	Waldoboro.
Horace	476	
Isaac T.	551	
John H.	630	Died in Washington, May 1, '64.
John McC.	595	31 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
Otis	625	"
Thomas	663	
Thomas H.	588	Died in Andersonville, Aug. 10, '64.
William H.	605	Killed at Louisa Court House, May 2, '65.
Perry, David S.	520	
Joseph F.	508	
Pettengill, Anson	433	
Peva, Freeman C.	503	Augusta.
Nathan R.	509	Cooper's Mills.
Phelps, George W.	552	Died of wounds received Sept. 13, '62.
Willard R.	580	Died in Andersonville, June 16, '64.
Phenix, Charles B.	493	Lewiston.
Philbrick, Charles E.	494	Died in prison at Florence, Dec. 28, '64.
Philbrook, Wm. J.	494	Died in Washington, Feb. 18, '65.
Phillips, George P.	654	Westville Street, Dorchester, Mass.
Russell	613	
Seth H.	654	
Walstein	541	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Phillop, Thomas	663	Killed in action.
Phipps, Charles L.	625	
Joseph W.	498	
Pickard, Charles H.	494	Died May 10, '78.
Jefferson	571	
John E.	537	Died in Frederick, Md., Nov. 14, '62.
Pickering, Charles W.	476	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 22, '64.
Pierce, Albert R.	583	Died at Salisbury, Nov. 26, '64.
Alfred	493, 545	Arlington, Mass.
Alphonso	503	Died at Salisbury prison, Nov. '64.
Frank W.	493	Houlton.
Gardner	520	Died at Augusta, Aug. 1. '62.
George A.	520	
Isaac Y.	498	
Jacob H.	625	Died at Manassas, June 7, '62.
Stephen B.	625	Died in Southern prison.
Pierson, William J.	630	
Pike, Benjamin R.	503	
Pillsbury, Ellsworth C.	630	Sanford.
Evans S.	644	824 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Henry M.	537	Sanford.
John M.	494	Died at Augusta, Feb. 23, '62.
Pinkham, Charles E.	588	Sacramento, Cal.
Daniel	588	
Hiram B.	494	Died in Hospital, June 16, '64.
James	630	New Vineyard.
Moses S.	503	W. Gardiner.

	PAGE	
Pinkham, Samuel	630	
Wellington	629	Died in the service, May 24, '62.
Piper, Nathaniel	564	
Pishon, George E.	582	Died in Hospital, Sept. 8, '64.
Pitts, Isaac S.	552	So. Waterboro.
Plummer, Alvin E.	494	
Clement P.	494	Died in Salisbury prison, Jan. 26, '65.
George L.	654	
George W.	654	
Jeremiah S.	552	
Samuel	494	Died in prison, at Salisbury, Oct. 23, '64.
Pollard, Jonathan F.	516	Masardis.
Kendall	605	
Thomas J.	571	Died in Andersonville, Oct. '64.
Pollister, Joseph M.	520	
Ponlow, Joseph	582	
Pomroy, Rowland B.	582	Died in Southern prison.
Pond, Arthur A.	571	
Poole, Solomon	635	Clinton, Mass.
Poor, James W.	460, 481	Died in Reno, Nevada, Sept. 2, '99.
Porter, Edward E.	494	Died in the hospital.
John J.	605	
Rue W.	654	Detroit.
Pottle, William F. (misprinted Potter)	494	
William M.	520	
Potter, John	494	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 16, '64.
Powers, George E.	495	
Pratt, Alonzo M.	639	Died in Andersonville, Aug. 15, '64.
Arlo	654	
Arston R.	633	Died in the service, Sept. 4, '64.
Beulah W.	633	New Vineyard
Charles H.	633	
Franklin E.	643	
Joshua P.	654	
Nathaniel N.	625	Richmond.
Oliver P.	639	Died at Frederick, Nov. 17, '62.
Pray, Alanson H.	569	Augusta.
Frank W.	564	"
Harvey S.	588	"
Isaac	593	
J. H.	593	
Preble, Melvin	525	Bangor.
Prescott, Alpheus	605	
Daniel C.	476	
Franklin	647	Newbury.
James N.	642	Exeter.
Lewis	521	Phillips.
Preston, Robert	521	
Price, William	639	
Priest, Alpheus M.	521	
Henry W.	588	
Prince, Albert P.	486	"
George	654	16 Davis Street, Boston, Mass.
George H.	633	Died in the service, March 7, '64.
William B.	494	Died in the hospital.
Proctor, Edward E.	476	Lisbon.
George F.	476	Lisbon.
George W.	476	Bowdoinham.
J. Loren	633	"
Pullen, Charles H.	633	Died in the service, July 20, '64.
Pulsifer, Addison G.	552	
Eben J.	552	South Auburn.
Thomas E.	521	Yarmouth, Mass.
Punch, John	516	
Purington, Granville	520	"
Putnam, Black Hawk	556	Houlton.
Charles C.	529	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Pyle, Solomon	605	Mapleton.
Quimby, William B.	552	
Quinn, Dennis	625	
John	552	Died in the service, July '64.
Michael G.	494	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 5, '64.
Silvanus	647	Orneville.
Quint, Luther	588	

MAJ. HENRY C. HALL.
Woburn, Mass.
Hist. p. 536.

	PAGE	
Rackliff, James H.	634	Bangor.
Ragan, James	537	
John W.	537	Died of wounds received Oct. 12, '63.
Ramsdell, Henry A.	528	
Paul R.	625	Died in Andersonville, Aug. '64.
Rand, Charles E.	463	
Randall, George	625	Washburn.
Warren G.	521	
Rankins, Lucius	476	Levant.
Ray, Joshua	588	North Hermon.
Raymond, Charles E.	476	Died at Salisbury prison, Dec. 24, '64.
Redman, John	754	Died at Washington, Dec. 13, '63.
Reed, Alvin L., Co. L.	635	
Alvin L., D. C.	663	
Ambrose	552	Gardiner.
Charles M.	639	
Cyrus T.	561	Milwaukee, Wis.
Edwin M.	509	Died of wounds received Aug. 29, '62.
Frederick	663	
George E.	572	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 25, '64.
Hubert	537	Died at Acquia Creek, Feb. 19, '63.
Nathaniel, 2d,	521	
Sanford J.	654	
Renier, John	589	
Reeves, Forest	654	
Miles	654	
Thomas S.	654	
William H.	646	
Reynolds, Henry G.	655	Bangor.
James E.	663	Died in the service Aug. '64.
James K.	521	
Mulford B.	509	Sidney.
Rhines, Benjamin	665	Somerville, Mass.
Rhodes, David W.	589	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Rice, James A.	605	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
Thomas D.	552	
Rich, George H.	589	
Richards, Albert	589	
Henry B.	664	
Horatio M.	572	Chesterville.
Moses Y.	572	
Surmandel	494	
William H.	521	
Richardson, Alex. A.	476	Vassalboro.
Amos	537	
E. A.	476	
Isaac L.	521	
Isaiah O.	521	Orland.
Joseph	664	
Moses M	537	
Oscar	529	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Seth M.	476	
Timothy	494	
William A.	537	
William M.	485	Died at Andersonville.
Ricker, Almon N.	469	Holyoke, Mass.
Franklin B.	606	
Henry D.	552	
James M.	572	
Milton F.	633	Auburn.
Nathan L.	476	
William	516	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 13, '64.
Rider, Charles E.	664	Killed in action, June 15, '64.
Ridley, Ambrose C.	521	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 26, '64.
Jerome, Jr.	509	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 24, '64.
Luther	509	
Ridlon, Albion L.	664	
Riley, George	487	Monroe.
King, James C.	552	
Thomas	626	
Ripley, Fred A.	486	
Hosea P.	639	
James	521	
William K., Jr.	509	
Rivers, Joseph	521	
Parker T.	494	50 Beacon Street, Bath.
Rivier, Alfred	664	

	PAGE	
Roach, Patrick	626	
Robbins, Charles H.	606	Biddeford.
Edmund A.	654	Milo.
Edward K.	482	*
John E.	481	*
Lucius C.	572	Lewiston.
Roberts, Albert J.	572	
Calvin	606	Killed at Louisa Court House, May 2, '63.
Charles E.	559	*
George W.	639	
John C.	599	
Nathaniel K.	476	
Seth	634	*
Thomas Y.	634	657 Congress Street, Portland.
William J.	606	
Robertson, Richard, Jr.	457	Swanville.
Robinson, Albert A.	576	National City, Cal.
Anson J.	569	Dover.
Charles E.	484	
Charles H.	569	Died at City Point, Sept. 27, '64.
Elijah	654	
Francis E.	572	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 1, '64.
Fred C.	664	
George D. S.	521	
George E.	560	
James H.	483	Castine.
John	626	Bath.
John F.	589	Palmyra.
Leander	525	
Lewis G.	494	
Lucius M.	560	Killed at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, '64.
Preston	639	
Rodney W.	654	
Samuel J.	606	
Rodgers, William S.	464	
Rogers, Alfred	494	
Alphonso P.	597	Cannon City, Colo.
George	654	Minneapolis, Minn.
George A.	476	
John L.	626	Fort Fairfield.
John W.	647	Died in Washington, Jan. 19, '65.
Noah	654	
Ruel H.	639	
Sherman H.	654	
Thomas D.	606	
Thomas H.	606	
Washington I.	494	
Rolfe, Asa H.	552	Orono.
Rollins, Charles H.	604	Died in the service, May 29, '64.
George W.	521	
John H.	521	
Rolliston, Robert	459	
Rose, Joseph	494	Bellwood, Neb.
Leonard L.	562	North Abington, Mass.
Seth G.	572	
Ross, Allen R. M.	572	
George H.	485	
Ivory	626	Died in Philadelphia, Sept. 11, '64.
Joseph	521	
Joseph W.	521	
Rowe, Christopher C.	521	Belfast.
Eli W.	459	
William	606	Died at Alexandria, Sept. 22, '62.
Rowell, George A.	649	Died in Southern prison.
George W.	654	
Stephen P.	654	
Royal, Andrew J.	752	
Emily T.	572	
George A.	572, 696	
George S.	559	Yarmouth.
William P.	552	Yarmouthville.
Runnells, William P.	495	
Russell, Addison P.		
457, 467, 599		Died of wounds received Sept. 19, '64.
Alonzo P.	572	North Turner Bridge.
Alvarado	626	
Ames E.	521	

1755116

	Page.	
Russell, Benjamin F.	552	Exeter.
Charles A.	552	
Cyrus M.	589	Died in the service, March 15, '64.
George A.	590	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 12, '64.
George D.	606	West Poland.
George S.	521	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Israel L.	537	Died at Washington, Sept. 10, '62.
James H.	559	239 Prince St., St. John, N. B.
Ryan, William	654	Died at Point Lookout, Md., May 17, '65.
Ryder, Benjamin F.	495	
Sabine, Charles A.	509	
George C.	648	
George W.	503	
Sampson, Enoch	552	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 12, '64.
Osgood M.	495	Lewiston.
Randall	521	
Sanborn, Benjamin F.	629	Hamilton, Mon.
Charles H.	552	
Otis F.	606	Died at Augusta, Feb. 12, '62.
Silas M.	572	Canaan.
William N.	509	Detroit.
Sanford, Augustus	606	
Edward T.	558	
Henry	476	Died at Augusta, March, '62.
Thomas, J.	612	Box 61, Marlboro, Mass.
Sargent, Charles A.	470	Lincoln.
Daniel F.	620	Killed at Reams Station, Aug. 24, '64.
Groves O.	476	
John A.	495	
Nathaniel F.	632	Died in Salisbury prison, Sept. 16, '64.
Saunders, Daniel H.	515	Hancock.
Francis E.	635	11 Hamilton Corp., Lowell.
Savage, Frank J.	646	Fairfield.
Gardiner A.	649	Fairfield.
Henry D.	654	Milo.
James W.	583	
Sawyer, Alonzo J.	467, 652	
Edwin H.	521	
Hudson	473, 516	Houlton.
James C.	521	Orland.
James P.	495	
Scammon, Charles H.	567	
Scannell, Timothy	567	
Schouton, Antoine	552	
Scott, Hiram	567	Died at Black Creek, Va., April 24, '62.
Samuel	626	
Sargent J.	476	Died at Washington, Nov. 5, '62.
Wesley K.	446	Died at Salisbury prison, Jan. 1, '65.
Scribner, Charles L.	589	Staplehurst, Seward Co., Neb.
Seavey, Asa W.	606	
Sedequist, J. Harvey	654	
Sedgley, Charles P.	495	Died in Southern prison.
Sennett, David	591	Died in the service, '64.
John	521	
William P.	547	
Severance, Ora F.	572	
Walter F.	476	
Wilbur H.	446	Bangor.
Winfield S.	649	
Shaall, George M.	683	*
William	583	Died in the service Jan. 9, '63.
Shackford, Ebed L.	464, 515	Care E. L. Hardenburg, St. Paul, Minn.
Shaw, Charles F.	509	Died of injuries, Jan. 19, '65.
Charles W.	509	Box 57, Winthrop.
David W.	552	
Francis A.	552	Died at Hampton, Va. Sept. 2?, '64.
James	503	
Linus E.	647	
Prentice	552	
Nathan M.	606	*
William B.	503	Died at Frederick, Md., Nov. '62.
William, Jr.	552	
Shaw, George A.	634	Argyle.
Sheehan, John P.	626	Dennysville.
Sheehan, James R.	606	New Market, N. H.
Shepherd, Albert D.	552	

	PAGE	
Shepley, Orrin	640	
Shevelin, Patrick F.	509	2 Swan Street, South Boston, Mass.
Shields, Charles L.	529	Marinette, Wis.
Edward W.	530	Died of wounds received July 16, '63.
Isaac, Co. B.	495	
Isaac, Co. E.	537	Linneus.
Shorey, Edmund	664	Died in the service, May 28, '64.
Greenbush	626	Died at Camp Bayard, March 12, '63.
Henry P.	655	Died in Southern prison, Dec. '64.
Luther	626	Died at Andersonville, Oct. 20, '64.
Samuel, Co. B.	485	Union Street, Portland.
Samuel, Co. K.	626	Died at Washington, May 29, '63.
Shaman, George W.	664	
Siegars, James	617	*
Silver, John E.	495	
Simpson, George W.	522	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Hollis	522	Waterville.
James M.	632	45 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.
Sanford F.	552	Died at Salisbury prison, Nov. 24, '64.
Simmons Charles L.	655	Rockland.
George L.	661	Killed in action.
Siprell, James E.	537	Died of wounds received March 2, '64.
Skillings, Albert C.	540	
Charles W.	544	261 1-2 Middle Street, Portland.
Sleeper, Burnham C.	495	Rockland.
Hiram B.	537	Wappeton, D. K.
Small, Albert	530	Old Mission, Shoshene Co., Idaho.
Albert J.	588	Woodburn, Allen Co., Ind.
Avery	488	Rockport.
Clement P.	495	
David W.	537	Walla Walla, Wash.
George H.	626	Died at Augusta, Feb. 1, '62.
Horace M.	666	Died at Washington, Nov. 28, '64.
Joseph	495	Died in Southern prison.
Leonard C.	572	Died at Salisbury prison, Feb. 9, '65.
Levi G.	607	Gray.
Orrin	562	
Simeon F.	626	
William	530	Houlton.
William W.	562	Lubec.
Smart, Frederick	537	
Smiley, Charles C.	545	Died in prison, Salisbury, Nov. 15, '64.
Smith, Albert	564	North Turner.
Ansel	522	Killed at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, '64.
Austin G.	655	
Benjamin S.	572	
Charles, Co. A.	476	
Charles, Co. D.	585	Skowhegan.
Charles D.	572	Died in Hospital, July 27, '64.
Charles E.	595	
Charles H.	452, 51[illegible]	Washington, D. C.
Charles M.	522	
Clarence	585	
Edward E.	655	
Eleazer H.	64[illegible]	
Eugene A.	596	Somerville, Mass.
Frank I.	476	
George H.	599	Died at Belle Plain, Feb. 13, '63.
George M.	497	South Portland.
George W.	582	
Henry H.	648	
James	537	
James H.	545	New Gloucester.
John	522	
Josiah H.	655	Trenton.
Laban	640	Died at Alexandria, Nov. 6, '62.
Rufus A.	607	
Samuel C.	594	Winfield, Kan.
Sewall W., Co. E.	537, 589	Skowhegan.
Sewall W., Co. L.	640	*
T. Jefferson	664	Killed in action, June 26, '64.
Wendell T.	5[illegible]	Died at David's Island, N. Y., July 21, '64.
W. Frank	522	
William	599	
William E.	503	Died at Salisbury prison, Nov. '64.
William S.	476	

	PAGE	
Smith, Windsor B.	642	Died at Portland, June 21, '65.
Snell, Albion K.	562	Fairfield.
Alonzo H.	563	
Charles	569	
Norman	640	Quincy House, Quincy, Mass.
Walter E.	553	
Walter S.	662	Killed in action, June 25, '64.
Snow, George W.	461	
Oliver C.	522	
Orrin A.	565	Vassalboro.
William R.	567	Woodstock, N. B.
Somes, Charles E.	641	
Somers, Thomas	573	
Southard, Theodore M.	573	Vassalboro.
Soule, Asbury L.	445	Lewiston.
George A.	522	
Horatio B.	553	Yarmouth.
Lewis W.	476	
Lorenzo A.	495	Searsmont.
Southard, Belden,	640	St. Albans.
Leander P.	635	
Sidney K.	626	
Souther, Alwood C.	575	13 Sanborn Ave., Somerville, Mass.
Nathaniel	553	
Sparrow, Rodney	487	Portland.
Spaulding, Albert	650	
Albion	475	
Liberty B.	573	Died at City Point, Va., Sept. 18, '64.
Spear, Edward	607	Saco.
John S.	655	
Mannasseh W.	522	
Otis P.	487	
Paris	475	Died in the service, '62.
Speir, Andrew D.	445	
Spencer, Alvin B.	508	Berwick.
Franklin	599	
Jefferson	655	Kenduskeag.
Joseph C.	553	
William	626	
Spratt, Alton D.	557	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 24, '64.
Edward P.	607	Died in Washington, Oct. '64.
Fabion P.	607	
Springer, Benjamin J.	582	Died in prison, Richmond, March 20, '64.
Eugene	589	
Sproule, Charles E.	446	
Spurling, Andrew B.	573	Lisbon, Ill.
Stacy, John S.	615	Died in Frederick, Md., Nov. 8, '62.
Stackpole, William 403	497	
Stanhope, Amos	469	
James M.	664	Died in the service, May 11, '64.
William H.	573	Died in Andersonville, Nov. 2, '64.
Staples, Daniel L.	546	
Edwin	664	Killed in action, Sept. 16, '64.
John W.	469	
Stephen M.	534	
William	626	Killed at Boydton, Oct. 27, '64.
Starbird, Herbert M.	515	Litchfield.
Isaac S.	633	
Rufus S.	469	
Starkey, Augustus H.	573	Died in the service, July, '64.
Starr, John	519	
John, 2d	519	
Stayner, James E.	544	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Stearman, Joseph C.	450	Foxcroft.
Stearns, George B.	667	Died in Andersonville, Dec. 24, '64.
John R.	546	
Minot C.	664	Died in the service.
Steele, George W.	664	
John C.	477	
William H.	553	
Stephens, Phillip C.	477	
Stetson, Andrew B.	517	Died at Soldier's Home.
Benjamin F.	562	
Charles W.	561	
David L.	635	East Auburn.
Lorraine T.	569	
Hezekiah	573	Sumner.

	Page	
Stetson, Orin R.	565	Canton.
Samuel A., Co. H.	580	
Samuel K., Co. K.	711	Houlton.
Stevens, Albert	522	
Asa M.	477	Exeter.
Charles A.	612	
Charles H., of Andover	477	Lawrence.
Charles H., of Exeter	469	
Churchill S.	573	Auburn.
Cyrus E.	610	Strong.
David, Co. C.	519	
David, Co. G.	575	
David M.	519	Died at Gardiner.
Edwin F.	477	
George S.	496	Knightville.
Hiram M.	632	Died in the service, Dec. 23, '64.
Horace	458	Died at Cambridge, Mass.
Jarvis C.	457, 542	
Wilbur J.	567	Waco, York Co., Neb.
William	626	
Zoradus D.	496	Hampden.
Steward, Phineas P.	580	Wadena, Minn.
Samuel	582	
Stewart, Asa F.	495	South Gardiner.
Daniel H.	655	
Ezra H.	506	
Gardner	553	East Boothby.
Moses	655	
Samuel	495	
Sylvester	477	Litchfield Corner.
Stickney, Charles L.	519	Calais.
Stiles, John P.	607	
Stilphen, James E.	606	Harpswell.
Stimpson, Albert W.	633	
Stinchfield, Frank H.	536	
George B.	538	
Stinson, Charles H.	859	
Reuel B.	611	Died at Bath, Oct. 30, '77.
Stockbridge, Joseph T.	495	Died at Washington, Jan. 20, '65.
Stockham, Charles M.	477	
Stockman, George W.	655	
Stockwell, John M.	573	
Stoddard, Augustine O.	607	Belfast.
Stokes, Edward	496	
Henry	496	
Stone, Corydon O.	573	Miller Street, Charlestown, Mass.
Leonard	589	Monson.
Samuel B.	616	Lewiston.
William F.	579, 607	Portland.
Stowe, Gardner L.	522	Dover South Mills.
Hartwell E.	522	Dover.
Nathan C.	522	
Stowell, David P.	456	
Stretch, John	610	Died in prison, Salisbury, Aug. 28, '64.
Strout, Albion S.	655	
Alfred C.	488	Thomaston.
Samuel, Jr., Co. I.	607	
Samuel, Jr., D. C.	661	
Stuart, Charles F.	477	Died at Washington, April 27, '65.
George E.	610	
Studley, Benjamin E.	604	
Sturgess, Charles E.	606	Haverhill, Mass
Sumner, George J.	578	Killed at Aldie, June 17, '63.
Summers, Nicholas	610	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 11, '64.
Sutherland, Benjamin	457	Richmond.
James W.	534	
Nathaniel	573	Died at Salisbury prison, Oct. '64.
Swaney, John	562	
Sweeney, Daniel	522	
Sweetland, William H.	573	Gardiner.
Sweetser, William H.	553	Died at White Oak Church, Va., Dec. 23, '62.
Swett, Justin L.	615	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Swift, William Franklin	519	
Sylvester, Albert	589	Died at Petersburg, June 1, '65.
Albert L.	640	Pittsfield.

	PAGE	
Sylvester, Ansel T.	661	*
Charles H.	556	
Edward A.	496	Etna.
Horace	573	*
Joseph W.	477	Etna.
Levi W.	664	
Walter	556	Soldier's National Home, Leavenworth, Kan.
Taber, Charles B.	573	
Talpey, Oliver C.	522	
Tarbox, Charles H.	640	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 26, '64.
George	655	
Tash, Charles L.	664	
Tate, Henry I.	496	
Tatten, Joseph W.	522	
Taylor, Ansel G.	661	Died in the service, July 7, '64.
Atwell A.	522	
Constantine	456, 661	Columbia, Maney Co., Tenn.
Edward	607	
Ephraim H.	645	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Frank	655	*
Winfield S.	510	
Teague, Edwin C.	615	Worcester, Mass.
Temple, Levi	655	
Milo J.	627	
Teft, Benjamin F.	459	*
Thaxter, Sidney W.	456, 465	22 Deering Street, Portland.
Thayer, Henry D.	655	
John D.	529	
Thing, George S.	573	Waterville.
Thomas, Abner	627	
Augustus G.	558	Richmond.
Charles E.	646	Farmington Falls.
John B.	640	Died in the service, Sept. 29, '64.
John J.	647	Abbot.
Lyman	573	
Robert T.	655	Monson.
Thompson, Albert	623	Temple.
Benjamin F.	640	*
Charles P.	477	Died in prison, Richmond, Aug. '62.
George W.	510	
Henry A.	649	Farmington.
Howard M.	553	Somerville, Mass.
Jeremiah	529	
John	464	Searsmont.
John D.	615	Killed at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, '64.
John P.	656	Northampton, Mass.
John S.	635	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 10, '64.
Samuel A.	477	
William H.	640	
Thoms, Charles A.	632	Augusta.
Thorn, James H.	573	
Samuel	477	Died in Southern prison, '65.
Thorndike, Peter R.	496	
Thurlow, Henry J.	649	
William H.	655	
Thurston, Charles E.	573	Eureka, Cal.
John R.	477	
Martin A.	589	
Thwing, Charles G.	502	*
Tibbetts, Byron D.	607	
Cyrus	522	
Daniel M.	553	Died in the service.
George	655	
John	563	
Luther	607	Limerick.
Silas F.	589	
William B.	613	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Tilden, Isaac W.	522	Rockport.
Tilton, Henry F.	477	Newport.
Timmons, Charles E.	522	
Tobie, Edward P. Jr.	461, 528, 561	252 Main Street, Pawtucket, R. I.
Leroy H.	573	1 Wilson Street, Portland.
Tobin, Horace K.	649	Died in prison, Salisbury.
Tolman, John F.	479	

	PAGE	
Toothaker, James M.	477	*
Levi	544	Brunswick.
Torsey, Samuel T.	510	
Tower, Gideon, Jr.	486	Camden.
Towle, Francis E.	516	Worcester, Mass.
William G.	655	Saco.
Town, Francis L.	649	East Dover.
Townsend, Fred'k P.	555	Stetson.
William H.	664	
Tozier, David	613	Died of wounds received March 31, '65.
Emulus S.	593	Milford.
Tracey, George	655	Franklin.
Levi, Jr.	655	Died in the service, Nov. 22, '64.
Trafton, George H., Jr.	597	Sanford.
John H.	607	
Mark	645	
Silas C.	615	Georgetown.
Trask, Nathan E.	477	
Thomas A.	496	
Zelotes W.	656	
Trefethen, John T.	553	Killed at Middleburg, June 19, '63.
Triffit, Alfred C.	624	Died at Georgetown, May 13, '64.
Trimble, William	504	Calais.
Tripp, Edmund	522	Littleton.
Nahum G.	607	
True, Ammi M., Jr.	483	
Frank W.	553	
George W.	520	
Trueworthy, Jeremiah	493	*
Tuck, Charles H.	627	
Tucker, Benjamin F.	456, 481	Chicopee, Mass.
George P.	627	South Paris.
Tukesbury, George D.	553	*
Turner, Benjamin H.	582	Died in Southern prison.
John	484	
Tunney, Nelson	627	
Tuttle, John C.	553	
Tweedie, Thomas	496	Died in Southern prison.
Twitchell, James P.	553	
Twombly, Stephen	553	
Tye, William B.	553	
Ulmer, Clarence D.	458, 522	Flint, Mich.
Matthias	538	
Vance, Richard	552	
Varley, John B.	554	
Varney, George A.	544	
Henry J.	580	Skowhegan.
Horace	496	Died in prison, Salisbury, Oct. '64.
Joseph	656	Mansfield, Tioga Co., Penn.
Joseph S.	580	
Samuel S.	556	Springfield.
Varnum, Joseph G.	522	Ellsworth Falls.
Vaughan, Zenas	631, 644	Skowhegan.
Veazie, Abiezer	496	Died at Malden, Mass., Aug. 14, '90.
Arthur	661	*
Frederick M.	477	Died at Andersonville, Jan. 15, '65.
Vickery, Charles	553	
Viles, William H.	477	Died in Southern prison.
Vinal, George	595	Died in prison, Danville, N. C., Dec. 4, '64.
Reuben	640	Vinalhaven.
William A.	596	West Upton, Mass.
Virgin, Isaac G.	568	Canton.
Vique, Levi	496	
Vose, Elisha	522	
Lyman	530	6 Squires Court, East Cambridge, Mass.
Marcus A.	481	Providence, R. I.
Wadsworth, Francisco.	510	
Wakefield, George W.	510	
Walker, Albert R.	613	Died at Andersonville, Aug. 29, '64.
Alexander	656	
Charles	591	
Charles F.	580	731 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.
Charles H.	664	Boulder Creek, Col.

	PAGE	
Walker, Charles W., Co. A.	477	
Charles W., Co. K.	614	York Village.
Freeland C.	664	Killed in action.
Ozro F.	614	Portland.
Llewellyn	496	North Monmouth.
Thomas S.	522	
William B.	496	
William D.	477	
Wall, Andrew	627	Died in Andersonville, Sept. 4, '64.
Wallace, Charles H.	561	Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 3, '64.
Given B.	523	"
Oscar C.	516	
Walton, Daniel O.	477	Died in Salisbury prison, Nov. 12, '64.
George B.	496	
Ward, Alpheus H.	523	
George W.	523	Biddeford.
John C.	515	Calais.
Warren, Alanson M.	646	Dover.
Benjamin	598	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
Freedom	607	Died at Annapolis, Md., March 17, '64.
John	656	Died in the service, Nov. '62.
John F.	598	Died at Augusta, Feb. 15, '62.
John M.	649	Mt. Tom, Mass.
Lewis	656	
Washburn, Allen H.	632	
Charles A.	554	
Waters, James	510	
Waterhouse, Eli S.	593	Kennebunk.
Watson, Edward D.	523	
John T.	655	Died in Southern prison, Jan. 5, '65.
Watts, Alfred Y.	613	
Webb, Albion P.	510	
Chandler J.	493	Camden.
Converse L., Jr.	584	Skowhegan.
John K.	559	Skowhegan.
Nathan B.	515	Died at Boulder, Col., April 2, '91.
Richard	487	
Webber, Charles H.	554	
Harris G.	477	Bangor.
Jeremiah D.	523	
Leonard	596	"
Thomas C.	594	
Webster, Daniel	590	
Elisha A.	554	
Justin	632	No. Chesterfield.
Weeks, Daniel S.	627	Died in the service.
Weiler, William	593	Bangor.
Welch, Benjamin A.	614	Died of wounds received Aug. 25, 64.
Charles	627	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
Gilman	510	
Henry T.	531	San Jose, Cal.
Isaiah	640	Strong.
James B.	477	
Weldon, George E.	496	Worcester, Mass.
Wellington, George	649	
Wells, Esau	464, 598	Box 945, Biddeford.
Daniel J.	477	Greenville.
Marcellus	607	
Wentworth, Charles A.	656	
Charles M.	496	S. Orrington.
Edwin	496	
Ethelbert	554	Died of wounds received Oct. 27, '64.
George	496	
George A.	640	Died in prison, Salisbury, Sept. 18, '64.
Jesse	640	
Marcellus	554	East Union.
Nathaniel	554	
Orrin S.	546	Collinsville, Solano Co., Cal.
West, George W.	593	Steuben.
John W.	573	Lewiston.
Llewellyn J.	656	"
Westgate, Barney	646	
Weston, George	631	
Weymouth, Algernon	477	Melrose Highlands, Mass.
Charles D.	554	Werks Mills.

	PAGE	
Weymouth, Charles W.	607	Augusta.
George A.	554	Killed on the Dahlgren raid, March 1, '64.
Seth H.	656	Died of wounds received Sept. 19, '64.
William H.	574	Milo.
Whalen, Michael	504	
Wharf, John F.	610	324 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Wheeler, Edwin	608	
Levi W.	554	Paw Paw, Ill.
Whitcomb, Francis V.	554	
George D.	554	
Horace V.	554	
Otis W.	543	
Ripley C.	554	
White, Austin B.	545	
Freeman J.	646	
George W.	574	
Henry	574	Died at Frederick, Oct. 20, '62.
Horace M.	528	
Lorenzo	542	
Robert H.	477	Fitchburg, Mass.
William	510	
Whitehouse, Charles H.	510	
Whiteley, Richard E.	470	
Whiteknact, George W.	57	
John	57	
Whiting, James C.	6[illegible]	
Whitman, William	5[illegible]	*
Whitmore, Alfred H.	528	Died in Southern prison.
James	656	Died in the service, March 28, '64.
Otis	503	*
Whitney, Charles H	500	
Edmund W.	640	Farmington.
Frank W.	568	Died at Washington, April 15, '62.
Franklin P.	500	*
George W.	523	
Henry C.	478	16 Chapman Place, Boston, Mass.
Samuel	478	*
Thomas E.	478	Died in Southern prison, Nov. 29, '64.
Warren L.	456, 465	Bangor.
Whittaker, Henry T.	648	Franklin.
Whittemore, Henry A.	503	
Victor	607	Died at Washington, Sept. 1, '62.
Whitten, Charles	510	Hartland.
David B.	569	Died in the service, Feb. 28, '65.
William	510	
Whittier, David H.	581	Athens.
Wiggin, Nathan B.	523	Died at Andersonville, Sept. 15, '65.
Wilbur, Rufus S.	551	Died of wounds received April 6, '65.
Wilder, Elijah C.	517	Calais.
Thomas C.	517	Died in the service, July 4, '64.
Wilkes, Edward	627	
Willa, Hiram S.	523	
Willey, Llewellyn I.	581	Newport.
Thomas K.	656	*
William, John	654	
Williams, Gilbert	527	Wino.
Hiram	523	Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, '64.
James T.	583	Salisbury Point, Mass.
Josiah	656	Ellsworth.
Thomas M.	416	Middle Isl. St. Stephens, N. B.
Thomas P.	653	Temple Mills.
Williamson, Henry	574	
Willis, Gancello	574	Detroit.
Henry A.	594	150 East 43d Street, Topeka, Kansas.
William	523	
Williston, George, Jr.	594	
Wilshier, Wallace W.	574, 582	
Wilson, Charles	553	
Edward	574	
Frank B.	608	
Frederick A.	591	Augusta.
George E.	523	
Horace	574	Care George H. Thomas Post, San Francisco, Cal.
Joel	646	Newton, Sussex Co., N. J.
Wing, Gorham A.	574	
John G.	6[illegible]	
Preston B.	468	Hopkinton, Mass.
Wingate, Rufus B.	656	Died of wounds received Aug. 28, '64.

	PAGE	
Winslow, Albert P.	478	
Ezekel	496	Died in Andersonville prison.
John W.	478	
William A.	590	3 Rundlett Court, Lowell.
Winter, William A.	501	Hallowell.
Wissler, John	664	
Witham, Benjamin C.	478	
Charles E.	627	
Charles W.	551	
Samuel	538	Winthrop.
William	618	Togus.
William H.	656	
Withee, George W.	590	Died on the way to Andersonville, May, '64.
Wixon, Atwell M.	523	Died in Southern prison, Dec. 15 '64.
Edward	523	
Wood, Benjamin S.	503	Augusta.
Calvin B.	640	
Frank H.	647	
Frank M.	496	
Hiram	664	Died in the service.
James V.	608	David City, Butler Co., Neb.
John	523	
John P.	596	Newfield.
Josiah L.	470	
Woodard, Israel R. D.	496	Died in Southern prison.
Woodbury, Collins	574	
Woodman, Charles A.	608	
James M.	608	Killed on Wilson's Raid, '64.
Rupert W.	510	
Seth E.	656	Plymouth.
Seward P.	497	
William F.	597	
Woods, Edward R.	617	Died of imprisonment, Nov. 17, '64.
George W.	554	Killed at Dinwiddie, March 31, '65.
Woodsom, Jacob H.	464, 590	*
Woodward, Oliver J.	647	
William H.	627	Died at York Corner, May 11, '95.
Wolfende, Joshua	523	
Worcester, Edward P.	478	Tekamah, Burt Co., Neb.
Worthing, Arnold I.	510	
Wright, Alonzo T.	641	Died of wounds recieved May 11, '64.
George B.	523	
Horace	510	Died in the service, Aug. 18, '64.
Ezra R.	664	
Wyatt, George H.	523	Died at Washington, July 6, '64.
Marcus P.	536	
Wyman, Charles W.	574	
Clarence L.	590	
George W.	664	
John E.	590	
John H.	590	Skowhegan.
William H.	574	
Yeaton, George B.	538	Rockland.
Ward S.	656	
York, Charles	497	
Charles E.	590	The Forks.
Cornelius	574	
George W.	595	Killed on the Dahlgren Raid, Feb. 29, '64.
Rosalvo A.	641	
Young, Andrew J.	510	North Troy.
Augustus	478	Bangor.
Asa M.	523	Died at Denver, Col., Jan. '88.
Benjamin F.	470	Brewer.
Edward M.	617	Care Ingalls Bros., Portland.
George M.	464, 564	Middle Street, Portland.
Hanson W.	574	
Havannah	590	Died in the service, June 14, '63.
Henry	510	Detroit.
Josiah B.	497	
Sewell C.	581	Camden.
Stephen P.	590	Fincolnville.
William	478	18 White Street, Boston.
William A.	590	Died of wounds received June 2, '64.
William H.	554	
Burleigh, Edwin C.		Augusta.
Johnson, Charles		Belmont, Me.
Ripley, Edward B.		28 Central Street, Boston.
Tibbetts, Henry G.		Rockland.
Goding, Harrison, Co. L.		Newport, Vt.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The surviving comrades of the grand old regiment gathered from near and far to attend the eighteenth annual reunion, which was held at the Revere House, Boston, Sept. 17, 1889, the anniversary of the Battle of Antietam. Many of the comrades were accompanied by their wives and children, and the vicinity of the Revere House, where Comrade Albion C. Drinkwater had established headquarters, presented a lively appearance by the presence of some four hundred sons and daughters of the Pine Tree State, distinguished by badges of cavalry yellow inscribed: "Reunion 1st Maine Cavalry." Being the first reunion of the regiment ever held outside the limits of Maine, and the Massachusetts Branch extending its hospitality in a magnificent manner, the attendance was unusually large. Being delayed by fog, the steamer with the Maine delegation did not arrive until one o'clock in the afternoon, when, headed by the Meguntticook brass band, the veterans marched to the Lancers' armory, arriving in time to attend the meeting.

The *Boston Globe* gave the reunion a "send off" in the following words:

Of the many gallant regiments composing the great army of the Union in the late civil war, the First Maine Cavalry is distinguished by having participated in the largest number of engagements with the enemy. In the midst of the loyal uprising in 1861, twelve hundred citizens of the Pine Tree State, men of nearly every age and position in life, were mustered into the service of the United States, and as the First Regiment of Cavalry, Maine Volunteers, went to the front and took part in more than fourscore encounters with the enemy. Notwithstanding its many losses, vacancies in the ranks as they occurred were filled by the loyal State until the roll of the regiment was lengthened to nearly three times twelve hundred names. The regiment was organized in the fall of 1861, and served until its muster-out of service, Aug. 1, 1865.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held in the afternoon in the large drill hall of the armory of the National Lancers, and was called to order at quarter past three o'clock by the President of the Association, Comrade Albion C. Drinkwater, who opened the exercises in a brief address, which was heartily applauded. After the reports of the secretary and treasurer had been read and accepted, the following officers for the ensuing year were unanimously elected:

President, Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Charles H. Smith; vice-president, Milton F. Ricker; recording secretary, Charles A. F. Emery; corresponding secretary, Lieut. Orrin S. Haskell; treasurer, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley.

Finance committee, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Major Sidney W. Thaxter, Gilbert N. Harris and M. F. Ricker.

Amid great applause it was unanimously voted that the next reunion be held in Boston during the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Major Sidney W. Thaxter made a highly interesting report relative to the regimental monument on the field of Gettysburg, to be dedicated the following October third, when General Smith will deliver the address. It was also voted to invite Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I., the regimental historian, to prepare a poem for the occasion.

The thanks of the Association were voted to the National Lancers for the use of their armory for the meeting.

It was voted to furnish comrades with copies of the regimental history, without the illustrations, for $2 each.

RECEPTION.

After the business meeting and previous to the banquet, an informal reception took place in the parlors of the Revere House, where the ladies and veterans, and their sons and daughters, were afforded an opportunity to greet their old loved commander, Gen. Charles H. Smith, commander of the regiment, and of the brigade to which the regiment was attached, for two years, now Colonel of the Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A.; Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, Lieutenant-Governor John Q. A. Brackett, His Honor Mayor Hart, ex-Governor John D. Long, Gen. Samuel Dalton, ex-Mayor Martin, Past Department Commander Richard F. Tobin, G. A. R.; Col. Harrison Hume and other distinguished guests of the day.

THE BANQUET.

Just before seven o'clock, President Drinkwater, escorting Lieutenant-Governor Brackett, led the column into the banquet hall. So great was the attendance that several ladies and comrades were compelled to dine in another hall in the hotel. The banquet hall was elaborately decorated by G. N. Beals. Over the presiding officer's chair was a banner, upon which was painted the arms of the State of Maine; opposite was a banner of purple velvet, upon which, in letters of gold, was the inscription, "Reunion of First Maine Cavalry." Surrounding this were panels bearing the names of the regiment's fallen braves. The walls were draped with the national colors, while glories of flags and festoons of red, white and blue bunting were artistically arranged about the room. Panels bearing the names of the engagements in which the regiment took part formed the frieze.

Covers were laid for five hundred persons, and the tables presented a beautiful appearance. In front of President Drinkwater was a large floral mound of choice roses, while in careless elegance along the tables were scattered ferns, marigolds, salvias, heliotrope and mermet, tea, pearl and tube roses.

THE BILL OF FARE.

The menu card, furnished by John A. Lowell & Co., was a beautiful work of art, consisting of heavy panels of bristol board, bound together with ribbon of cavalry yellow. The front bore a fine steel portrait of General Smith with his autograph. The second page was as follows, in two colors:

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

A. C. DRINKWATER, *Pres't.* C. A. F. EMERY, *Rec. Sec'y.*
J. P. CILLEY, *Treas.* O. S. HASKELL, *Cor. Sec'y.*

MENU.

REVEILLE.

Blue points on deep shell — ROLL CALL.

WATER CALL.

Mock turtle, à l'Anglaise — WINTER QUARTERS.
Consommè, brunoise — CAMP PENOBSCOT.

SICK CALL.

Baked chicken halibut, à la bordelaise — QUININE.
Potato croquette — DOVERS POWDERS. Sliced tomatoes — CASTOR OIL.

BOOTS AND SADDLES.

Sirloin of beef, mushroom sauce — MIDNIGHT.
Young turkey, cranberry sauce — FALSE ALARM.
Potatoes — RAID. String beans — DRILL. French peas — REVIEW.

THE CHARGE.

Chicken cutlets, au petits pois — BRANDY STATION.
Baked macaroni, à la parmesan — ON LEE'S TRAIN.
Queen fritters, au sabayon — FARMVILLE.

THE ASSEMBLY.

Roman punch — "SADDLE UP LIVELY, BOYS."

BREAKFAST CALL.

Roast chicken grouse — HARD TACK.
Currant jelly — BAKED BEANS. Dressed lettuce — FRIED PORK.

FORWARD.

Fruit ice pudding — ADVANCE GUARD.
Charlotte Russe — OVER CORDUROY ROADS. Wine jelly — IN RAIN.
Frozen pudding — TO LITTLE WASHINGTON. Ice cream — THROUGH WOODS.
Assorted cake — SCOUTING.
Bananas — OVER GOOD ROADS. Pears — FORDING STREAMS.
Apples — THROUGH MUD. Nuts — ON PATROL.
Raisins — FOR PICKET. Figs — ON RECONNOISSANCE.
Crackers and cheese — REAR GUARD.

TATTOO.

Coffee — IN BIVOUAC.

PREPARE TO FIGHT ON FOOT.

TAPS.

The third page was as follows:

NAMES OF BATTLES

Ordered on the flag of the First Maine Cavalry, by General Order No. 10, dated "Headquarters Army of the Potomac, March 7, 1865"—a larger number than was allowed any other regiment in the Army of the Potomac. (These do not include the more than three-score skirmishes and minor engagements in which the regiment or some portion of it took part and suffered loss.)

Middletown	May 24, 1862
Winchester	May 25, 1862
Cedar Mountain	Aug. 9, 1862
Second Bull Run	Aug. 29, 30, 1862
South Mountain	Sept. 14, 1862
Antietam	Sept. 17, 1862
Fredericksburg	Dec. 12, 1862

Rappahannock Station	Apr. 14, 1863
Brandy Station	June 9, 1863
Aldie	June 17, 1863
Middleburg	June 19, 1863
Upperville	June 21, 1863
Gettysburg	July 2, 3, 1863
Shepardstown	July 16, 1863
Sulphur Springs	Oct. 12, 1863
Mine Run	Nov. 30, 1863
Fortifications of Richmond	March 1, 1864
Old Church	March 2, 1864
Todd's Tavern	May 7, 8, 1864
Ground Squirrel Church	May 11, 1864
Hawes' Shop	May 28, 1864
Cold Harbor	June 2, 1864
Trevillian Station	June 11, 1864
St. Mary's Church	June 24, 1864
Deep Bottom	Aug. 16, 1864
Ream's Station	Aug. 23-25, 1864
Wyatt's Farm	Sept. 29, 1864
Boydton Road	Oct. 27, 1864
Bellefield	Dec. 10, 1864

Engagements after General Order No. 10 was issued:

Dinwiddie Court House	March 31, 1865
Fame's Cross Roads	April 5, 1865
Deatonsville (charge on Lee's train)	April 6, 1865
Sailor's Creek	April 6, 1865
Briery Creek	April 7, 1865
Farmville	April 7, 1865
Appomattox Court House	April 9, 1865

The fourth page contained the following:

LIST OF OFFICERS

Of the First Maine Cavalry who were killed in action or died in the service:

Col. Calvin S. Douty. Killed at Aldie, June 17, 1863.

Lieut.-Col. Stephen Boothby. Died June 6, 1864, of wounds received at Beaver Dam Station, May 10, 1864.

Chaplain George W. Bartlett. Killed at Coal Harbor, June 2, 1864.

Lieut. Vincent Mountfort, Company A. Killed at Sycamore Church, Sept. 16, 1864.

Lieut. Leander M. Comins, Company A. Died April 14, 1865, of wounds received at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, 1865.

Capt. George S. Kimball, Company C. Killed at Middleburg, June 19, 1863.

Capt. Addison P. Russell, Company C. Died of wounds received at Fisher's Hill, Sept. 19, 1864.

Lieut. James E. Stayner, Company D. Killed at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, 1865.

Capt. Osco A. Ellis, Company E. Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, 1864.

Capt. John A. Heald, Company E. Killed in the charge on General Lee's train, April 6, 1865.

Lieut. Mark Neville, Company E. Killed at Middleburg, June 19, 1863.

Lieut. Winfield S. Collins, Company E. Killed at Boydton Plank Road, Oct. 27, 1864.

Capt. Walstein Phillips, Company F. Killed at St. Mary's Church, June 24, 1864.

Lieut. William Harris, Company F. Killed near the Chickahominy river, May 17, 1864.

Capt. George J. Summat, Company H. Killed at Aldie, June 17, 1863.

Lieut. Charles K. Johnson, Company M. Died while on the way North from a Southern prison.

Lieut. Ephraim H. Taylor, Company M. Killed at Middleburg, June 19, 1863.

Lieut. William H. Bradman, Company M. Died of disease at City Point July 30, 1864.

WHO WAS THERE.

Colonel Drinkwater presided at the tables. At his right sat His Honor Lieut.-Gov. J. Q. A. Brackett, Maj.-Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, Bvt. Maj.-Gen. C. H. Smith, Hon. John D. Long, Rev. A. Ellsworth, Col. W. J. Gillispie, president Maine Veteran Association; Maj. B. F. Tucker; past department commander Richard F. Tobin of the G. A. R.; Colonel Dyer, 9th Maine Regiment; Maj. Crummore N. Wallace. At his left sat Mayor Hart, Brig.-Gen. Augustus P. Martin, Maj.-Gen. Samuel Dalton, Harry McGlenen, president Mexican Veterans; Brig.-Gen. Cilley, Capt. F. E. Orcutt, collector of internal revenue; Hon. Harrison Hume, commander of Gettysburg Post 191, G. A. R.; Maj. S. W. Thaxter, S. C. Small, S. M. Harris. Among the other guests were Capt. Charles F. Thurston, Capt. Henry D. Andrews and Clerk Charles Waugh of the National Lancers, and at the many long tables sat the surviving comrades of the regiment and ladies, as follows:

Field and Staff—Gen. C. H. Smith, colonel; Gen. J. P. Cilley, lieutenant-colonel; Maj. B. F. Tucker and lady; Hospital Steward, A. T. Gatchell and lady; Sergt.-Maj. E. P. Tobie, wife and son; Sergt.-Maj. A. C. Dam and Mrs. A. Robinson; Chaplain G. A. Fuller.

Band—S. T. Mugridge and lady, N. L. Owen, C. A. Tenney, T. J. Long and lady, E. S. Moore, Oliver Folsom, George M. Young.

Company A—Geo. W. Gray and lady, C. A. North, H. C. Whitney, A. A. Melvin, Albert Edgecomb, C. H. Stevens and lady, M. M. Branch, H. F.

Tilton, G. W. Barnes, P. J. Dresser, Sergt. A. N. Ricker, Lieut. J. C. Hill and son, C. E. Jacks, Sergt. M. C. Chapman, Benj. F. Young, John Emery, William Young, J. M. Crane, Jr., C. R. Gould and lady, T. A. Davis, W. H. Severance and lady, J. S. Maxwell, Lieut. O. S. Haskell, Frank Lewis, N. Emery and lady, J. M. Mower, S. Grant, Madison M. Grant, C. A. F. Emery.

Company B—S. Shorey and lady, R. Sparrow, William McFarland, George E. Weldon, George Stevens, George M. Smith, I. B. Harris and lady, C. J. Webb, E. Leonard, G. Tower, A. Viezie, A. C. Strout, E. Burton, N. C. Gurney and son, A. A. Carter, F. A. Oxton, A. F. Soule, C. H. Cobb, W. Bradford, G. Andrews, Capt. J. B. Loring.

Company C—Capt. A. M. Benson and lady, E. Andrews, P. F. Sheerlin, I. C. Brick, F. Peva and lady, Geo. Cowee and lady, G. H. Libbey, W. Wilder and lady, P. P. Freeman, Lieut. H. S. Libbey and two ladies, George H. M. Barrett, Lieut. J. K. Brooks, L. Patterson, A. H. Pray, B. S. Wood.

Company D—W. Bryant, Thomas Anderson, G. N. Harris and lady, W. J. Moore and lady, T. B. Pulsifer and lady, Capt. William Montgomery, lady and son, H. Simpson, W. R. Merrill and lady, C. H. Miller, S. R. Cross and lady, F. A. Pennington, J. K. Reynolds, Lieut. L. P. Merrill, Capt. W. S. Howe and lady, J. T. Williams and lady, W. L. Holmes, F. E. Towle, C. L. McCoy and lady, J. H. Lawrence and wife, Lemuel Lurvey, Thomas C. Gray, Joseph Harriman, T. M. Breer, W. B. Grant, Lyman P. Leighton, S. Leach and lady, J. Richardson, W. A. Jordon, A. R. Devereaux, I. Richardson.

Company E—A. D. French and lady, Isaac Shields, C. W. Lyons and two ladies, L. Monson and two ladies, Frank W. Green and lady, W. P. Merrill, W. H. Howard, W. N. McGrath, Lyman Vose, W. R. Lincoln and lady, Capt. B. H. Putnam and two ladies, Baptiste Lesaulte, Sergt. L. B. Hill, M. P. Wyatt, C. W. Goddard.

Company F—C. F. Dam, George H. Chase, H. C. Soule, H. P. Holyoke, L. Toothacher and lady, H. M. Thompson and lady, A. C. Souther and lady, C. O. Stone and lady, R. M. Daniels and lady, C. H. Goodwin, C. W. Skillings and lady, M. Wentworth, O. W. Cole and lady, W. F. Dudley, I. A. Harvey.

Company G—H. W. Furbush, Lieut. C. B. Benson, R. S. Bradbury and lady, Henry Little, C. W. Jordan and lady, G. L. Duston and lady, W. Maloon, lady and son, Capt. I. G. Virgin, A. Smith and son, Homer Child, L. C. Coburn, N. S. Emery and lady, J. H. Coffin and lady, V. H. Foss and lady, D. W. Gage and lady, L. H. Tobie and two ladies, Lieut. H. F. Blanchard, John B. Drake, C. L. Marston.

Company H—Capt. H. C. Hall, George L. Goodwin, L. Goodwin, A. F. Bickford, J. H. Wyman, Charles Smith, Dennis Murphy, Lewis Andrews, John Hart, D. H. Whittier, J. H. J. West and lady, S. V. Smith and lady, M. J. Allen, Henry Varney, L. Judkins, P. H. Butler and lady, Leonard T. Stone, A. L. Hilton, George Smith and lady, Lieut. W. F. Stone.

Company I—B. P. Doe and lady, S. M. Knights, C. H. Robbins and lady, H. R. Cowen, lady and son, B. P. Lowell, G. L. Perkins and lady, W. A. Vinal, D. J. Meade and lady, George H. Otis, J. M. Kenny, C. W. Weymouth, J. B. Marsh, C. E. Moulton and lady, D. W. Davis, Geo. P. Beal and lady, J.

R. Curtis and lady, R. Murray, Capt. L. H. Doggett, L. F. Davis, lady and son.

Company K—T. J. Sanford and two ladies, Charles Burgess and lady, H. A. Hersey, M. Looney, A. W. Hanson and lady, G. S. Goodhue, J. F. Johnson and lady, C. L. Grant, Charles Banks, W. H. Woodman, E. C. Teague, W. M. Loud, Lieut. G. F. Jewett and lady, George Prince, B. H. Emery and lady, E. K. Chapman, J. S. Blake and lady, M. Preble George P. Tucker.

Company L—A. L. Ordway and lady, A. A. Fish and lady, B. W. Pratt, Dr. E. S. Johnson and two ladies, N. Snell, S. S. Avery, M. F. Ricker and lady, H. B. Colesworthy and lady, G. C. Emery and two ladies, N. A. Hawes and lady, E. C. Fuller, E. T. Bangs, David Heudell, A. R. Kingsbury, H. Goding, A. D. Brown.

Company M—Geo. A. Ordway and lady, William Hamilton, Geo. Phillips and lady, William Morang, A. M. Warren, G. A. Savage, C. E. Sturgis and two ladies, J. F. Ford and lady, J. P. Thompson, George B. Day and lady, E. H. Otis and lady, O. Kelley and lady, George Doughty, Lieut. Edward Jordan, J. M. Warren, G. A. Davis, Jesse Barber, Ed. Sylvester.

After Rev. A. Ellsworth had invoked the Divine blessing, over two hours were devoted to the enjoyment of the epicurean feast, and it was not until 9 P. M. that the feast of reason and flow of soul began.

In opening the Post Prandial exercises, President Drinkwater spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

"It is my pleasing duty to welcome so many of you here this evening, this our eighteenth annual reunion, and to return the thanks we feel for the honor paid us by the presence of so many official and distinguished friends. The large number assembled here to-day shows that we have made no mistake in coming outside of Maine to hold our reunion, and to-night in this city of Boston, the most hospitable of cities, we have met together, and many a comrade has to-day, for the first time since starting for the South in '61, or at the muster-out of the regiment in the fall of '65, to compare experiences of the past twenty-five years, and the recollections of the stories and glories of this old First Maine Cavalry Regiment. It is my first pleasing duty to introduce to you the gallant representative of this dear old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Governor Brackett."

Mr. Brackett was received with a storm of applause. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—With the invitation to be present here this evening as the representative of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I am very happy to bring you its cordial greetings, and to acknowledge the compliment you pay it in securing its capital city as the

place for this your annual gathering. Prizing as Massachusetts does the memory of her own soldiers, ready as she ever is through the voices of her officials and otherwise to manifest her devotion to it, she is equally as ready at all times to greet veterans of other States who have, side by side with her own gallant sons, fought for the furtherance of the cause of liberty in this our blessed country. (Applause.)

Lieutenant-Governor Brackett's brief address was a response to the first toast of the evening, "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts." The next speaker was

MAJ.-GEN. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,

who as he arose received a most enthusiastic greeting, the veteran cheering vigorously. He said:

MR. CHAIRMAN, FELLOW-SOLDIERS, COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—My first and pleasant duty is to thank you for your kindness. That all the Massachusetts militia were not volunteers in the war, I claim no merit for myself as one of them in going to the war. From the year 1840, when I shouldered my musket in the Massachusetts militia, I had been preparing to be, so far as I might be, a soldier. I had held every militia office up to that of brigadier-general, when the order came from Washington that I was to go as a member of the Massachusetts militia. I discussed that matter the first night with Mrs. Butler. She was very strongly opposed to my going to the war; but I had to say to my dear wife that there was but one way by which I could escape going to this war, and that was to throw myself before a railroad train and lose one or both of my legs. I went under the orders of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. That is all the merit there is for the last militia soldiers. Good men and true, they obeyed the call of their State.

But what shall I say of another body of men? The men I see before me, who were unorganized, upon whom the country had no right to call. What made them go? What sent you, my comrades? To the officers I may say nothing. There was promotion, there was a thousand things: there was glory, fame—not in the true sense of fame to the common soldier, which is to have his name misspelt in a telegraphic despatch. (Loud laughter.) And yet you left home, wives and children, fathers and mothers, at the call of your country, and assured the world that the people of this country not only could govern themselves, but they could govern themselves against the armies of the world whenever it was necessary. (Tremendous applause.)

(Here General Butler referred to Pension Commissioner Tanner, and said:) Tanner was eager and anxious to do his duty. He worked diligently with that end in view, although he had no legs to stand on to do it. For what was he turned out of office? At the call of the mugwump press. (To the reporters, "Put that down, sure"—tremendous applause.) His desire was simply to aid his comrades and their wives and children, and that as fast as he could, as they are now dying off and would not want it much longer. Pensions which have belonged to them have been kept back by the trickery of the officials. The cry was made against him: "Why, he is robbing the treasury."

Good God! There never would have been any money in the treasury if it had not been for us soldiers. (Prolonged applause and laughter, amid cries of "That is so.") But if they want to see if we will bear this any longer let them try it. That is how they treat a private. Now, let me say a word about the officer. There has not been a volunteer officer retired on half pay. Not one. I know whereof I affirm. A lieutenant, captain, major, colonel of the regular army has been retired because they would give him more pay than he could earn anywhere else. Nothing else has been done.

Now, comrades, let us demonstrate that we are good soldiers and good citizens as well. The government must and shall understand that we shall have what we seek, which is simply honest justice to ourselves, our wives and our children; and, God helping us, we will have that, because our votes can settle that question when we vote together.

Let us stand together in this matter. I do not mean to comment upon the President harshly, for he was placed in a position where he could not do as he pleased, but in his kind-heartedness he said to Tanner, "I will give you any other office you desire." What a condition we have come to in this country when an old one-legged soldier is turned out of office for nothing. This course could not be effectually resisted by the President, but, my dear comrades, it can be resisted by his comrades who will stand by him. I remember only a few weeks ago, Corporal Tanner was at a banquet in this city, given largely by soldiers, and he arose and made a speech. A speech of self-glorification? No. A speech with no practical sense in it? No. He said: I am a Brooklyn man, and I don't know as I ought to interfere with your matters here in Massachusetts, but a member of the Grand Army has died, (giving his name) and left a wife in need, and I propose to start a subscription for her relief. We all seconded the motion, and he carried to that widow the means of taking care of her for many months. When a man carries with him that good feeling, when an honest man, for no man has said that he was not honest, he ought to have the support of every fair-minded citizen.

Where are we going to find a man who has the courage to stand up for the rights of the pensioner? I fear, I say in closing, that the services of the volunteer for his giving up everything for his country and laying down his life, if necessary, for her sake, has not been paid for, and we only ask that this country follow the example of older nations who have grown rich, which is to give a pension to every soldier and the widow of every deceased soldier, and not let the trickeries of rascals prevent their getting it. (Applause.) Is there any better use we can put our money to than by placing it in the hands of the soldiers? (Cries of "No.")

Cheers long and hearty greeted Gen. C. H. Smith as he arose to answer the call for

"OUR OLD COMMANDER."

He spoke as follows: "I was not informed as to what time I was to speak to-night, until four o'clock this afternoon. Since that time I have been devoting my whole attention to the ladies." General

Smith spoke at considerable length, reviewing old battle-field and camp recollections, much to the delight of his hearers.

Brig.-Gen. Augustus P. Martin, ex-mayor, always a favorite with the old soldiers, spoke in a pleasant vein for the city of Boston. "The State of Maine" received a happy response from Maj. S. W. Thaxter.

The historian of the regiment, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, then read the following original poem, written for the occasion:

A First Maine Cavalryman's Dream.

I had a dream, a vision fair to see—
Methought I was in Boston, strolling by
The Old South Church, when voices seemed to me
To come from out the church. I ventured nigh.
And in that little yard, instead of men,
I saw our Grand Old Flag, with every star
In place, and bearing even more than when,
In years long gone, we followed it in war;
And Patriotism, shining all the while
More bright than evening star or morning sun;
And Brother Jonathan, with pleasant smile
As broad as is this continent. "Well done!"
Thought I: "I've got in goodly company;
I'm going to find out what this means, unless
I'm driven away." The trio seemed to be
In free and easy chat, though earnestness
Pervaded word and look. The first I heard
Was as the Stars and Stripes waved three times three.
And then, as clear as morning song of bird,
In sweet and joyous tones there came to me:
"I understand that in this good old town
A regiment of cavalry from Maine
Will hold reunion soon, and I've come down
To float above the boys in gladsome strain."
Then Patriotism spoke, "Whom do you mean,
That noble band, the Old First Maine?" "The same."
Waved out the Flag, "and braver men, I ween,
Ne'er fought for me." "Aha! but they were game,"
Said Jonathan; "no better sons I knew."
Then Patriotism added with a vim,
"In my name ne'er were nobler deeds, 'tis true,
Than these men did. They filled up to the brim
The measure of devotion. It is well
That these brave men should in reunion meet,
And grasp each other's hands, and once more tell

The old, old stories they love to repeat.
The memories grand of those old days revive.
Bring once again to mind the comrades true
Who gave their lives, my spirit keep alive
Throughout the land; and teach their children, too,
The lessons of the war and what it cost
To save this nation — how at duty's call
Their fathers sprang to arms and counted lost
No sacrifice for country's sake. This all
Is well, and I am always pleased to hear
When veterans for reunion have a day,
And when they gather I am always near.
For I enjoy it just as much as they:
Oh, I shall be there with the boys from Maine,
And thrill their hearts anew." Old Glory then
Waved three times three, and then I heard, as plain
As note of bugle, that sweet voice again,
"And I'll be there, and o'er them float with pride."
Then Jonathan, with his broad smile, upspoke,
"And you can bet that I'll be by your side,
And o'er my boys I'll watch." Then I awoke.

Genial Harry M'Glenen, President of the Massachusetts Association of Veterans of the Mexican War, spoke for the heroes of Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo and Monterey.

Comrade P. F. Shevlin roused the veterans to great enthusiasm as he read with dramatic effect the

CHARGE OF COMPANY C.

[Reg't loss—Killed, 10; wounded, 23; prisoners, 6.]

MIDDLEBURG, June 19, 1863.

When I recall the charge as I saw it — Kimball, followed by his company of sorrels, compact and steady, and all moving like an arrow's flight, swiftly and unerringly into the "jaws of death" — I fail to see in what respect of heroism it is inferior even to the immortal "Charge of the Light Brigade."

GEN. C. H. SMITH.

ALDIE, June 17, 1863.

I looked back in despair; there I saw old Colonel Douty with the First Maine. I said: "Men of Maine, you saved the day at Brandy Station, save it again at Aldie:" and upon the run you went, and I had the honor to ride side by side with your gallant old Colonel Douty, and sad to say, saw him go down in a soldier's death upon that bloody field.

GEN. JUDSON KILPATRICK.

BRANDY STATION, July 9, 1863.

I saw the First Maine moving down at a trot in double column, the battle-flag in front, and as I rode down I said to them, "Men of Maine, you must save the day." And I say here to-night, before all this goodly company, to the First Maine Cavalry I owe the silver star I won that day upon the field of battle.

GEN. KILPATRICK.

The fields of Brandy Station and Aldie had but passed away,
And the gallant First Maine Cavalry lay in bivouac at bay.
Kilpatrick had commanded the enemy to be felt out;
As Gregg he passed the order, up went a loyal shout.
"Saddles and boots," the bugles blew, and tightened was each girt:
"Prepare to mount," and "mount" they did, sure of deadly work;
Carbines were unslung and sabres drawn, and revolvers close at hand;
Void of fear with lusty cheer each trooper took his stand.

The boys of Companies E and H moved to left and front,
And charged across the open field to bear the battle's brunt:
The balance of the regiment obliqued to front and right:
And Kimball with his sorrels held the old Winchester pike:
The shriek of shell, Confederate yell, crash of grape and schrapnel,
The sharp crack of the carbines and the musketry rolled,
As down the road the rebel horde rode furiously and bold.

"Forward, charge!" brave Kimball cried, and away goes Company C,
Each man resolved to stain his blade on the Southern chivalry.
With Union cheer, in wild career, swift as an arrow's flight,
The sabres bare revolved in air "Thrust," "Parry," "Cut and Point:"
And in the fray with "moulinet." It was a fearful sight:
Fresh numbers of the foemen came hot riding down the pike,
But the little sorrel horse company stood like a Holland dike.

The clash of steel made warriors feel a frenzy of mad joy:
Revolvers bark at death's shining mark as if it were a toy:
The gallant Kimball has gone down all in the foeman's midst:
Brooks is struck: Higgins, Johnson, Twing, are on the bloody list:
And Neal, he meets a hero's death by fearless Kimball's side:
Young, Worthing, Swift have gory wounds that they may show with pride.

Toast the brave who live, as we sigh for those who fell,
For each and every comrade bore his gallant part full well.
*The black horses, the roans, the grays, also the bays and white,
Under our brave Commander Smith, all aided in the fight:
For horse and man did all they could to win the victory,
And bring success unto our arms and help out Company C.

*The different companies of the regiment had horses of a distinct color.

Hon. Harrison Hume, commander of Gettysburg Post 191, G. A. R., and a veteran of the 11th Maine Infantry, after a pleasant reference to General Smith's entrance to the army, followed by a graphic description of a gallant charge of the Maine Cavalry, and a patriotic and glowing tribute to the Union soldier, closed his address with the following

REPLY TO GENERAL BUTLER.

It was not, as has been said here to-night, that the object of the soldier's volunteering to go to the war was that he expected on his return to be pensioned. I stand here to refute that assertion. When you went to defend your country's rights you were prompted only by patriotic feelings, and nothing else. We pity Corporal Tanner, who was not equal to the position he held. We blame him for saying as much as he has said, and we have nothing but sympathy for him.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

The closing address was by Brevet Brig.-Gen. J. P. Cilley, who spoke as follows:

Napoleon, or some equally eminent authority in military art, has said that an army moves on its belly; that the celerity of movement and the distance of any advance is determined by the power to feed the men. I have no doubt that the march made by our regiment till midnight April 7th, 1865, and all the next day and until one o'clock the morning of April 9, 1865, was rendered possible by the magnificent repast at Farmville, where our horses had a choice between doughnuts and biscuits. I also have no doubt that the magnificent advance we made Oct. 12th, 1863, and the more brilliant anteadvance we made later that same day, when our horses, during the hours of daylight and darkness, covered over one hundred miles of distance, was due entirely to our hope of getting something to eat when we reached camp. I have no doubt that this hope of a satisfying repast kept Major Tuxter's spirits in their usual form of good nature and habitual politeness when his courteous inquiry, made as he stood alone in a strange camp, was responded to with the rather uncivil words, "The Twelfth Virginia, you damn fool," and caused him to reply in an unruffled manner, "I thank you." I am also convinced that the fragrance of magnificent banquet, whose fragments and remains lie scattered before me as effectually as the rebel cavalry was broken and scattered in the morning of the Dinwiddie fight,—I say I have no doubt the fragrance of this banquet has caused the vast multitude of our old regiment to advance all the way from Kittery to Passamaquoddy, from Pemaquid to Madawaska, with an alacrity unequalled in any raid of rebellion days. It has been a matter of anxious inquiry among our comrades, what kind of diet Massachusetts furnished to the members of our regiment who have moved to that State to enable them to attain the magnificent proportions possessed by our President,

Colonel Drinkwater, and our comrades, Albert Edgecomb and G[illegible] Ordway; and I realize from my present condition that we have got at substantial facts, for, personally, I feel about as big round as Edgecomb with his three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois.

We come at the call of the old Mother State with a love as warm [illegible] welcome is hearty and abundant, in spite of the fact that we have at times acted in such manner as to provoke the old State and committed such boyish acts that her maternal instincts were to deservedly spank her disrespectful daughter, forgetting as parents do forget, that the daughter has assumed matronly proportions; that, when you get at the bottom facts, she comprises, when she is fairly seated, three times as many square miles as the old Bay State does when in similar position.

I wish I had fitting words to express my appreciation of the banquet and the welcome of Massachusetts. All I can say is that the old State has opened her arm and opens wide her bosom, even beautiful Boston, whose municipal breasts bear heavenward, from Breed Hill and Beacon lookout, the shaft of Bunker Hill and the golden dome of the State House—the one furnishing the spiritual nourishment of patriotism, firm and exalted, and the other the milk charity of good laws and shining example. Now, dear old Mother State, I wish you to look at your daughter whose sons you now hold to your bosom. All her innumerable lines of sea-washed shore, all her enchanted islands and pleasing headlands, all her pine-covered hills and mountains, all her flowing lakes, give fragrance and vigor to those who come within their influence, while her moral attributes stand winter clear as high as Katahdin's summit. Let me give a few facts. Turn to Fox's book of Regimental Losses in the War of the Rebellion; the acknowledged authority on the subject.

There were two thousand and forty-seven regiments in the Union army. Of these, three hundred, whose losses exceeded one hundred and thirty killed or mortally wounded, are designated as the three hundred fighting regiments; the ratio of three hundred to two thousand and forty-seven is a little less than fifteen per cent. Maine sent into the service counting the First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth, a regiment reorganized twice, as three regiments; counting all the nine months regiments and counting the batteries of light artillery with the coast guards and scattered companies as one regiment, thirty-five regiments. Of these by their losses, the Third, Fourth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Thirty-first, First Maine Heavy Artillery, and the First Maine Cavalry, belong by their losses in the number of the three hundred fighting regiments, making thirteen out of thirty-five or over thirty-seven per cent. Look again. The First Maine Heavy Artillery lost more men killed or mortally wounded than any other regiment in the whole two thousand and forty-seven. The First Maine Cavalry lost more officers and more men killed or mortally wounded than any other cavalry regiment in the entire service. In this loss of our regiments there was no waste or regretable orders as is sometimes urged against the First Maine Heavy, for our skirmishes and engagements number one hundred and seven. Our hard-fought battles number twenty-nine by General Order No. 10, 1865, Army of the Potomac. This order deserves your special attention for a moment. It is the only order determining the number of battles and

ized to be borne on the standards of each regiment in the Army of the Potomac, and no other army or corps fought so many battles. It contains the names of two hundred and sixty-three regiments, and the following the summary account: seven regiments bear the name of one battle; two regiments, two battles; one regiment, three battles; five regiments, four battles; eight regiments, five battles; six regiments, six battles; thirteen regiments, seven battles; sixteen regiments, eight battles; twelve regiments, nine battles; fourteen regiments, ten battles; fourteen regiments, eleven battles; ten regiments, twelve battles; thirteen regiments, thirteen battles; fifteen regiments, fourteen battles; twenty-four regiments, fifteen battles; sixteen regiments, sixteen battles; sixteen regiments, seventeen battles; eleven regiments, eighteen battles; seven regiments, nineteen battles; seven regiments, twenty battles; thirteen regiments, twenty-one battles; eight regiments, twenty-two battles; fourteen regiments, twenty-three battles; six regiments, twenty-four battles; two regiments, twenty-five battles; two regiments, twenty-six battles. Now see by what an enormous lead the First Maine Cavalry reaches the goal. No regiment bears twenty-seven battles. No regiment bears twenty-eight battles, but the First Maine bears twenty-nine, three ahead of all the rest.

Well may your daughter boast her sons.

Rome strewed the streets with garlands when
Her legions came with captive bands.
Those were the days of mighty men:
But those, the days of wasted lands.
Behold my warriors come! No sound
Of wailing breaks martial strain,
No blood of slaves is on the crowned.
These are my sons — the sons of Maine!

These are my sons! No mystic sage
Hath reverence like those who read
The prophecy on war's dark page,
And bade the land be comforted.
For some with council, some with sword,
Went down, the awful cup to drain,
And knew the fiat of the Lord.
These are my sons — the sons of Maine!

During the evening choice vocal selections were rendered by the famous Mendelssohn Male Quartet, composed as follows: F. W. Knowles, first tenor; C. J. Buffum, second tenor; Joseph L. White, baritone, and J. K. Berry, basso.

At half past eleven o'clock, after thanking the veterans for their kind support during his term of office, and expressing his gratification at the unqualified success of the reunion, President Drinkwater announced that at half past eight o'clock next morning the comrades

and ladies would assemble at the armory of the National Lancers, and, accompanied by the Megunticook brass band, would march to the wharf and go aboard the steamer for a harbor excursion, viewing the different points of interest and lunching at Deer Island.

The Boston Globe said: "The committee of arrangements is deserving of especial commendation for the able manner in which every detail was carried out, making the reunion one of the most brilliant military events of the season, and adding additional glory to the history of the First Maine Cavalry."

LETTERS OF REGRET.

The following letters of regret were received:

PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 16, 1889.

DEAR GEN. CILLEY:

I fully intended to be with you to-morrow at the reunion, but circumstances over which I find I have no control have ordered it otherwise. I regret this very much, as I have no doubt it will be one of the most brilliant gatherings the gallant old First Maine have ever had since the organization was perfected.

I shall be with you in mind and heart if not in person. I shall imagine all the — "How *are* you! K Co. — C Co. — F Co. etc. etc." the familiar old hand-shake and grasping of each other, the sparkling eye, the joyous look. Then the old battles that will be fought over again from the beginning to the end of the struggle, the marches, the campfires, the picket lines, the reconnoissance, the foraging. All will be gone over again to-morrow, and I not there to participate; such is my luck; my misfortune; — It cannot be helped, General.

Will you give my warmest regards to *all* the comrades that may inquire for me and to all that do not ask for me. Tell them I am with them in spirit and shall hope to meet them all another year, if we are living, and believe me,

Yours truly,

CHAS. W. FORD.

P. S. General, I herewith hand you my check for twenty dollars to square up what may be due from me, and if any balance, let it go into the treasury, or wherever you in your good judgment may place it for the association.

F.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Sept. 4, 1889.

SECRETARY FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION:

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: — Your invitation to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association at the Revere House, September, 1889, is received, and I can assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure, but business engagements will not permit. At a reunion of the members of the First Maine Cavalry present at the National Encampment at

Milwaukee, August 29th, 1889. I was instructed to send to the First Maine Cavalry Association a cordial and heartfelt fraternal greeting, and to assure you that, though separated from you by more than one thousand miles of territory, we have not forgotten the members of the old regiment, nor failed at all suitable times to keep the memory of its heroic deeds before the people. We are proud of the old regiment and of its glorious record, and when asked the question, "To what regiment did you belong?" we are very proud to be able to respond, "The First Maine Cavalry." We hope and expect that your reunion will be the most pleasant and profitable of your experience, and only ask that you spare a moment from your feast of good things to give a thought to the absent ones, and that you send us a full report of the proceedings at the earliest possible moment. We send you the greeting of old comrades in arms; those who have shared with you in all the pains and pleasures of the march, the camp and the battle-field.

The following members of the First Maine Cavalry were present at the National Encampment at Milwaukee:

W. S. Sylvester, Co. F, Leavenworth, Kan.; C. E. Carter, Co. C, Joliet, Ill.; Riley L. Jones, Co. G, East Saginaw, Mich.; G. L. Mills, Co. E, Sabula, Iowa; A. J. Burbank, Co. G, Chicago, Ill.; Cyrus T. Reed, Co. G, Milwaukee, Wis.; A. H. Higgins, Co. M, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. G. Estes, Co. A, Washington, D. C.; A. Melvin Cole, Co. E, St. Louis, Mo.; W. D. Cowan, Co. D, Ludington, Mich.; Jas. W. Harriman, Co. E, Neceda, Wis.; C. B. Clarkson, Co. L, Neenah, Wis.; Redmond O'Connell, Co. H, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. H. Luce, Co. A, Rice Lake, Wis.

Yours fraternally,

RILEY L. JONES, *Chairman.*

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 16, 1889.

DEAR COLONEL:

Until within a few days I expected to attend the reunion of our regiment in Boston, but very pressing business engagements at that time will not permit. I wanted to go for many reasons, and one, by no means the least, because I know our Massachusetts comrades will give the regiment as true and warm-hearted a welcome as it has ever had. I will be with you in mind, and may the occasion, as I know it will, be all that comrades wish.

Very truly,

DANIEL F. DAVIS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1889.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY, Revere House, Boston:

DEAR SIR: Please let the boys of B Company know that my best wishes are with them when gathered together at the banquet, and if they had not charged on *Old Time* quite so soon I should have had the happiness to meet them. Have just arrived from Japan so cannot leave the ship for a few days. Shall hope to see you in Rockland.

Yours respectfully,

M. B. COOK.

LEWISTON, Sept. 13, 188[illegible]

TO THE COMRADES OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION:

GENTLEMEN: Having seen the call for the meeting of your Association at the Revere House, in Boston, I thought it would be interesting to you to hear something of one of your old comrades whom you will all remember but who will never meet with you again. About two years ago, Comrade George W. Hussey was stricken with paralysis. After a little while he recovered so as to be about, but his health began to fail, and gradually his mind was beginning to be clouded so that it was not safe to trust him alone for any length of time.

About six months ago, he had another shock which prostrated him for a time, but he has recovered a little from that so that he can walk a little with help. His mind is gone, and his vocal organs are so far paralyzed that he can speak but a few simple words with difficulty. Occasionally a little light seems to break through the darkness, and for a short time he will be able to recognize his friends, and to be able to understand what is said to him, but it lasts for only a little while. About four weeks ago, I went over to Vassalboro, (where he is stopping) to see him, and during the time that I was there he came to himself for a little while so that he knew me, and I said: "Comrade, your regiment is to have their reunion in Boston soon, and I will write and tell them about your case, for they will want to hear from you." He could not speak but his eyes filled with tears; he loved his old comrades, and they were very near to his heart. Comrade Hussy is cared for especially by a sister of his who is a most excellent woman, and who devotes all her time to him.

The enclosed photograph you will readily recognize. I obtained it of his sister that I might send it to you.

Very truly yours in F. C. & L.,

J. P. JOHNSON.

(Late of First Maine Heavy Artillery and now member of Custer Post, G. A. R., Department of Maine.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3, 1889.

A. C. DRINKWATER, President First Maine Cavalry Association:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 30th ult. inviting me to be present at the Eighteenth Annual Reunion of the First Maine Cavalry, is received for which I thank you, regretting that I cannot avail myself of the opportunity to meet my old and cherished comrades of that gallant organization.

Will you please present to one and all of the survivors of the First Maine who may be present at your reunion, my kindest regards and wishes for their welfare. May their camping grounds be among the green pastures and by the still waters and beneath green pines in peace and plenty, until the Great Commander shall call them to muster on the eternal shores.

Yours truly,

J. IRWIN GREGG.

The following characteristic telegraphic despatch was also received:

DENNYSVILLE, ME.

To REV. J. P. CILLEY, First Maine Cavalry Association Banquet, Revere House, Boston:

Profoundest regrets; a new baby kept me from meeting with you. Will see you all at Gettysburg if every woman in town has twins.

DR. SHEAHAN,
Late a reduced Corporal Co. K.

Letters of regret at not being able to attend were also received from Hon. William P. Frye, U. S. Senator; Thomas B. Reed, M. C.; Charles A. Boutelle, M. C.; H. C. Lodge, M. C. from Massachusetts; His Excellency the Governor; John F. Andrew, by John E. Chapman; James G. Blaine, Secretary of State; S. Dalton, Adjutant-General, State of Massachusetts; Homer Rogers, Chairman Board of Aldermen, Boston; John Corse, Postmaster of Boston; Gen. Horatio A. Alger, Commander-in-chief, Grand Army of the Republic; W. E. Barrett, *Boston Advertiser*; Charles H. Taylor, *Boston Globe*; Alfred C. Munroe, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic; J. E. Carpenter, and Corporal James Tanner.

THE GUESTS OF THE CITY ON THE SECOND DAY.

The programme for the second day was a harbor excursion, and the comrades were ordered to report at the Lancers' armory at half past eight o'clock in the morning, but the fatigue incident to Tuesday's travel and the banquet was not conducive to early rising. Late "taps" necessitated a late "reveille," and it was not until quarter past ten that the veterans marched from the armory in the following order:

Pioneer Corps, consisting of Comrades G. A. Ordway, Geo. Black Hawk Putnam and Capt. L. Monson, all tall as the pines of their native State, and the weight as ascertained by the hay scales at Deer Island, aggregating 737½ pounds.

Meguntcook Cornet Band.

First Maine Cavalry Association, 200 comrades, led by Brevet Maj.-Gen. C. H. Smith and President A. C. Drinkwater.

The column moved by way of Court and Brattle Streets, Dock Square, through the markets, Commercial Street and Atlantic Avenue to the South Ferry, where the party embarked on the steamer J. Putnam Bradlee. The ladies were taken from the Revere House to the wharf in carriages. On the steamer the party was received by Commissioner Charles J. Prescott of the Department of Public Institutions and Assistant City Messenger Harry

Osborne, who were assiduous in their attention to the city's guests. Upon arrival at Deer Island the veterans marched to the main building, where Supt. James R. Gerrish, a veteran of the old First Massachusetts Infantry, and a comrade of Theodore Winthrop Post 35, G. A. R., of Chelsea, accorded the party a hearty welcome. After inspecting the various departments of the institution, the party proceeded to the chapel, where had assembled one hundred and fifty healthy and bright looking lads, clad in neat uniforms of dark blue. As the party entered the gallery the boys' band played a march, after which, under the direction of the chaplain, Rev. J. W. Dadmun, who is the chaplain of the National Lancers, it rendered with fine effect a national medley, introducing the airs, "America," "Wearing of the Green" and "Marching Through Georgia," the latter, with its accompaniment of waving flags, eliciting from the veterans hearty applause. "The Young Recruits" and "Ring the Bell, Watchman," followed, the lads displaying much grace and skill in the calisthenic exercises.

Commissioner Prescott, in a neat speech, welcomed the veterans on behalf of the city, and expressed his regret at the absence of Mayor Hart. To the boys of the institution, he said: "You were never more honored than you are to-day by the presence of these veterans of the First Maine Cavalry," a sentiment which the little fellows applauded to the echo.

President Drinkwater was then introduced and was greeted by the boys with three times three cheers and waving of flags. The colonel, in behalf of his comrades, thanked the city of Boston, Commissioner Prescott, Superintendent Gerrish and the boys, all of whom he complimented in a pleasant address.

General Smith spoke to the boys in a most kindly manner, giving them words of encouragement and good advice. His remarks were heartily applauded.

General Cilley complimented the lads upon their neat and soldierly appearance, after which Commissioner Prescott thanked the boys and complimented the superintendent and officers of the institution.

After the "banner song" by the boys and a selection by the Megunticook cornet band, the veterans proceeded to the dining hall where, after grace by Rev. J. W. Dadmun, an excellent lunch was served. After lunch the veterans and ladies, the latter escorted by Comrade J. T. Williams, assembled on the hillside and were photographed by Comrade J. W. Porter. After hearty cheers for the

mayor and city of Boston, the comrades re-embarked, and after a pleasant sail reached Boston soon after 3 P. M.

Marching via Atlantic Avenue, Commercial, State and Washington Streets, the entire party visited *The Globe* office, entering the building to the stirring notes of "Marching Through Georgia," and as the Jumbo presses were rattling off the evening editions of the paper, the veterans saw:

Globes to the right of them,
Globes to the left of them,
Globes in front of them,
Great circulation!

The veterans visited the various departments, inspecting with interest the methods by which New England's great daily prepares and issues to the world the current news. The ladies were escorted by the ever gallant Thomas Downey.

SECOND BUSINESS MEETING.

After leaving *The Globe* office, the veterans marched to the Lancers' armory, where a business meeting was held, President Drinkwater presiding. On motion of Comrade Gilbert N. Harris a vote was passed thanking the city of Boston for its courteous hospitality; and also that a copy of the regimental history be presented to the library of the city institutions at Deer Island.

On motion of Comrade P. F. Shevlin, seconded by Gen. C. H. Smith, a vote was passed thanking Charles B. Rohan of *The Globe* staff, and presenting to him a copy of the regimental history.

On motion of General Smith, the thanks of the association were voted the Massachusetts Branch for its painstaking and distinguished courtesies.

After discussion a regimental badge was adopted. The design may be described as follows: From a 16-shooter carbine, inscribed First Maine Cavalry, suspended by two stirrup straps, is a horseshoe surrounding a horse's head, above which appear the crossed cavalry sabres, surmounted by a pine tree. A ribbon of cavalry yellow completes the badge, which is distinctive, neat and appropriate.

Comrade Harris, President of the Massachusetts Branch, in an eloquent speech, thanked the regimental association for holding its annual reunion in Boston, urged the comrades to form associations in their several towns, and closed with an expression of the delight

it gave the Massachusetts comrades to have their brothers and sisters of Maine at this grand family reunion.

On motion of Comrade Ordway, it was voted that a copy of the regimental history be presented to the National Lancers of Boston, as a token of the association's appreciation of their courtesy.

On motion of Comrade Williams, a vote was passed thanking President Harris of the Massachusetts Branch for his indefatigable efforts in the success of the reunion.

On motion of Comrade Ricker, the following committee on the regimental badge was elected: Col. A. C. Drinkwater, Brev. Brig.-Gen. J. P. Cilley and Lieut. George F. Jewett.

After votes of thanks, in which the Ladies' Auxiliary joined, to Manager Austin of the Nickelodeon and Landlord Merrow of the Revere House, the business meeting adjourned.

Then enthusiasm akin to that of a college class day prevailed: cheers were given for the National Lancers, Col. Drinkwater, Gen. Smith and almost everybody, so jubilant were the veterans at the success of the reunion.

In the evening several of the comrades and ladies attended a special performance at the Nickelodeon by invitation of Manager Austin, who is a son of Maine.

A number of veterans not participating in the harbor excursion visited the State House, receiving courteous attentions from Maj. William C. Capelle of the adjutant-general's office.

Comrade J. T. Williams, of Salisbury Point, Mass., who was the popularly known "mail agent" of the regiment during its term of service, desiring to again serve his comrades, stated that if any veteran of the regiment will send him his address, he will furnish him with *The Globe* containing the account of the reunion.

Mayor Hart and the other officials and the citizens of Boston have earned and will have the lasting gratitude of every member of the grand old regiment who attended the reunion, for the cordial and honorable reception and grand entertainment accorded them. To the members of the regiment resident in and about Boston, on whom devolved the duty of making all the arrangements for the comfort of the visiting members, great credit is due for the excellent manner in which every detail was arranged and successfully carried out.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The Fourth Annual Reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association of Ladies was held at the Revere House in connection with the

Reunion of the Regimental Association. The meeting was called to order by the Vice-President, Mrs. Celia Emery. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Mrs. Susie H. Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass.; Vice-President, Mrs. Addie Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Grace T. Cilley, Rockland, Me.

The secretary read a letter from Mrs. Zenas Vaughan, the president, expressing her regrets at not being able to be present, and saying that illness in her family prevented her attendance. The meeting adjourned to the same time and place as the reunion of the regimental association. There were fifty ladies present at the meeting, and eight names were received for membership.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH.

The comrades of the Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Cavalry did noble service in preparing for this reunion, and to them and them alone belongs the credit for its magnificent success, and for the pleasure of the comrades who were so fortunate as to attend. The first meeting of the Branch to make preparations for the reunion was held June 3d, at the Sherman House, and was called to order by the President, Gilbert N. Harris. At this meeting, a committee consisting of Comrades Patrick F. Shevlin, Albert Edgecomb, Daniel W. Gage, Theddeus Little, Henry C. Whitney, Henry C. Hall, Frank W. Green, Albion C. Drinkwater, Gilbert N. Harris, George F. Jewett, Bradbury P. Doe, Charles E. Jacks, Horatio S. Libby, and Charles A. F. Emery, was appointed with full power to make all arrangements for the coming reunion. A meeting of this committee was held July 24th, at which it was decided to hold the reunion of the regiment on Tuesday, Sept. 17th. The "Committee of Fifteen" was made a committee on finance, and Comrade Drinkwater was chosen treasurer; the president and treasurer were appointed a committee on printing; Comrades Edgecomb, Libby and Green were chosen a committee on transportation, and Comrades Jacks, Shevlin, Whitney and Hall were chosen a committee on entertainment. A special meeting of the Branch was held Aug. 21st, when the Committee of Fifteen and its sub-committees reported progress, and everything was satisfactory. Comrade Drinkwater reported that he had made arrangements with the Revere House for the banquet, and Comrade Edgecomb reported that he had secured the Lancers Armory for headquarters. On

motion of Comrade Jacks, it was voted to request Gen. J. P. Cilley to notify the First Maine Cavalry boys that "all members of the regiment who will come to the Boston reunion, who are not able to defray the expense of attending the same, their expenses at Boston will be provided for by the Boston delegation." As a result of this action, and the work and the contributions of the Massachusetts Branch, the thousand dollar banquet at the Revere House was served to the comrades and their friends free of expense to them, while every minute of their stay in Boston, on the reunion day and the next day, was made exceedingly pleasant. All honor to the comrades of the Massachusetts Branch.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

NO. II.—JUDGE COX.

BY MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.

In the south-western part of the county, twelve miles from the court-house, are the Clover Hill coal mines, which at this time were in successful operation. As a large number of men were employed here, it was decided to detail Captain Wilson with his F Company for duty at this point. In a day or two after our arrival at the court-house, Captain Wilson and I rode over to see and learn what duties might be required of his small force, to make the acquaintance of the citizens of the vicinity, to select a camping place, etc. Here we found the venerable Judge Cox, of the Superior Court of Virginia, a true type of the old Virginia patriots and statesmen, an early proprietor of the coal fields, and the principal owner of the mines. He had long held his honorable judicial position, and had as long enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all those with whom he had been called to act. No man uttered an unkind word or manifested an unkind feeling towards Judge Cox. When the nullifiers of the Palmetto State had passed the ordinance of secession, and star after star was falling from the southern constellation of our political firmament, and in their places suspended red clouds of war, he said, "It cannot be that Virginia, the home of Washington, of Jefferson, of Henry, and of all the illustrious names that adorn the pages of her sacred history, and with all the hallowed ties that bind her to the union, can be severed from her orbit!" But, alas! unholy hands had kindled fires there, too, and soon the southern and central portions of the Old Dominion were ablaze with the lurid flame. He saw the first flickering fires, and earnestly worked to quench them, but they were fed by treason's strong hand and fanned by secession breezes, and with all his mighty influence and magnetic eloquence he seemed powerless to stay them. The women early caught the secession spirit, and when they began to make Palmetto flags, triune emblems of rebellion, secession and disunion, and to place them over the outer doors of their dwellings, in the headstalls of their carriage horses, and even in the bridles of the working mules, and children were carrying them publicly in the streets, the

voice of reason would not be heard. The brave old man labored incessantly thirteen consecutive days and nights, indeed until his strength was exhausted, fighting the fires of secession, and not without hope until these flags appeared, when there were no ears to listen to argument or entreaty. It was like speaking to a hurricane or trying to drown with one's voice the roar of the ocean storm. He returned to his home, weary, heart-sick and sad. The legislature was then sitting with closed doors, but all knew the subject of its discussion, and all knew, too soon, the result of its action. When he had sufficiently recovered so as to be about again, he reviewed the political situation with his accustomed judicial candor, and exclaimed, with deepest grief, "Virginia is lost! Virginia is lost!" He saw that his native State must go into the vortex; that her fair fields must be the arena for the conflict; that her brave sons must fall in the useless contest; that her happy homes must be broken, and her peaceful dwellings become hospitals of suffering and death.

When the legislature had formally passed the ordinance of secession, he called all his slaves to him, and told them in plain and simple language what had been done, and how the result would doubtless affect them. He told them there would be a long and bitter war between the sections which would finally be favorable to the North, and would result in the freedom of all the slaves in the South; that they were free from that moment; that he should never more claim these persons nor their services; that they were free to go, or free to stay and fare as they had fared, so long as they were good and faithful freemen. He then kindly dismissed them and returned to his room where he could observe them alone so soon after their transformation of slaves into freemen. They stood a moment in mute amazement, apparently lost in the contemplation of what he had told them, and then slowly returned to their cabins. What transpired there he could not know, only that they were engaged in earnest discussion for a little time, when old Joe, who had been a slave more than three-fourths of a century, and whom they regarded as a sort of patriarch among them, came slowly up the steps and lingered at the door, as if doubtful whether he had heard aright or was being cheated again by the same old dream that so often had deceived him. The judge had watched them with much interest for he was a little uncertain what course they would pursue, and when he saw Joe at the door, evidently in trouble, he called to him, "Come in, Joe, and let me see how you look, a free man." Joe opened the door and entered, but the sight of his old master who

was now his master no more, and the reassurance that he was free, so affected him he was able to utter only, "God bress you, massa! God bress you!" When he had suppressed his emotion so he could, he continued, "We's mighty glad to be free, massa, and we all wants to tank you for your great kindness to us all, and we all wants to stay wid you, massa, if you likes, and nebber leab you." Precisely how the presence of this simple old slave — no! slave no more!—this new-born free man, this infant of eighty blessing the hand that so long had enslaved him, and at last had made him free—affected the generous-hearted old judge, I was unable to learn, but of this I am satisfied, that he was grateful to them for the sensible appreciation of the boon he had conferred upon them, and that he assured Joe that he was glad of their desire and of their decision to remain with him, and that he would employ and care for them as before.

Knowing the intense desire of all slaves for freedom and a realization of all its blessings, I inquired how long they remained with him. "All are with me yet! never one has left me!" he replied, quickly and earnestly and with a manifest feeling of satisfaction. In the morning (we stopped with him over night) after they had been more than four years free, we saw them there willingly at work for wages in the mines, on the farm, and about the buildings, and they seemed to feel a pride in the fact that they had remained in their old homes since before the war began, not as slaves but as free men.

The motives that led the judge to thus early set free his slaves were purely patriotic. He saw that the institution of slavery had produced an "irrepressible conflict," and that the nation could not "exist part free and part slaves." He saw, indeed, that slavery was the rock on which the old ship of state was just ready to strike, and as he could not change her course he would, at least, remove all the rock that was in his power and possession, and then should she sink beneath the waves of civil war he would feel conscious and certain that he had not by thought, or word, or act, or in any other way, wilfully or willingly, contributed to her sad fate; and should she survive the storm and the shock and reach the port of safety, he would be among those who would rejoice in the triumph of our fathers' free government, and in the patriotic virtue and valor of their loyal sons and descendants.

In 1861, the family of the judge consisted of himself, his wife, three sons and one daughter. Mrs. Cox was one of those grand,

noble, womanly souls, of which Virginia had long been prolific, and was every way worthy to be the wife and companion of so wise and eminent a man. When the war broke out, the two older sons were in college, the elder of whom, the old man told me, more closely resembled Patrick Henry, his own political patron saint, than any man Virginia had ever produced. While he manifested a full father's pride in all his children, he could not conceal the fact that his young Patrick Henry was his chief pride, his central hope, his ideal son. The boys possessed, in full measure, their father's love for the Union and loyalty to its flag, but in the early spring of '62, when the waves of secession had submerged all the educational institutions of the State, they found themselves in their favorite college a hopeless minority of two, vainly striving against the overwhelming tide of rebellion and disunion. The brave boys struggled for a time, manfully and heroically, indeed until their generous and gifted natures could endure no more, and then reluctantly and sorrowfully returned to their home, already sad with the rumors of the cause of their coming, to seek the counsel of their father, whose genius and wisdom had before been superior to any difficulties or troubles they had ever encountered. "Three courses," they said, "lay open to us—to remain at home passive and despised by all our friends and associates until the conscript officers call for us, and then involuntarily serve the confederate cause: to pass through the confederate lines and go north; or to submit and join the confederate army. We can but die if we enter the army, and to a proud and cultured Virginian either of the former courses would be infinitely worse than death." The father listened to their statements with most intense interest, and he began to realize that they would have him decide the step that should determine their future, but he told them he could not, that they must decide for themselves, that if they elected to go into the confederate army, to which he could never give his assent, he should be their father still, and wherever their best judgment led them, they should have a father's love and a father's blessing. At this time, the early summer of '62, to the ordinary southern mind the cause of the confederacy was assured and the leaders were defiant. The judge had noted this and he warned the boys not to be deceived by appearances. He said that the people of the North were as earnest and determined to save the Union as the people of the South were to destroy it, and that the resources of the North in men and material for carrying on a war as compared to the South were

simply illimitable. The boys hesitated and doubted and reflected, and finally, after the most urgent appeals to their pride and their honor by their friends and fellow students, some of whom had already won distinction on the field of battle, they reluctantly surrendered.

The news soon reached Richmond, and the governor was so elated with the accession of two such notable young men to the ranks of the confederacy that he immediately sent them commissions and they soon joined their commands on the Chickahominy. But their services were sadly short.

In a few days they contracted malaria of a malignant type and in a short time their lifeless remains were borne to their loyal home and buried on a little hill-slope just beyond the garden wall. In the morning, the old man pointed to us the little mounds beneath which rest the sacred dust of his noble boys, his unwilling sacrifice to the insatiate Moloch of Secession and Slavery.

BOWDOIN BOYS IN LABRADOR.

ON BOARD THE "JULIA A. DECKER,"
OFF ST. JOHN'S BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

We are bowling along with a fine southwest wind, winged out, mainsail reefed and foresail two-reefed, and shall be in the straits in about two hours. The Julia is a flyer. Between 12 and 4 this morning we logged just 46 knots, namely, 13.5 miles per hour for four hours. I doubt if I ever went much faster in a sailing vessel. It is now about 10 o'clock, and we have made over 75 miles since 4.

All hands are on watch for a first glimpse of the Labrador coast, which will probably be Cape Armours with the light on it.

I wrote last time from Hawkesbury in the Gut of Canso. We lay there all day Monday, July 6th, as the wind, southeast in the harbor, was judged by everybody to be northeast out in George's Bay, and consequently dead ahead for us. Monday evening, at the invitation of the purser, we all went down aboard the "State of Indiana," the regular steamer of the "State Line" between Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Boston, touching at Halifax, and in the Gut.

After going ashore we stayed on the wharf till she left, singing college songs, giving an impromptu athletic exhibition, etc., to the intense delight of about fifty small boys (I can't conceive where they all came from), and the two or three hundred servant girls going home to P. E. I. for a summer vacation.

I would put in here parenthetically, that since writing the above I have been on deck helping jibe the mainsail, as we have changed our course to about east by north, having rounded a couple of small low, sandy islands off the Bay of St. John, and now point straight into the strait of Belle Isle.

In the afternoon we examined some of the old red sandstone which underlies all that part of Cape Breton Island, found some good specimens, and some very plain and deep glacial scratches. There is also some coal and a good deal of shale in with the sandstone.

We had a good opportunity to see this, since the railroad connecting Port Hawkesbury with Sidney is new, having started running

only last March, and hence the cuts furnished admirable fields in which to examine the geology. The road is surveyed and bed made along the Cape Breton shore of the Gut nearly to the northern end, and when completed will be a delightful ride. I think the Gut for 10 miles north of Port Hawkesbury resembles the Hudson just by the Palisades. It is grander than Eggemoggin Reach and on a far larger scale than Somes' Sound. At the northern end it broadens and becomes just a magnificent waterway, without the grand scenery. We were becalmed nearly all day in George's Bay, at one time getting pretty near Antigonish, but got a breeze towards evening. We tried fishing several times but could not get a bite though several fishermen were in sight and trawls innumerable. We passed one fisherman, a fine three-master, just as we were coming out of the Gut from Frenchman's Bay, going home, but with very little fish.

I got the captain to call me about 4, Wednesday morning, to fish, but got none. We were then off North Cape, having had a good breeze all night. The wind was light all day, but towards the latter part of the afternoon commenced to blow from the southeast, kicking up a nasty sea very soon. We double reefed the mainsail, reefed the foresail and hauled the flying jib down. About 8 P. M. we laid to with the jib hauled down, on the starboard tack. The wind had backed to the east about four points and was blowing a gale. About 12 M. it suddenly dropped, a flat calm, leaving a tremendous sea running from the southeast, combined with a smaller one from the east. Our motions, jumps, rolls and pitches, can be better imagined than described. It seemed at times that our bow and our stern were where the mastheads usually are, and our rails were frequently rolled under.

Rice and Hunt stood one watch, Cary and I the second, and here Rice, though a good sailor and an experienced yachtsman, finally succumbed. We hauled everything down with infinite difficulty, owing to the violent motion, and made it fast, then let her roll and pitch to her heart's content. A sorrier looking place than our wardroom, and a sicker set of fellows it would be hard to find. The dishes had some play in the racks, and kept up an infernal racket that I tried in every way to stop and could not. To cap all, the wind came off a gale northwest about 4 A. M., and made yet another sea. As soon as possible we set a double-reefed foresail, and then I turned in. When I turned out at noon we had made Newfoundland and set a whole foresail, jib and one reef out of the mainsail. We were becalmed, but found excellent fishing, so did

not care. The sea had gone down and we began to enjoy the Norway-like rugged coast of Newfoundland. The mountains come right down to the water, and are about 1,400 feet high, by our measurement, using angular altitude by sextant and base line, our distance off shore as shown by our observation for latitude and longitude.

There are many deep, narrow-mouthed coves and harbors, a good number of islands and points making a most magnificent coast line. In many cases 50 or 75 fathoms are found right under the shore. Great patches of snow, miles in extent, cover the mountain sides. Great brown patches, which the professor thinks are washings from the fine examples of erosion, but which look to me like patches of brown grass as we see in Penobscot Bay on the islands, vary with what is apparently a scrubby evergreen growth and bald, bare rocks. As we are about 18 miles off, the blue haze over all makes an enlarged, roughened and much more deeply indented Camden mountain coast line. The bays are in some cases so deep that we can look into narrow entrances and see between great cliffs, only a few miles apart, a water horizon on the other side. We wished very much to get in towards the shore, but the calm and very strong westerly current, about 1½ knots, prevented.

While enjoying the calm in pleasant contrast to our late shaking up, it will be well to introduce the members of the party whom Bowdoin has thought worthy to bear her name into regions seldom vexed by a college yell, and to whom she has entrusted the high duties of scientific investigation, in which, since the days of Professor Cleaveland, she has kept a worthy place.

In command is Prof. Leslie A. Lee, of the Biological Department of Bowdoin. With a life-long experience in all branches of natural history, the experience which a year in charge of the scientific staff of the U. S. Fish Commission Steamer "Albatross" in a voyage from Washington around Cape Horn to Alaska, and an intimate connection with the Commission of many year's standing, and the training that scholarly habits, platform lecturing and collegiate instruction have given him, you see a man still young, for he was graduated from St. Lawrence University in 1872, and equal to all the fatigues that out-of-door, raw-material, scientific work demands.

The rest of the party have yet to prove their mettle, and of them but little can now be said. Dr. Parker, who, with the Professor, captain and mate, occupies the cabin proper, is an '86 man, cut out for a physician and thoroughly prepared to fulfil all the functions of

a medical staff, from administering quinine to repairing broken limbs.

Cary of '87, who is even now planning for his struggle with the difficulties on the way to the Grand Falls, has had the most experience in work of the sort the expedition hopes to do, save the Professor and Cole. Logging and hunting in the Maine forests in the vicinity of his home in Machias, and fishing on the Georges from Cape Ann smacks, have fitted him physically, as taking the highest honors for scholarship at Bowdoin, teaching and university work in his chosen branch, have prepared him mentally, for the great task in which he leads.

Cole who accompanies him up Grand River, was Prof. Lee's assistant on the "Albatross," and is well fitted by experience and by a vigorous participation in athletics at college before his graduation in '88.

From the expedition's actual starting place, Rockland, there are four members: Rice, the yachtsman, Simonton, Speir and the writer, all fair specimens of college boys, and eager to get some reflection from the credit which they hope to help the expedition to win.

Portland has two representatives: Rich, '92, and Baxter, '93, the latter our only freshman; while Bangor sends three: Hunt, '90. Hunt, '91, who has charge of the dredging, and Hastings the taxidermist.

W. R. Smith, another salutatorian of his class, is one of the many Maine boys whom Massachusetts has called in to help train the youth of our mother Commonwealth, and has been at the head of the High School at Leicester for the past year. He, too, is thought to equal in physical vigor his mental qualities, and has been selected to brave the hardships of the Grand River.

To complete the detail for this exploration, Young of Brunswick and of '92, has been selected, another athlete of the college, who has had, in addition to his training at Bowdoin, a year or more of instruction in the schools and gymnasiums of Germany.

Porter, Andrews, and Newbegin, the latter, the only man not from Maine, coming from Ohio, and only to be accounted for as a member of the expedition by the fact that his initials P. C. stand for Parker Cleaveland, finish the list, with but one exception and that is Lincoln. The merry-maker and star on deck and below — except when the weather is too rough—he keeps the crowd good-natured when fogs, rain, head winds and general discomfort tend to

discontent; and on shore he sees that the doctor is not too hard worked in making the botanical collections.

For two days we lazily drifted, the elements seeming to be making up for their late riot; but the weather was clear and bright, the scenery way off to our starboard was grand, and no one was troubled by the delay, except as the thoughts of the Grand River men turned to the great distance and the short time of their trip. At last, however, the breeze came, with which I opened this letter, and which we then hoped would continue till we reached Battle Harbor.

We just flew up the straits, saw many fishermen at anchor with their dories off at the trawls, schooners and dories both jumping in great shape; also a school of whales and an "ovea" or whale-killer, with a fin over three feet long sticking straight up. He also broke right alongside and blew. Considerable excitement attended our first sight of an iceberg; it was a rotten white one, but soon we saw a lot, some very dark and deep-colored.

Our first sight of the long-desired coast was between Belle Armours Point and the cliffs near Red Bay, the thick haze making the outlines very indistinct. Just two weeks out from Rockland we made our first harbor on the Labrador coast. Red Bay is a beautiful little place, and with the added features of two magnificent icebergs close by which we passed in entering, the towering red cliffs on the left from which it takes its name, and the snug little island in the middle, and the odd houses we saw dotting the shores of the summer settlement of the natives, it seemed a sample fully equal to our expectations of what we should find in Labrador.

There is an inner harbor into which we could have gone, with seven fathoms of water and in which vessels sometimes winter as it is so secure, but we did not enter it because the captain was doubtful which of the two entrances to take and the chart seemed indefinite on the point. There are about one hundred and seventy-five people in the settlement, some of them staying there the year round, fishing in the summer and hunting the rest of the time. They have another settlement of winter houses at the head of the inner harbor, but, for convenience in getting at their cod traps, live on the island in the middle, and on the sides of the outer harbor in the summer. Their houses are made of logs about the size of small railroad ties, which are stood on end and clapboarded. The winter houses are built in a similar way with earth packed around and over them.

The party for Grand River—Cary, Cole, W. R. Smith and Young—have decided to dispense with a guide; very wisely, I think.

from what I have seen of native Labradoreans. While the journey they undertake is one in which the skill of Indians or half-breeds, familiar with Labrador wildernesses would be of great value and would add to the comfort of our party, it is very doubtful if any living person has ever been to the falls or knows any more about the last, and probably the hardest part of the trip, than Cary. And, further, the travel is so difficult that about all a man can carry is supplies for himself; and the Indians cannot stand the pace that our men intend to strike; nor, if it should come to the last extremity, and a forlorn hope was needed to make a last desperate push for discovery or relief, could the Indian guides, so far as we have any knowledge of them, be relied on. That the boldest measures are often the surest, will probably again be demonstrated by our Grand River party.

We tried the exploring boats very thoroughly at Chateau Bay, three of us getting caught about six miles from the vessel in quite a blow, and the well-laden boat proved herself very seaworthy. When loaded, she still draws but little water, and is good in every way for the trip.

This letter was begun in the fine breeze off Newfoundland, but could not be mailed till the port of entry and post-office of Labrador, Battle Harbor, was reached. A week was consumed in getting from our first anchorage in Labrador to this harbor, as the captain was unaccustomed to icebergs, and properly decided to take no risks with them in the strong shifting currents and thick weather of the eastern end of the straits. The wind was ahead for several days, and the heavy squalls coming off the land in quick succession made us fear the wind would drop and leave us banging around in the fog that usually accompanies a calm spell, so we kept close to harbors and dodged in on the first provocation.

The season is three weeks late this year; the first mail boat has not yet arrived, though last year at this time she was on her second trip. The last report from the North — down the coast they call it — that went to Newfoundland and St. Johns was "that it was impassable ice this side Hamilton Inlet." A vessel — a steam sealing bark — though, that was here yesterday and has gone to Sidney, C. B. I., reports now that the coast is clear to Hopedale. Beyond we know nothing about it.

On Henley and Castle Islands, at the mouth of Chateau Bay, are basaltic table-lands about half a mile across, perfectly flat on top and about two hundred feet high. We walked around one, went

to its top and secured specimens from the columns. The famous "natural images" of men, are, to my eye, not nearly so good as the descriptions lead one to expect. The history of the place could hardly be guessed from its present barren, desolate, poverty-stricken appearance; but the remains of quite a fort on Barrier Point show some signs of former and now departed glory. It seems that it has been under the dominion of England, France and the United States, all of whom took forceful possession of it, and England and France have governed it. An American privateer once sacked the place, carrying away, I believe, about 3,500 pounds worth of property. Now, a very small population eke out a wretched existence by fishing, only a few remaining, living at the heads of the bays, in the winter, and most of them going home to Newfoundland.

The icebergs are in great plenty. I counted eighty from the basaltic table-land at one time, and the professor saw even more at once. Belle Isle is in plain sight from this place, looking like Monhegan from the Georges Islands, though possibly somewhat longer.

Finally, as the wind showed no signs of changing, the captain, to our intense delight, decided to beat around to Battle Harbor and we anchored here at about 5:50 P. M., July 17th. Many of the icebergs we passed were glorious, and the scene was truly arctic. It was bitterly cold, and heavy coats were the order of the day. We passed Cape St. Charles, the proposed terminus of the Labrador Railroad to reduce the time of crossing the Atlantic to four days, saw the famous table-land, and soon opened Battle Harbor which we had to beat up, way round to the northward, to enter. It was slow business with a strong head current, but the fishermen say a vessel never came around more quickly. We found the harbor very small, with rocks not shown in chart or coast pilot, and had barely room to come to without going ashore. We went in under bare poles, and then had too much way on.

The agent for the Bayne, Johnston Co., which runs this place, keeping nearly all its three hundred inhabitants in debt to it, is a Mr. Smith, who has taken the professor and seven or eight of the boys on his little steamer to the other side of the St. Lewis Sound. The doctor has gone with them to look after some grip patients, and the professor expects to measure some half-breed Eskimo living there. The boys are expecting to get some fine trout. The grip was brought to this region by the steamer bringing the first summer fishing colonies, and has spread to all and killed a great many.

There is an Episcopal rector here, Mr. Bull, who says everybody had it. I believe it is owing to his care and slight medical skill that none have died here. It is hard for this people to have such a sickness just as the fishing season is best. The doctor has opportunity to use all and far more than the amount of medicine he brought, much to Professor Lee's amusement. He is reaping a small harvest of furs, grateful tokens of his services, that many of his patients send him, and some of his presents have also improved our menu.

This place is named Battle Harbor from the conflict that took place here between the Indians and English settlers, aided by a man-of-war. The remains of the fight are now in a swamp covered with fishflakes. There are also some strange epitaphs in the village graveyard, with its painted wooden head-boards, and high fence to keep the dogs out. These latter are really dangerous, making it necessary to carry a stick if walking alone. Men have been killed by them, but last year the worst of the lot were exported across the bay, owing to a bold steal of a child by them and its being nearly eaten up. They are a mixture of Eskimo, Indian and wolf, with great white shaggy coats.

The steamer with mail and passengers from St. Johns, Newfoundland, is expected every day, and as our rivals for the honor of rediscovering Grand Falls are probably on board, there is a race in store for us to see who will get to Rigolette first, and which party will start ahead on the perilous journey up the Grand River. As they have refused our offer of co-operation, we now feel no sympathy with their task, and will have but little for them till we see them, as we hope, starting up the river several days behind our hardy crew.

JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.

THE GENERAL.

"But what care we for foeman now,
When 'Forward' is the word,
And General Smith rides at our head
With 'Victory' on his sword."

Bright is another skies above thee,
Friend of our early days:
None knew thee but to love thee
Nor named thee but to praise

General Charles H. Smith.

On the first day of last November our old and loved commander, Gen. Charles H. Smith, reached the age of sixty-four years, and retired from the United States Army, in which he had served as colonel for nearly a quarter of a century. He served in the volunteers and in the regular army more than twenty-nine years, all but two years of which time he was colonel in command of a regiment, or with a larger command. His military record is in brief as follows:

Charles H. Smith enlisted at Eastport, Sept. 23, 1861, and was mustered in as captain of Co. D, First Maine Cavalry, Oct. 19, 1861, at Augusta; commissioned major, Feb. 16, 1863, lieutenant-colonel, March 26, 1863, and colonel June 17, 1863. He commanded the regiment from this last date (upon the death of Colonel Douty) until June 24, 1864, when he was wounded at the battle of St. Mary's Church, being in command of the brigade, the division, and several details of more than one regiment, for different short periods during this time. On his return to the field after recovering from the effects of his wound, he was placed in command of the brigade (Second Brigade, Second Cavalry Division, Cavalry Corps, A. of P., which command he retained except a few days when he was in command of the division, until Oct. 18, 1864, when he took command of the Third Division — a new brigade organized especially for him — which command he retained until the close of the war. He was mustered out of service with the regiment, at Augusta, Aug. 11, 1865. He was commissioned colonel of the Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, July 28, 1866, and at the consolidation of this regiment with the Ninth was assigned to the Ninth, and commanded that regiment until he retired from the service on the first of last November. He was brevetted brigadier-general United States Volunteers, for his services at St. Mary's Church, June 24, 1864, where, during the day, he had two horses shot under him and was himself shot through the thigh, but remained with the regiment until the day was done; brevetted major-general United States Volunteers, April 9, 1865, for services in the last campaign of the Army of the Potomac; brevetted brigadier-general United States Army,

for services in the battle at Sailors' Creek, April 6, 1865, and major-general United States Army for very meritorious services during the war.

The comrades will find the record of our loved chief more at length in the History of the Regiment, and, indeed, it is written in their hearts. They need no one to tell them of the merits, the bravery, the skill, or the services of "Colonel Smith," as they best love to call him (though they are proud that he is entitled to the higher rank), for as "colonel" they first knew him, and under that title they learned to love and respect him—learned what manner of man, of soldier, of officer he was. A sketch of his record and services in the United States Army since the days of the rebellion will be of interest, and we hope to be able to present such a sketch in some future Call.

Upon his retirement from the army, Gen. Smith proceeded at once to Washington, with the intention of residing there if the climate is found best for himself and his family. It will be pleasing to all the comrades to know how Gen. Smith was regarded by the men and officers who served under him, and by the citizens of the city and State in which his last service was performed, so "The Assembly" of this Call is devoted mainly to this subject.

The *Detroit Tribune* of Oct. 25th last has the following:

THE ENLISTED MEN LOVED HIM. GENERAL SMITH PRESENTED WITH A CASKET OF HANDSOME SILVER WARE. HIS RETIREMENT THE OCCASION. AFTER NOVEMBER 1ST HE WILL SEE NO MORE ACTIVE SERVICE. NO PARALLEL CASE IN THE HISTORY OF THE ARMY. THE PRESENTATION AT FORT WAYNE. A RECEPTION BY THE LOCAL LEGION.

Brevet Brigadier-General C. H. Smith, the retiring commandant of Fort Wayne, was presented yesterday afternoon with one of the handsomest testimonials of respect and esteem that it has been the fortune of any army officer to receive. General Smith will be sixty-four years old November 1st. This is the age when all officers are compelled to retire. With their retirement they receive three-fourths of their regular pay for the remainder of their lives. General Smith leaves active army life with one of the cleanest and most honorable records in the service of Uncle Sam. Making a brilliant record in the war of the rebellion, he came out of it with a whole body and the rank of brevet major-general. He was in numerous battles, and was always known for his bravery and good head work. Twenty years ago he was made colonel of the Nineteenth United States Regulars, and has held that position ever since. His dealings with his men have always been marked by good judgment. The private soldiers knew him as they knew but few commanders. He was a man among his men, and always treated them with consideration. He endeared himself to every enlisted man in the regiment, not to mention his staff officers; and when it was known that the time for

his retirement was approaching, the boys began to talk. This they began to do some six months ago. Their talk crystallized into a spontaneous movement to signalize the event in a befitting manner. Every private was willing and eager to subscribe something to a fund with which to purchase a substantial token of the regard they had for him. The money came without the asking. The matter was kept from the commissioned officers, and it was not until a short time ago that they were made acquainted with the state of affairs. Of the 400 enlisted men in the regiment, nearly every one subscribed something, and a fund of $500 was secured. The two companies at Fort Brady, and the two at Fort Mackinaw, were quite as liberal as those at Fort Wayne.

As for General Smith, not a flea did he hear of the game the boys were putting up, and when at 1.30 yesterday afternoon, he was enticed to the officers' hop room, under the pretext of letting the men give him a last hand shake, he was profoundly ignorant of what he was to encounter. The soldiers and officers were all gathered around the hall, and the general felt some little misgiving as he saw how intently each pair of eyes was fastened upon him. The fort orchestra was present, and after a selection had been played, Sergeant-Major Max Magen stepped to the front, and uncovering a large polished oaken casket with solid silver trimmings, turned toward General Smith. It is not necessary to dwell on what Magen said. He was full of the subject he had in hand and he did full justice to it. He referred, in feeling terms, to the love which the men entertained for their general and the regret they felt at parting with him. He said so many pleasant things that it would be useless to enumerate them, but the soldiers concurred in them all. It was some time before General Smith could find his tongue. He had been taken off his feet, and he confessed that he had never been placed in such a trying position before. But he rallied like a true soldier, after greeting the officers of the first attack, and made a very happy speech of acceptance. The ladies connected with the fort were out in full force, and they took part in the demonstration that followed. The orchestra played again, and after some hearty hand shaking the party dispersed, the occasion being to every one the most pleasant event in the history of the fort.

The casket, which is nearly as large as a small sized trunk, was filled with silver ware. There were seven dozen knives, forks and spoons, a fish set, a salad set, soup ladle, sauce ladle and cream ladle. The fancy pieces are heavily gilded. Upon the inner lid of the trunk is a silver plate with the inscription:

"Presented to Col. C. H. Smith, Nineteenth Infantry, brevet major-general, upon his retirement from active service, as a mark of respect and esteem, by the enlisted men of the Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A."

The silverware and trunk were made expressly for the occasion by T. G. Smith, Sons & Co. Photographs of the case opened so as to display the silverware were taken to send to each company in the regiment.

General Smith's army record covers a period of thirty years. His position at Fort Wayne will be filled by Lieutenant-Colonel Jordan.

This presentation by enlisted men is said to be the only instance of the kind in the history of the army.

A RECEPTION BY THE LOYAL LEGION.

The handsomely-furnished parlors

of the Detroit Light Infantry were brilliantly lighted last evening on the occasion of a reception to the retiring commandant of Fort Wayne, Gen. C. H. Smith, by the members of the Loyal Legion of the State. There were no ladies present, as the affair was purely military. The reception began at 8 o'clock, and at that time the parlors were well filled with members of the Legion and officers from Fort Wayne. General Smith was the centre of a group of friends from the very beginning of the reception, and many were the expressions of regret at his departure from the city offered by those who shook hands with him. At nine o'clock, everybody repaired to the banquet hall below, where a collation was served and a few speeches made.

Commander Samuel E. Pittman of the order of this city made the first speech of the evening, in which he said: "Companions: We meet to-night with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure. Regret, as it is a leave-taking of a soldier, gentleman and companion, whose society we have so much enjoyed, although but for a brief period. General Smith's record is too well known to members of this commandery to need recital now, beginning as it does with the echo from Sumter's guns, continued at Appomattox as one of Sheridan's trusted lieutenants, and then upon our Indian frontier. Its activity is now about to be closed by the operation of the law retiring army officers.

"Knowing the great modesty of our guest for the evening, it would be unbecoming to say all that might be said of his many virtues and high character, but we can all wish him, as we do, God-speed and many happy years to come. General, we part with you this coming week with a reluctance that you may better read, perhaps, from the pressure of our hands when we come to say good-bye, and we hope that your household will find in your new residence a host of warm friends, as numerous, at least, as those you leave behind you here in Detroit."

Judge C. B. Grant, Dr. H. [illegible] and others made short speeches, and during the evening General Smith made a few remarks. He stated that he would leave Detroit next Saturday for Washington, and referred feelingly to the brotherly kindness and love shown him by the members of the Loyal Legion. His short speech was applauded vigorously. Among those present were the following from Fort Wayne:

Capt. J. H. Smith, Capt. C. A. Vernon, Capt. C. B. Hall, Capt. C. [illegible]ner, Lieutenants Roberts, [illegible] Brady and Hanson. Capt. D. [illegible] Clark of the Ohio Commandery, W. [illegible] Green of the Detroit, and Maj. J. S. Libby of Lynn, Mass., were also present, and the following members of the Loyal Legion: Commander [illegible] Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel E. Pittman; Senior Vice-Commander, Capt. Aaron T. Bliss; Junior Vice-Commander, Lieut. H. Chamberlain; recorder, Maj. George W. Chandler; Registrar Charles L. Williams; Chancellor James Vernon; Capt. J. T. Patton, Lieut. E. B. Welton, Lieut. H. [illegible] R. Abbott, Maj. Albert F. R. Arnold, Lieut. A. A. Ballou, Lieut. H. C. Bates, Capt. C. K. Brandon, Capt. B. F. [illegible]coe, Capt. H. B. Bristol, Capt. J. [illegible]tol, Lieut. S. Brownell, Capt. C. C. Chadwick, Lieut. C. H. Chope, Capt. F. Clarke, S. B. Coleman, Capt. [illegible] Conline, Lieut. F. O. Davenport, Lieut. H. S. [illegible], Capt. J. G. [illegible], Lieut. G. Dingwall, Capt. W. R. [illegible]ley, Capt. C. Dupont, Lieut. E. B. Fenton, Lieut. C. F. Foote, Capt. C. J.

Fox, Lieut. S. L. Fuller, Lieut. G. E. Gilman, Capt. A. Goebel, Capt. R. A. Graefle, Lieut. C. R. Grant, Maj. G. C. Hopper, Lieut. W. Hull, Maj. H. Lyster, Lieut. G. L. Maltz, Lieut. R. Miller, Capt. R. C. Olin, Col. J. Pulford, Capt. J. Rhines, Capt. T. R. Roberts, Lieut. F. H. Rogers, Maj. J. S. Rogers, Maj. A. N. Sabin, Lieut. G. A. Sheley, Maj. H. E. Smith, H. S. Starkey, Col. J. T. Sterling, Gen. F. W. Smith, Capt. C. H. Thompson, Col. T. S. Trowbridge, I. L. Williams, Gen. G. S. Warner, Maj. T. F. Harter, Capt. J. V. Ruehle.

FAREWELL RECEPTION.

The officers of the regiment tendered a farewell reception to Gen. Smith and family, at the garrison, Fort Wayne, Tuesday evening, Oct. 29th, which was a brilliant affair. Nearly all of Detroit was there. There were many hundred invitations issued, and there were not many regrets. There was the usual season of hand shaking and kind words, and eating and drinking, from eight until ten o'clock, and then dancing. The decorations were elaborate and beautiful, and all the appointments and arrangements were perfect.

GEN. SMITH'S WORDS OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND FAREWELL.

The following circular and orders will tell their own story:

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH INFANTRY, FORT WAYNE, DETROIT, MICH.,
October 29th, 1891.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES NINETEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY,

Fellow Soldiers:—

Before taking formal leave of the regiment, I desire to renew my thanks and express more fully my appreciation of the magnificent present of silver you have been pleased to give me,—a testimonial, as stated, of your highest esteem, confidence and affection. Your respect and good will have always been evidenced to me by your daily deportment, and no other testimonial of assurance was necessary. If I had been consulted or had known of your kindly intended action, I could hardly have consented to it. Nevertheless, I profoundly appreciate and most highly value the motive and sentiment that prompted you. Such a free-will offering by men whom I have commanded so long and who know me so well possesses an unspeakable value. You have given me a souvenir of beauty and elegance that any person of any rank or title might be well pleased to receive. I especially commend your excellent taste and judgment in selecting it. You have given me a souvenir not for an upper shelf, or an iron safe where it would be out of sight and out of mind, but one that will minister to my daily comfort and pleasure, and by which I will be constantly, gratefully and most pleasantly reminded of the donors. Your beautiful gift will keep even more alive in my mind the kind regard and respect you have always manifested for me, and the occasion and manner of its presentation will abide with me as a delightful, but tender and touching reminiscence.

With esteem and best wishes for each one, I shall ever remain with pleasant memories, your very sincere friend,

C. H. SMITH,
Colonel 19th Infantry.
Brevet Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH INFANTRY, FORT WAYNE, DETROIT, MICH.,

ORDERS No. 44. October 31, 1891.

The undersigned, referring to para-

graph 16, Special Orders No. 235, current series, Headquarters of the Army, which was issued preliminary to his retiring from active service to-morrow, November 1st, in pursuance of law, hereby relinquishes command of this regiment, a command that he has held nearly a quarter of a century. Including his services as colonel of other regiments in the war of the rebellion and since, he has held the rank of colonel commanding a regiment more than twenty-seven years, a longer period, perhaps, as a mere statement, than any other colonel ever held such command.

He now gives up the responsible duties and peculiar associations and relations which are incidental to such rank and command, and which combined have given him pleasurable occupation so many years. He parts with friends who are very dear to him, and takes leave of the regiment to which he is devotedly attached because of his knowledge of its merits and his confidence in it. During change of station not long since, the larger part of the regiment endured the inconveniences and discomforts of a railroad train five consecutive days and nights, and during that time there was not a prisoner, no one was in arrest, no one was missing, and there was not any apparent necessity of a guard. Many similar illustrations of pride of good name and appreciation of discipline — self-imposed discipline in a large measure — have been exemplified from time to time in camp and on the march.

In taking leave of the regiment the colonel, who has commanded it so many years, records his implicit confidence and assurance that it will never disappoint reasonable expectation in any condition or emergency of duty whatever. The colonel relinquishes command, but could not relinquish his interest in the regiment. He takes formal leave of it, but its thoughts and memories of it will abide.

C. H. SMITH,
COLONEL NINETEENTH INFANTRY,
Brevet Major-General, U.S. Army.
OFFICIAL:
F. H. FRENCH,
First Lieut. and Adjutant 19th Infantry.

The Roll-call of 1892.

We wrote Gen. Gilley to: an introduction to the roll-call. His reply was, "It needs no introduction. It comes with the added force of an added year's labor towards its perfection.

"The repeated and increasing response, 'It is finished,' breathes a fragrance of heavenly beauty. From us who remain it demands a square and soldierly response.

"Are you alive? or are you dead to the memories that wave and rustle like yellow guidons of silk, along the magnificent and unparalleled line of names?"

Genealogical.

For this new department of our Quarterly we have in hand accounts of the families of:

Samuel M. Holden, George W. Eaton, William W. Barlow, Samuel W. Palmer, Frederic L. Lynn, Marcus A. Vose, William T. Clements, Charles E. Robinson, Moses R. Bucklin, John O. Bruce, Warren F. Bickford, Seth C. Brown, Zoradus D. Stevens, Charles S. Brown, Charles B. Gilman, Andrew J. Kimball,

Rowland C. Clark, Albra Chadbourne, Charles H. Pickard, Alvin A. Carter, George A. Messer, Isaac Shields, Emery Merrill, Asa Frederic Steward, John Ames, Richard Robertson, John Thompson, Arthur Gilchrist, Aurelius Parker, Gideon Andrews, Jr., William Bradford, Samuel Burrows, Jerome Burrows, Abiezer Veazie, Riley Gilchrist, John F. Lord, James W. Harriman, and others.

We regret our inability, for want of space, to print them in this Call. We only give two as a sample, and hope the comrades will wake up to the value and interest of such records.

JAMES DONNELLY, JR.

James Donnelly, Jr., Washburn, Me., Farmer. (His. p. 553). Born Feb. 12, 1839. His father, James Donnelly, was born May 20, 1798, at Tipperary, Ire. A sailor, first mate, on a British Flag Ship before his marriage. M. Rhoda Gee (born Oct. 12, 1801), Aug. 7, 1822. Her father was Cornelius Gee, who served in the English Army 16 years and was discharged with his regiment at St. Johns. Cornelius' wife was Sarah Fowler of New York, whose father was a quarter-master sergeant in the English service. James, Jr., m. Aug. 16, 1873, Lucinda B. Case, born Sept. 26, 1852, daughter of John H. and Matilda J. (Howland) Case.

CHILDREN.

1. Fremont D., born June 27, 1874.
2. Mary Eva, born Feb. 24, 1876.
3. Harvey Benj., born Aug. 4, 1878.
4. Evie Blanche, born Oct. 24, 1880.

HENRY T. LIBBY.

Henry T. Libby (His. p. 522), son of Simeon and Sarah (Lombard) Libby of Gorham, Me., was born Oct. 9, 1[illegible]. Residence, Baldwin, Me. Occupation, steam engineer. Married Sarah Cobb (born Sept. 20, 1839), Oct. [illegible], 1851.

CHILDREN.

1. Edwin True, born July 25, 1853.
2. Rosalia B., born Feb. 21, 1854.
3. Henrietta, born Mar. 25, 1862.
4. Wensel Curtis, born Feb. 4, 1867.
5. James Bert, born Oct. 4, 1870.

Sons of the First of Maine.

Your contributions for the BUGLE are desired. The "Bowdoin Boys in Labrador" is printed for your special interest. It will run through several Calls, and will give a graphic story of the Bowdoin College Scientific Expedition, the exploration of Grand River and its Grand Falls; the return from Mount Hyde and Bowdoin Canon, and tell how Bowdoin pluck conquered Bowdoin luck.

Representative Hall.

The election of Major Henry C. Hall, a Representative from Woburn, Mass., gives new evidence that the First Maine Cavalry boys rarely get left. Woburn and Reading are classed together and the two places send two representatives. The vote stood as follows:

Hovey,	Dem.	1317.
Hall,	Rep.	1205.
Martin,	Dem.	1090.
Bancroft,	Rep.	1019.

The district is over 10 per cent. Democratic as the saying is, making it evident our modest but [illegible]

major must have received a good number of Democratic votes. Major Hall did not seek the place and had no thought of it till the day of the convention when the matter was mentioned to him by some of his friends who were delegates. The result shows his friends were wise.

Copies of some relics from Camp Penobscot, belonging to Sergeant Sidney W. Clark of Co. A, will be printed in the April Call, and they cannot fail to be of interest to every officer and non-commissioned officer who served as such during that long, cold winter in tents.

"Japan: A Sailor's Visit to the Island Empire," the interesting book written by Sergeant Melville B. Cook of Co. B, has reached a sale of over 1,700 copies, and the demand for it still continues.

A copy of the reports of the Adjutant General of Maine, 1861-66, newly bound, are for sale. A set of these reports is needed to make every one's library of Maine military history complete. Address Edward P. Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.

The third paper in Maj. Henry C. Hall's series, "After Appomattox," will appear in the April Call.

George L. Kilmer of the editorial staff of the American Press Association, has recently prepared a very discriminating and well-written article upon our regiment, entitled, "Heroes in saddle—Remarkable Story of the First Maine Cavalry," which has been published in the newspapers belonging to that association, with illustrations of Col. Calvin S. Douty, and Sergeants S. W. and P. M. Clark of Co. A (the twin sergeants). The story is one every comrade will be pleased to read, and they will very likely be given that privilege, as the papers represented in that association have a wide circulation.

The following sketches have been unavoidably crowded out of this Call, but will appear in the April Call: "A Lonely All-Night Ride," by Chaplain S. A. Fuller, being an account of Sergeant Herbert's ride as bearer of despatches from General Rickett to General Shields, in 1862; "Lieutenant Bowman's Trip to Maine and Gettysburg," by Lieut. M. T. V. Bowman; "Extracts from General Cilley's Official Report of the Campaign of General Lee's Surrender;" "Southern Sailors," by General Thomas J. Mumford, of the Confederate Service; "Three Hundred Dollars Given by an Orphan Boy for the Privilege of Enlisting in the First Maine Cavalry."

Gold Badges.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Dec. 2, 1891.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I enclose you money order for two dollars which place to credit of my BUGLE account. I want one of our Cavalry Association badges, provided you have them in gold. All the ex-confederate army organizations here have very elaborate badges in solid gold, and unless I can get one of solid gold, I do not want any. I hope you are doing well and not quite frozen to death by a late blizzard. I am writing this in my room. Have been confined to my house thirty-two days, but hope to get out soon.

Yours very truly,

A. PARKER.

171 Camp St., New Orleans.

[His. p. 483; pic. p. 488.]

The desire for a solid gold First Maine Cavalry badge is quite general among the members of our association, and in compliance with this desire the committee have made contract with Henry A. Guild to furnish the same at $10 each, but they must be ordered in lots of ten each. Comrades desiring such badges will please send in their names to J. P. Cilley, treasurer.

First Maine Cavalry Association of Skowhegan.

The following, from the *Somerset Reporter* of Dec. 9th last, shows that the comrades of the grand old regiment who reside in Skowhegan and vicinity are all alive:

In April last a meeting of veterans of the First Maine Cavalry Association, residing in Skowhegan, [illegible] of our prominent citizens who were invited to participate therein, was held at Hotel Hinckley, and preliminary steps were taken to organize a social branch of the association, by the choice of temporary officers and appointment of a committee to prepare and report a constitution and by-laws.

Saturday evening last, the members of this branch association, with [illegible] honorary members elected at the April meeting, assembled at Hotel Hinckley with Dr. S. A. Patten, President, in the chair. The records of the last meeting were read and approved, and Forrest Goodwin, Esq., chairman of the committee to prepare a constitution and code of by-laws, reported, and his report was accepted, and the constitution and by-laws adopted.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year, being the same chosen at the April meeting, viz.: S. A. Patten, president; Llewellyn Goodwin, vice-president; Sewall W. Smith, secretary; Jonas Vaughan, treasurer.

Thus was the Somerset Association of the First Maine Cavalry successfully organized, after which the privileges of honorary membership were bestowed upon L. C. Emery, J. O. Smith, L. L. Fairbrother, A. C. Blunt, J. A. Bealey, Wm. B. Snow, A. H. Weston, E. T. Patten, John Trafton, Geo. D. Arnold.

Business affairs having been satisfactorily and expeditiously adjusted, the president led the troopers into the spacious and elegant dining room, where one of Landlord Hinckley's exquisite spreads awaited the veterans and their friends. The exhaustive discussion of the elaborate menu was a work of time, but was accomplished without serious casualty.

President Patten changed the order of exercises by graceful and pointed

remarks, and in turn, called upon each gentleman present to contribute to the "feast of reason and flow of soul." Among those who responded to the detail were Messrs. G. B. Safford, J. O. Smith, L. Anderson, F. R. Buck, J. R. Webb, L. Goodwin, D. B. Whittier, S. M. Sawyer, E. F. Fairbrother, A. F. Bickford, Chas. Smith, A. G. Blunt, R. T. Patten.

These responses were largely reminiscent, humorous, sentimental, patriotic and without undue formality. Mr. Safford, in speaking of the band, of which he was a member, playing "The girl I left behind me," when the First Maine left Augusta for the front, suggested that invitations be extended to ladies to attend the next meeting of the association. This suggestion met a ready and favorable response.

As the hands upon the dial approached the midnight hour, the company arose and joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and dispersed well pleased with the business and pleasures of the occasion.

The members of the First Maine present were Dr. S. A. Patten, Capt. Z. Vaughan, Geo. E. Goodwin, Llewellyn Goodwin, S. Judkins, Sewall W. Smith, A. F. Bickford, Dennis Murphy, J. R. Webb, C. F. Webb, H. J. Varney, Charles Smith, D. B. Whittier; and the honorary members were L. Anderson, Geo. B. Safford, F. R. Buck, J. O. Smith, Col. A. G. Blunt, J. A. Dealey, R. T. Patten, Forrest Goodwin, Geo. H. Pishon, E. F. Fairbrother, S. M. Sawyer.

The association at this meeting did not indulge in promotions to the extent of the former meeting. The only ones made were Sewall W. Smith, E. F. Fairbrother, and John A. Dealey, who were advanced to the rank of sergeants because of their exhibition of superior soldierly qualities.

The regular meetings of the association are to be held in April of each year.

Married.

BARLOW—VOLLIER.—Boston, Oct. 12, 1891, in Tremont Temple, Willard W. Barlow, and Eliza J. Vollier, both of Thomaston, Me.

Fred S., son of Mr. and Mrs. Riley L. Jones, died at an early hour this morning, of diphtheria, aged 10 years. The lad, who was particularly bright and lovable, had only been ill five days, and previous to last week had never been attended by a physician. The funeral will take place from the family residence this afternoon and will be private.—*The Courier Herald*, Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 20, 1891.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

I have purchased one of the Gem Folding Beds, advertised by the Atkinson House Furnishing Company in this Call, and find it a very handsome and useful piece of furniture.

J. P. CILLEY.

BOSTON, Nov. 3, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir.—The First Maine BUGLE at hand, and we are most pleased with the way the matter for our advertisement has been displayed. It is the best we have had for a long time. With thanks, we are,

Yours truly,

HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO.

BUGLE ECHOES.

"Hark! I hear the reveille, sounding out on the morning air."

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

YARMOUTH, ME., Sept. 9, 1891.

GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I will say, in answer to yours received with regard to the BUGLE, that I am greatly obliged to comrade Perley Low who has sent it to me, and I appreciate his kindness. I do not feel able to take it myself as it is coming winter and my income is very small. Very truly yours,

H. B. SOULE, Co. F.

[Hist., p. 553. Pict. p. 545.]

DETROIT, ME., Oct. 15, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I have just received the BUGLE for October. The July number did not come. Gen. T. T. Munford's article is worth a year's subscription. I enclose twenty-five cents and will, at least, try to pay for them as they come. Yours truly,

R. W. PORTER.

[Hist., p. 654. Pict. p. 42.]

CORRINA, Nov. 5, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I want you to send the BUGLE to me as long as it is printed or as long as I live, for it is very interesting to me and also to my wife. I will try to be more prompt in remitting in the future. When I can make it come right I will get a badge and the history. I should like to have my picture appear in the BUGLE, but can't tell when. I think a great deal of the BUGLE and must have it.

Yours truly,

[Hist., p. 549.] SAMUEL TOWLES.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Nov. 6, [illegible].

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade.—I [illegible] find $2 in cash for annual dues and subscription to the BUGLE. 'Tis interesting to me to read the incidents of different engagements as seen by [illegible] uels of the regiment. Comrade [illegible] speaks of Colonels Douty and [illegible] Was not Colonel Smith with [illegible] Douty at the Aldie fight? [illegible] Summat was killed in the gap at [illegible] stone wall when the first charge was made by Colonel Douty with [illegible] of the regiment.

Gen. D. McM. Gregg was elected to the office of Auditor General by a plurality of 56,000. The old soldiers turned out and supported almost to a man. The General retains his health well. The reception he received throughout the State by the soldiers and citizens may one ought to be proud of, and he certainly was. If he had been beaten he would have had the satisfaction of knowing that all stood by him. Very truly yours,

A. LORD, JR.

[Hist., p. 475.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 7, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir.—I enclose check for $1 to pay second year's subscription to the First Maine Cavalry BUGLE. It is interesting and worthy of generous support. Yours truly,

GEORGE N. [illegible]

Late Captain 1st R. I. Cavalry.

BIG FOND, Pa., Nov. 9, 1891.

DEAR COMRADE:

I take pleasure in perusing the First Maine BUGLE. I am carried back to the days of Cold Harbor, Trevilian Station, St. Mary's Church and other points on the sacred soil of old Virginia, and I imagine I hear the ring of the old Cavalry bugles sounding the charge all along the line. I herewith transmit Uncle Sam's note for $1. I think it was Shakespeare (or Bacon) who said, "Great is he who is his own trumpeter." The boys of the Tenth New York Cavalry do a little of that business themselves, so go in. We appreciate your glorious record.

Your comrade,

E. M. TUTON,

Co. E., 10th N. Y. Cavalry.

---

70 Winter Street, PORTLAND, ME.

NOV. 10, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL:

BUGLE received. Enclosed please find $3 for two years. You can send a copy to any one of our comrades who is too poor to subscribe for it, if you wish. I was not with you at Houlton, not because I did not wish to be, but because it was impossible for me to be there. Although I was not with you in person, I was with you in thought. I have never been present at a reunion yet, and I am sorry to have to say it, but it has been because it was impossible for me to get there. I see something in relation to organization of Sons of Veterans of the First Maine Cavalry, which I think is a good move. I think we could muster quite a company of First Maine men in our city. How many have sons I do not know, but I should think there was enough to make a good sized organization. Nothing would please me any better than to see the survivors of the good old First Maine Cavalry, if they could be got together in parade in some city in our State, and their sons acting as escorts. I have no doubt but what it would be a pleasure to many of our comrades, and I ardently wish such a thing could be brought about. I should like to have the City of Portland have the honor of it at any rate. Some time ago, you asked me for my picture. I have one which I will forward to you soon. I have one of myself and a comrade of Company M (2d First D.C.) taken in the field. I think he left his bones in Andersonville or in Saulsbury, S. C., I am not certain which. I should not wish to part with it for good as he was a playmate in my boyhood, and was with me just before the rebs got him. Don't forget me when the BUGLE has a roll-call.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES H. MERRITT,

Company E, First Maine Cavalry.

[History, p. 530.]

Nat. Mil. Home, LEAVENWORTH CO., KAN., Nov. 15, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL:

The BUGLE Call No. 6 came to hand last evening. Enclosed find postal note to pay for same. Am very sorry that my health would not permit me to attend last reunion of the old First Maine, but am glad that the boys had such a grand time. My health does not improve very fast, and shall try the climate of the old Pine Tree State in the spring, then I can meet the boys at their reunions. I was very much interested in Comrade Needham's account of the affair at Boydton Plank Road, for there is where I was captured—Comrade Ben Manter and myself—and we charged through the woods there, and when Comrade Manter asked where the devil the company was, I found that we were all alone: we tried to get out, and thought we had succeeded, when we ran plump

into some twenty-five of the rebs, all drawn up in line to receive us. And the "Parson," Comrade Manter's name the boys gave him, remarked, "Well, we are good for a trip to old Libby," and he was correct, for we had no show to get away. We were completely surrounded. I hope some of the boys will come out and tell what they know about that little racket.

Yours truly,

W. S. SYLVESTER,
Late Co. F, First Me. Cav.

[Hist., p. 555.]

LYNN, MASS., NOV. 17, 1891.

GENERAL CILLEY:

I send you subscription for BUGLE. I like it very much. The last CALL gave an account of Aldie and Upperville. At Aldie I had my horse shot under me, and two days after, at Upperville, I got a sabre cut on the head, so these battles are exceedingly interesting to me. I am glad to hear from the boys through the BUGLE. Soon our ranks will be thin for we are going down the other side. My best wishes to all the boys.

Respectfully yours,

LYMAN P. LEIGHTON, Co. D.

[Hist., p. 516.]

HOULTON, ME., NOV. 18, 1891.

GENERAL CILLEY:

In answer to Call "Boots and Saddles," I am with you this time. I enjoy reading the BUGLE. Anything connected with the old First Maine Cavalry has ever been of great interest to me. I enclose $2 for BUGLE, last year and this year, and if I can in the future help any comrade to the BUGLE, I shall be only too glad to do so.

Yours in F. C. & L.

GEORGE W. GRAY.

[Hist., p. 473.]

WINFIELD, KAN., NOV. 21, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL:

Enclosed please find one dollar for one year's subscription to BUGLE. "May it live long and prosper."

Yours truly,

S. C. SMITH.

[Hist., p. 594.]

---

133 Wylie Ave.,
PITTSBURG, PA., DEC. 1, 1891.

J. F. CILLEY, ESQ:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find one dollar, subscription for First Maine BUGLE. Your action is commendable. I am always glad to hear of the cavalry being well to the front. We have taken great pleasure in defending Gen. D. McM. Gregg for duty at Harrisburg, Pa. Cordially yours,

W. S. FOSTER, M. D.,
Adj. First Pa. Cav.

FAIRFIELD, ME., DEC. 5, 1891.

GENERAL CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I have thought to write you for some time past in relation to the BUGLE I have received. I am not able to read them on account of poor sight. My sight is not all gone, but very dim so I cannot see to read nor work, hence I cannot do anything. I am not able to pay for the BUGLE, but I feel very grateful to the association for its kindly remembrance, and nothing would be more gratifying to me than to do an honorable part to keep up the association.

I remain yours truly,

A. K. SNELL.

[Hist., p. 572.]

MONSON, ME., DEC. 22, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL:

I will send you what is due on the BUGLE. I trust our grand old regiment will be well represented at the next national encampment. There are several of the old boys living here that

are intending to go. I wish there were more of them taking the BUGLE; I know they are able to do so. I was prevented from attending our reunion at Houlton, but hope to see the boys next year at Washington. There are living here in Monson, Geo. H. Bray, Leonard Stone, Levi C. Flint and Robert F. Thomas. I remain yours ever,

ALBERT F. JACKSON.

[Hist., p. 652.]

LIBERTY, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1881.

GENERAL CILLEY:

I have read the history of the First Maine Cavalry. I do not remember the "driving in." When we advanced dismounted towards a piece of woods where the rebs were massed, we got a volley that we dismounted men were not looking for; it took Major Chadbourne and several of the officers and men, but most of the balls struck the ground in our front about ten feet, in a manner that plainly told us if we had been a little further advanced most of us would have been knocked out; that made our little gang waver for a few moments, but I do not remember of many of the men leaving the line, and my recollection is that we laid down until the rest of the brigade came up, when we advanced to the timber and to the bank of the creek, where an old log fence made a sort of barricade, and we fought there until we were out of ammunition, but stayed until nearly dark as it was, and I, myself, did not have a cartridge except one in my pistol for two hours before.

I have often thought since, that if our officers had made the men use their ammunition a little more sparingly, so each man would have had ten rounds when the rebs made the final charge, that we could have driven them off again and not been forced back.

Mr. Sarles of this town, who was corporal in the same company with me, was with the mounted pickets on the left in the evening when the rebel cavalry came across the creek and drove them in. He has always maintained that they could have dismounted and kept the rebs from crossing if they had had cartridges, but I cannot tell; all I know is, that when we came out of the wood the rebel cavalry were in the open field, and they captured seven of our company, if I remember right, some from the dismounted line and some from the mounted picket.

I saw where General Smith, in his report of Jeffersville, says the Second New York made a gallant charge and repulsed the enemy; if that was the charge in column through the rebel lines, I remember it and how I felt — not very gallant, I assure you, for I just as much expected they would close in on us and we would go south as could be. Bill Parker's horse was shot, and he, himself, wounded, went headlong, and the rest of the regiment rode over him. I never thought Bill would be alive when found, but he was and able to walk.

While we were in the Ninth corps dismounted, we got the lead in a much worse form than after we were mounted; we lost in killed and mortally wounded 105, wounded 247, and recorded 134 missing, making 486 disposed of in battle; of disease &c. and other causes a number sufficient to make our total loss 580; our total enlistment was 1439. Had we been mounted from the first, I am sure our loss would have been less. Enough of this.

Now let us get at it and have a delightful reunion of Smith's Brigade at Washington next year.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

EDGAR CLEMENTS,
2d N. Y. Mounted Rifles.

TAPS.

"As they roam on the slopes of the mountains
That only by angels are trod."

Mr. John H. Goddard died at his residence, Cape Elizabeth, at midnight, Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1891. He had overcome the attack of pneumonia, but the heart failed, causing his decease.

The funeral took place from his residence at Cape Elizabeth, Jan. 3, 1892. There was a very large attendance of the family and friends, besides some forty members of Bosworth Post, G. A. R.

The services commenced with singing by a quartette composed of Mrs. Fellows, Miss Rice, Messrs. Smith and Barnard, after which Rev. Dr. Blanchard read the Scriptures and offered prayer. The ritual of the Grand Army was then read by Chaplain Welch of Bosworth Post, and at the close Dr. Blanchard again offered prayer and the quartette sang. The floral offerings were beautiful and included a wreath from the Post, another from the Portland Light Infantry, of which the deceased was an honorary member, and a third from Hon. W. W. Thomas. The pall bearers were Comrades Rodney Sparrow, Caleb N. Long, George M. Young and George M. Smith, all of the First Maine Cavalry. The interment was in Evergreen.

Mr. Goddard was 51 years of age. He was the ninth of a family of eleven children born to the late Col. John Goddard, and Mrs. Goddard who still survives. The only two remaining children are Mrs. Charles Godfrey and Mrs. Thompson, both of Cape Elizabeth. When quite young Mr. Goddard went to Carleton, New Brunswick, where he had charge of his father's lumber mills. At the breaking out of the war, he raised a portion of a company, and received the commission of first lieutenant of Co. E, First Maine Cavalry. He participated in all the campaigns of this regiment till Feb. 28, 1863, when he was honorably discharged for disability. When he recovered sufficiently, he returned to the lumber business. All the late years of his life he resided at the family place at the Cape, and engaged in farming. He leaves a widow, born Miss Mildred Dyer, daughter of the late Capt. Joseph W. Dyer, but no children. He was a member of Carleton Union Lodge of Masons, of Carleton, N. B., and also of Bosworth Post, No. 2, G. A. R., of this city.—*Portland Press.*

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II. APRIL, 1892. CALL 8.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO ALL ITS MEMBERS.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

REUNION AT BOSTON,

(Banquet at Lancers' Hall,)

August 11th, 1890.

EDITOR, EDGARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. P. CILLEY, *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The nineteenth annual reunion was held at the Lancers' Armory, Boston, on Monday, August 11th 1890, at the same time with the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic. It was a glorious reunion, and was a remarkable gathering of the comrades of the grand old regiment. While there were not so many of the comrades present who now reside in this good old State as has been the case in some previous reunions, there was a larger number from other States, the meeting of the National Encampment offering extra facilities to the comrades living far away to visit Boston and their down-east homes. So there were probably more instances where old comrades met who had not seen each other before since the war closed, than at any other reunion, except, of course, the first. All day long, at the armory, the comrades gathered, and there were decidedly cordial greetings, and the old stories were told with more than the usual vim, as there were new listeners. Some of the comrades entered the armory at ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and did not leave until ten or eleven o'clock in the evening, except long enough to get dinner or lunch. Nor were they lonesome hours. Oh, no! the time flew all too swiftly. And the enjoyment of the whole was enhanced by the presence of our loved commander, Gen. Charles H. Smith.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was called to order at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, by the president, Gen. Smith, who received a cordial

greeting, and who gave the boys a cordial greeting, saying: "It is my pleasure to welcome so many of you as I see here to-day. It is my pleasure to meet so many ladies as I see here. I congratulate you on coming to Boston to-day, where you will meet so many of the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic from all over this country. This is, indeed, a great privilege."

The records of the previous reunion were read by the secretary, Comrade Charles A. F. Emery, and were approved.

The treasurer, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, presented his annual report, which was accepted, the auditing committee reporting that they had examined it and found it correct.

The following were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year, and to name three places from which to select a place for the next reunion: Field and staff, Maj. Benjamin F. Tucker; Co. A, Albert Edgecomb; Co. B, Samuel Shorey; Co. C, Eben Andrews; Co. D, Gilbert N. Harris; Co. E, Capt. Black Hawk Putnam; Co. F, Charles T. Dam; Co. G, Capt. Isaac G. Virgin; Co. H, Lieut. William T. Stone; Co. I, Bradley P. Doe; Co. K, Lieut. George F. Jewett; Co. L, Augustus L. Brown; Co. M, Llewellyn Ford.

While this committee was absent in the performance of its duty, Gen. Smith addressed the comrades substantially as follows: "I wish to say a few words in relation to the monument of the First Maine Cavalry at Gettysburg. The question of the monument was brought up at the annual reunion last year, and Maj. Thaxter made some suggestions in regard to it. It was understood that the money appropriated by the Legislature would not be enough. That amount was very small, and it was not expected there would be sufficient to erect such a monument as we desired. It was expected that contributions would be called for, and I pledged $100 for that purpose, if necessary, but the State was generous enough to appropriate the whole amount for the monument, and no collection was called for. I went to Gettysburg, October 3d, last, to the dedication of our monument — of all the Maine monuments. We went to our monument early in the morning, and the entire delegation, about

five hundred, was present at its dedication. Since that time it occurred to me that many of the comrades of the regiment might not be able to see it. We had some photographs taken at the time—one of the front of the monument, and another with the delegation from the regiment—nine members. I exceedingly regret that all in this hall had not been there. It also occurred to me that it might be pleasant to have a souvenir of the exercises of that day, that each member might have one if he wished it, and I decided to spend the money which I had pledged for the monument in that way. I wrote to Comrade Tobie, and he to Comrade Emery, and they have prepared a souvenir, giving two views of the monument, and the order of exercises. There were a few remarks of my own, and an appropriate poem by Comrade Tobie, and he always says something appropriate when he says anything. I have caused these to be prepared under direction of Comrades Tobie and Emery, and I have brought them here to-day. I have also brought two of the large pictures. All these souvenirs are for those who want to take them. I want every one who wants one of these to take one. When it was necessary to have a steel plate engraving for the history, I wanted some to give to my friends. I have brought some of them here and I want to give one to each comrade. If any comrade wants my picture help yourself."

These remarks were greeted with the heartiest of applause, and a recess was taken to "help themselves," which the comrades proceeded to do with such vigor that soon pictures and souvenirs were gone. It was an act of thoughtful kindness on the part of the general, and one which the comrades thoroughly appreciated, while the souvenirs will be prized as long as they live, and prized more and more as the days go by.

The committee then returned and reported a list of officers for the ensuing year, which report was accepted, and the officers were elected, as follows:

President—Gen. Charles H. Smith, of Fort Wayne, Mich.
Vice-President—Capt. Black Hawk Putnam, of Houlton.
Treasurer—Gen. J. P. Cilley, of Rockland.
Recording Secretary—Charles A. F. Emery, of West Medford, Mass.
Corresponding Secretary—Lieut. Orrin S. Haskell, of Pittsfield.

The same committee reported the names of Orland, Houlton and Pittsfield for the reunion next year and Houlton was chosen.

The meeting then adjourned, and there was another especially delightful season of comradely chat until evening.

THE BANQUET.

The annual banquet was held in the banquet hall of the armory at 8 o'clock in the evening. Here, seated around well supplied and handsomely decorated tables, were about two hundred and fifty comrades and ladies, and here, listening to music by an orchestra, the party enjoyed the banquet, spiced with many a story and joke.

GEN. CHARLES H. SMITH.

When eating was no longer a pleasure, Gen. Smith called to order and addressed the assembly substantially as follows:

COMRADES AND LADIES—I might, perhaps, properly bid you welcome here to-night, but it would be far more in consonance with my feelings to consider myself a guest here. I think I never appreciated one of these gatherings more than I do to-night. When I think of this great city, crowded with soldiers trying to have a good time, and consider our situation as a body of comrades seated together to tell our stories, one thought occurs to me which will be the only thought which I shall present. These meetings have often times been taken up with telling what the First Maine Cavalry did in the war. That story has been told often and often, and [illegible] tiresome. But I was thinking to-day if we might not recall what the First Maine Cavalry has done since the war. We have organized the First Maine Cavalry Association, which has existed for years and meets year after year, presenting its pamphlets in a form which delights our hearts [illegible]. We have our history written and published, which certainly has received flattering encomiums from every one. It is a good history. I for one feel very proud [illegible], and have taken a goodly number of copies. Again, we have our two monuments at Gettysburg. They are [illegible] actual facts—the division and the regimental monument—they are among the things which we have achieved since the war. [illegible] we have organized the [illegible] Auxiliary, and the ladies come to [illegible] and glad [illegible] and make these [illegible] interesting. These are some of the things we have done since the war, and all this though we are not yet past the [illegible] of life. If so much, what may we [illegible] before the sunsetting of life?

GEN. JONATHAN P. CILLEY.

Gen. J. P. Cilley was next called upon and made some remarks pertinent to the occasion. He expressed his great gratification at being present, and alluded in glowing terms to the noble

history of the First Maine Cavalry. Praise comes to it, he affirmed, from every side, but while we are proud of our record, we hail a promise of something equally good in the future, and that is in the yearly gatherings of old comrades. The speaker went on to advocate the preservation in some permanent form of the likenesses of not only the present members of the organization, but of those who have passed on. He also advocated the formation of an organization of the sons of the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry.

COL. SAMUEL H. ALLEN.

Col. Samuel H. Allen was next called upon. He spoke very briefly, saying, "I requested the president not to call upon me as I am not accustomed to speech-making; he asked me to get up and show myself and make a bow, and I have done so. I hope you enjoy this occasion as much as I do."

PRESIDENT DE WITT C. DURGAN.

Dr. DeWitt C. Durgan, president of Hillsdale College, Michigan, a classmate of Gen. Smith in college, was next introduced. After a few pleasant introductory remarks, he said:

I am glad to be with you, though I am no soldier. I watched you all the time. Whatever fighting I did was with the rebels at home. I watched with a great deal of interest my friend Gen. Smith, and he was a courageous man. I knew he was a good man for a colonel, he sat at one end of the class. (Laughter). Which end? Well, he was next to me. (Laughter.) If there are any men to whom I instinctively take off my hat, it is to the boys in blue. Before I take off my hat to the President, or to our educators, I take off my hat to the Union soldier. It is through their sacrifices that we possess a grand nation, for which we thank God and you. The First Maine Cavalry regiment was a remarkable regiment. It has an unblemished history. I never read of this regiment running in the wrong direction. If they did they simply advanced backward. It is an honor to belong to the First Maine Cavalry, it is an honor to belong to the Grand Army of the Republic, it is an honor to belong to the Union army, for the sun never shone on such an army since time began. No matter what was required to be done in the army, it was done. If you wanted a bridge built, you had only to detail a number of men and it was ready; if you wanted an engine made, you had only to detail a number of men and it was ready; I don't know but if you wished to get married you had only to detail a man to do it. If the government failed to pay the men, it sometimes happened that we had privates who were able to pay the whole regiment. There never was an army that carried under its jacket such a vast amount of patriotism as our boys carried. They were not fighting for conquest but to preserve the country and the grand old stars and stripes with never a star obliterated, or a stripe torn off. I thank God for the spirit of the men who went into

the army. And you secured what you fought for. You secured the Union, you secured liberty to the slave, you secured a united country, you secured all the blessings which we have to-day. There are supreme moments in the lives of nations as in the lives of individuals. That was a supreme moment when John Hancock signed the Declaration of Independence; that was a supreme moment when Abraham Lincoln took the pen and signed the act of emancipation; that was a supreme moment in the life of every young man when he tendered his services and his life to the country. All that is good in truth, all that is precious in freedom, all that is sacred in law, all that is honored in morals, all that is sacred in our religion, we owe to such as you, who fought for the grand old stars and stripes.

COL. ALBION C. DRINKWATER.

Gen. Smith then introduced Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, of Braintree, Mass., who said:

It gives me great pleasure, for myself and in behalf of the Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Cavalry Association, to welcome so many of our old comrades with their wives and sons and daughters, to this heart of the commonwealth. We do not lose one bit of our pride in the grand old State of Maine, which has sent out so many brave sons, so many noble daughters. A year ago we held a reunion in this city, and had a banquet at the Revere House, with an immense number of comrades present more than we had any reason to suppose would be here. I have visited many towns in Maine to attend our reunions, for years, and I have come to believe that there were not one hundred and fifty of our old comrades left. But a year ago we found they ran up into hundreds. To-day they come again, and I am welcome them to-day as we did a year ago, as we will every year if they will come here. Massachusetts honors the men from Maine as she honors her own sons, but to-night the city is filled with the defenders of the Union, and the Governor of the State, and the officers of the city are obliged to be excused from his gathering. And so to-night we gather here all to ourselves, and in this hall kindly given to your use by the National Lancers, we assemble and greet one another, and shake hands and talk over our old associations, and I rise on a different platform to greet each and every other. In behalf of the Massachusetts Branch of this association, I thank the boys who have come here to-night.

GEN. LLEWELLYN G. ESTES.

Gen. Smith then introduced Gen. Llewellyn G. Estes, of Washington, D. C., formerly of Co. A, but for two years on the staff of Gen. Kilpatrick. After a little skirmishing, Gen. Estes said:

In 1863 this regiment was called upon to furnish an aid on the brigade staff. I was selected for that position from Co. A. I never knew the reason for this selection until I was at Portland, years afterward. The Cavalry Corps, about six weeks ago, when Gen. Smith came to meet us here, "After twenty odd years I feel as if I ought to make a confession. When I was selected for aid-de-camp on Gen. Dana's staff, Gen. Dana was uncertain what, to send, but I said to him, 'There's Estes; he won't work in harness; he won't work in harness, or I'm a better boy than he is.' [Laughter.] It was my misfortune

not to have served with the regiment any more. I left it in 1864. But perhaps I had as good an opportunity as any one to know what the opinion of the general officers in regard to the regiment was. On Saturday last I met Gen. Hampton. I told him where I was going and he said, "Give my love to every member of the First Maine Cavalry." I have been living in the south and in Washington since the war, and have been associated with and met with a good many cavalry leaders of the South. I was talking with one one day about this regiment, and he said to me, "You-uns must have had about five thousand men in that regiment." Gen. Wade Hampton told me he considered the First Maine Cavalry the best regiment of cavalry north of Mason and Dixon's line. I was with Gen. Kilpatrick two years, and I heard him say many times, "There was never a regiment equal to the First Maine Cavalry."

LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.

After sick call was sounded, Gen. Smith introduced Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I. Lieut. Tobie commenced by relating an incident of the raid towards Gordonsville, under Gen. Sheridan, when Gen. Smith gave the unmilitary order, in military style, "Go on with your apple sauce," and continued:

As we come here to-night, and look into the old familiar faces, and glance back over the quarter of a century that has passed since we were mustered out of service and our grand old regiment was disbanded, how the old memories come up before us. We remember all the incidents, from the day of enlistment until the day we left the service, and we are young again. Very many of us have found the struggle for existence in civil life quite as hard—aye, much harder—than in the life in the service, and are sometimes inclined to look back upon the days in the army as the happiest of our lives, and regard these reunions as the bright spots of our existence. We have all found life less pleasant, and more burdensome because we went into the service—not only those who have since suffered from wounds or from impaired health, but all of us. You will remember that at the time we enlisted many of us were promised the same situation when we returned. This promise it was impossible to carry out, from the nature of the case, with those who were gone from home a long time. But even in the few instances where this promise was kept, the comrade found, as did all of us, that he was at a disadvantage. The three or four years during which we had been in the service had been very busy years at home; the manners and customs of business and of life had changed; improvements had been freely made, and the work of most of the trades was carried on in a different manner. So we all found ourselves three or four years behind our companions of the before the war, in the contest for life. The boys and young men whom we left as apprentices, were now full journeymen, and better journeymen than we, because of the four years' experience which we had lost. And it was so everywhere as well as in the trades. This three or four years we have never been able to catch up, and we have labored under this disadvantage all our lives and to-day are not where we would have been, in a business and pecuniary line, had we remained at home instead of enlisting. And yet, with a full understanding of this and all it means to some of us, and in spite of the sufferings and disability entailed by the service, I do not believe there is a comrade here to-night, who is sorry that he enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry. For

comrades, we have this for compensation. We have the consciousness of duty well performed, and we have the memories of those glorious four years. Those can never be taken away from us—those we can always enjoy. Let us, then, ever keep these memories bright, and let us transmit to our children the lessons of patriotism, of heroism, of love of country, of devotion to duty, of reverence for the grand old stars and stripes, which our comrades exemplified, even to yielding up their lives, under the banner of the First Maine Cavalry.

DR. AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN.

Gen. Smith paid a high tribute to Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and his public services during his long life, and introduced Dr. Augustus C. Hamlin, who spoke substantially as follows:

I wish I could tell you how dear your reputation is in the State of Maine, and how much the country owes to you for your gallant services. I will tell you one or two incidents which may be pleasant for you to hear. Soon after the close of the war I was going from Nashville to Knoxville, Tenn., when we arrived at a place where the railroad had not been repaired and we had to put in a few hours of waiting at the station. On the platform was a rebel soldier in full uniform, who was in great trepidation. There were there many Tennessseans who were down on the rebels, and they were eyeing him as if they would bite him. He saw my uniform and put himself under my care and the protection of the United States. He said his name was John Mason, and that he was a son of Mason, of the Mason-Slidell Trent affair. I said to him, "Keep quiet, don't let them know it; if they find who you are, they'll have your blood." In due time the train moved on, and we were on our way. When we had reached Virginia he said to me, "You saved my life—yours is in danger now: I will protect you; I am known here; I commanded the First Virginia Cavalry; you are from Maine; where did you get those damned pirates that formed the First Maine Cavalry?" I replied that they were not pirates, they were gentlemen, every one of them. He said, "We never liked them; it was the worst regiment we had to encounter; it was the bravest regiment of all we had to fight, and we were always glad when they were not in our front." This was Col. Mason of the First Virginia Cavalry. In 1862, I was with Gen. Sigel at Sperryville, when one day a French officer, a gallant officer who had served in Algiers and with Gen. Cavaignac in Italy [and] was sent to this country by Garibaldi—came into my tent and said to me, "I have just seen a regiment of cavalry pass by, going towards Culpepper, which is one of the finest regiments I ever saw in my country." I sprang upon a horse, followed that regiment, caught it, and upon inquiring, "What regiment is this?" received the reply, "First Maine Cavalry." This was Gen. Gustavus Chi-eret, afterwards Secretary of War under the Commune at Paris.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

Letters of regret at the inability of the writers to be present were then read from His Excellency Governor Brackett, His Honor Mayor Hart, and Commander Innis of the Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic.

GEN. JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

At this point several well-known comrades of prominence in Grand Army circles entered the armory and were most cordially received. Among them was Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, who was at once called upon by Gen. Smith, and responded briefly and pleasantly, saying, "I didn't come here to make a speech, but I heard that the First Maine Cavalry was up here, and I thought I would come and see what had happened. There never was much of anything to be done when the First Maine Cavalry had been there. I came to see you again, for I'm only twenty-five years old when I see you." The general concluded with a pleasant reference to the regiment at Appomattox Court House.

GEN. W. R. SMEDBERG.

Gen. W. R. Smedberg, Commander of the Department of California, Grand Army of the Republic, was next called upon. He said:

We have come a long ways to meet you, but though we have travelled three thousand miles, we feel just as much at home. We always remember Maine very kindly. A few years ago we sent a delegation from California to Maine with a request that the Grand Army of the Republic should hold their next annual encampment in San Francisco. It was a new idea, for the Grand Army of the Republic never had been farther west than Denver before. But that proposition was adopted in Portland, and we always felt we were indebted to Maine. We still hope the time will come for the Grand Army of the Republic to again come to the Pacific coast.

The general closed with an invitation to all to visit the California headquarters, at the Brunswick.

MAJOR BENJAMIN F. TUCKER.

Major Benjamin F. Tucker suggested, as so many of the regiment may never get together again, and as the colonel was with them, that the comrades march as the First Maine Cavalry in the next day's parade. After a lively discussion, the suggestion was withdrawn.

HON. WILLIAM E. BARRETT.

Hon. William E. Barrett, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was then introduced, and made a rousing patriotic speech, receiving oft applause.

THE GOOD BYES.

A few words of parting and good will closed the formalities, but the comrades lingered long in the armory to once more talk over the old times before saying the "Good byes."

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The fifth annual reunion of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry was held in one of the parlors of the Lancers' Armory at the same time as the regimental reunion. The president, Mrs. Susie H. Drinkwater, called the meeting to order, and in the absence of the secretary, Miss Grace E. Tobie was elected secretary pro tem. The association voted to adopt the badge of the First Maine Cavalry Association. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Mrs. Addie Toole, Pawtucket, R. I.
Vice-President—Mrs. C. W. Lang, Portland.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Grace E. Tobie, Portland.

The meeting adjourned until the next reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association. There was a goodly number present, including fourteen who had not before registered.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH.

The comrades of the Massachusetts Branch held their annual reunion and dinner at the Crawford House, on the evening of April 3d, 1890. Many of the comrades were accompanied by ladies, and previous to the meeting and banquet an informal reception was held in the hotel parlors. At 6 p. m. the business meeting was held, President G. N. Harris occupying the chair. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Gilbert N. Harris; first vice-president, Capt. H. C. Hall; second vice-president, A. J. Ordway; secretary, C. A. F. Emery; treasurer, Col. A. C. Drinkwater; executive committee, Albert Edgecomb, P. F. Sheviin and C. E. Jacks. Comrade Edgecomb reported that the armory of the National Lancers on Bulfinch street had been secured for headquarters of the regimental association during encampment week in August. The following committee was appointed to co-operate with the general committee of the regimental association in making preparations

for the reunion in August: P. F. Shevlin, Albert Edgecomb, D. W. Gage, H. C. Whitney, Frank W. Green, Col. A. C. Drinkwater, C. O. Stone, G. N. Harris, George F. Jewett, B. P. Doe, Charles E. Jacks, Horatio C. Libby, C. A. F. Emery, Jesse T. Williams and H. C. Hall.

At 7.30 p. m. the company marched to the banquet hall, where covers were laid for fifty persons. Comrade Gilbert N. Harris presided, and about the well-spread table were seated the following: Bvt. Brig.-Gen. J. P. Cilley, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Lieut. George F. Jewett and wife, George N. Harris and wife, A. L. Ordway and wife, Mrs. F. M. Hoyt, Albert Edgecomb and wife, P. F. Shevlin and wife, Miss Sarah Devine, D. W. Gage and wife, C. O. Stone and wife, A. C. Souther and wife, George Ordway, T. J. Long and wife, Isaac C. Brick and wife, C. H. Stevens and wife, Warren Mansur, S. S. Goodhue, H. R. Green, N. L. Owen, J. T. Williams, Alfred Pierce, T. B. Pulsifer, J. S. Curtis, F. W. Green, C. A. F. Emery. It being, in fact, a family party, the after-dinner exercises were characterized by a delightful informality, brief addresses being made by Comrades G. N. Harris, Gen. J. P. Cilley, G. F. Jewett, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, P. F. Shevlin, Alfred Pierce, Warren Mansur and others.

To the efforts of the committee as above appointed is due the pleasant success of this reunion.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

NO. III.—THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.

BY MAJOR HENRY C. BALL.

In the northern part of the country and four miles from Richmond are the Midlothian coal mines, then owned and operated by an English company. Here I posted Captain Wilson with his F company. At my second visit to this post I met a servant with the compliments of Colonel Ball, inviting me to call on him before I should return. Towards evening I went to the house to which I had been directed and met the colonel at the door. As each anticipated the other, we were very soon informally introduced. He had buried his wife but a few days before and I found his beautiful home in mourning. He was much affected in telling me of his loss, but he soon rallied and our conversation turned not unnaturally upon the war, its causes and probable results. During my short stay he told me that for years before the war he had commanded a militia company of cavalry, all the members of which were residents of his county and that he knew each man personally. When the State had passed the ordinance of secession and assumed a place in the confederacy the members of this company met and unanimously tendered their services to the new government which were immediately accepted. He was not an original secessionist, but when the men whom he had so long commanded and in whom he felt so much pride and interest with so much favor and enthusiasm espoused the new cause, he was forced to unite his fortunes with theirs or to single-handed and alone vainly beat against the popular tide of public opinion and be treated as a coward and as a traitor to Virginia's honor and to Virginia's interests. Indeed he regretted and deplored the act that had severed or attempted to sever his native State from the Union, and the singularly unfortunate circumstances that sur-

rounded him alone prevented his pursuing a course his better judgment commended; accordingly he was soon in the fold a rebel at the head of a rebel command. When our troops first occupied Alexandria, he was on duty at that place, and with thirty-five of his men surrendered to Colonel Wilcox, under circumstances that were somewhat difficult for him to satisfactorily explain to his government with the highest honors to himself and his command. He undoubtedly labored under an error or misapprehension of orders, and was thoroughly loyal to the cause after he had made his decision and embarked in it. His next service after his exchange was at Bull Run, July 21st, 1861. Years before the war a troop of cavalry was raised at Warrenton, Va., and vicinity, which was known as the Black Horse Cavalry. Each man was mounted on a shining black horse and the troop for a long time was famous on the old Virginia muster-fields for the excellency of its drill and discipline, for the beauty of its horses and the skill of their riders. Its fame continued many years, but when the war broke out it had gone down and was only a little more than a shadow of its earlier worth and splendor. But when the call came for troops its ranks were quickly filled and it went into the field under the old name of Black Horse Cavalry. At the battle of Bull Run this company was put in squadron with Colonel, then Captain, Ball's company, and Captain Ball, being senior or ranking officer, commanded the squadron thus formed. He was not called into action until the Union troops commenced to retreat and then he was ordered to charge and pursue them. He followed farther than any other confederate troops—to the bridge over Cub Run where so much of our artillery trains had been jambed and blocked and abandoned. Besides wagons and guns, with his small force he captured a number of fleeing Federals, a number much larger than he had men to guard, whom he disarmed and ordered to the rear—to the rebel lines—some of whom went as directed, but many more escaped and reported a few days later in Washington. As he knew his own men personally, he could call each by name, but when he directed the men of the other company to do anything he would say "Black Horse" do this or "Black

Horse" do that. He thought it more than probable that some of the men who escaped heard him use the term "Black Horse" and therefore reported that they had been charged and captured by the Black Horse Cavalry.

I confess I was not a little surprised at this bit of unpublished history of that famous troop of fabulous exploits as I learned it from the lips of its reliable commander. At the time of the battle I was in an infantry regiment stationed on Meridian Hill near Washington. We were not called out until evening and then did not leave the hill. The next day the rain fell furiously, and for a time our camp was literally over-run with stragglers from our broken and beaten army who were in search of food and shelter and their lost regiments. Many of them, if their reports were true, had been charged and captured by the Black Horse Cavalry, and the frightful stories of what they had seen and endured made me almost wish I had never "gone for a sojer." Indeed, I could fancy a long line of shining black horses, extending from the white plains of Manassas to the right and left as far as the eye could reach, mounted by lithe and active men bearing huge claymores in their strong hands, and sweeping mercilessly down upon our brave boys, already exhausted with the heat, the march and the fight! Ay, I could almost see the poor fellows vanish from earth at the touch of those murderous blades, or trodden into the turf by the heavy hoofs of the charging steeds! How unlike my wild imagination, based upon the fearful reports I had heard, were the simple facts I learned from the lips of this modest man, the principal actor in the closing scene of that dramatic day.

When the confederate cavalry was organized into regiments, the so called Black Horse Cavalry formed a part of the Fourth Virginia regiment and as Black Horse Cavalry was heard of no more, but in after years the members of that organization to which they belonged were no strangers to us and on every field where we met them are mingled the bones of the blue and the gray, or little mounds, beneath which rest the remains of the bravest and best of both regiments, rise above the plain, thus eloquently attesting the valor and the fidelity to the causes in

which they fought. At Aldie, June 17th, 1863, we took from them their colors, but it was a trophy dearly, yes too dearly, won.

When the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry was formed Captain Ball was made its colonel, but on account of ill health he retired from the service before the close of the war.

GEN. CILLEY'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

The following is copied from Colonel Cilley's official report of the campaign of Lee's surrender, made in April, 1865:

I also beg leave to mention the following instances of individual examples of bravery:

Sergeant Major Edward P. Tobie, jr., after receiving two wounds, either of which would have procured him admission to a hospital, refused to go on the sick list, but remained with the regiment, and after Adjutant Little and Acting Adjutant Pierce were wounded, discharged the full duties of adjutant.

Also Samuel Gurney, sergeant of Co. B, who on the morning of the 9th of April, while securing some Spencer ammunition left on the field, saw an opportunity to capture some prisoners, and with two men, all the force that was with him, charged and captured one captain, one lieutenant, a sergeant and fourteen men. One of the two men with Sergeant Gurney was killed and the sergeant had a bullet pass through his pistol holster.

Also to make the following recommendations for Brevet:

Captain Myrick, Captain Hall and Captain Freese, who during the winter and this spring campaign have commanded battalions, particularly Captain Myrick for distinguished services at Dinwiddie Court House when sent across the Creek with his battalion, and Captain Hall for bravery and efficient services at Dinwiddie Court House and gallantry in the charge at Farmville.

Immediately after making the above report, a fuller statement of the services of the captains recommended for promotion was called for and the following was sent forward:

I respectfully recommend the following named captains commanding battalions for promotions as brevet majors:

Captain Henry C. Hall.

Captain John D. Myrick.

Captain John A. Freese.

They all have been in command of their respective battalions during most of the campaign last fall, almost the entire time during the winter and all the time this spring.

Captain Hall served three months in the first regiment raised in Maine and has been in this regiment since its first organization. He was commended while in command of his battalion at Wyatt Farm, Sept. 30th, 1864. At the action on Boydton Plank Road, he held his battalion with tenacious courage to the rear, losing 33 per cent. of his officers. At the charge at Farmville he displayed marked gallantry, leading the column that did most to dislodge the enemy from their strong position on the hill, just beyond the city.

Captain Myrick is also a veteran and was in command of a battalion a portion of last summer. At the action near Dinwiddie Court House, March 31st, his battalion alone crossed the creek and met the enemy's first attack in the morning. He displayed great courage in the manner he withdrew it, and fought well the entire day. In all the other actions he acquitted himself with honor.

Captain Freese has seen service first in the Seventh Maine Infantry, then in the District of Columbia Cavalry, and since the transfer of that regiment has served in this. In the charge on Lee's train the 7th inst., he was struck in the breast with a bullet, causing severe pain and contused wound, but remained with the regiment and reported himself for duty till the present time.

The double duty imposed on the above named officers, viz: field officers and company commanders, for there were no lieutenants in either of their companies, and the meritorious manner in which they have discharged both, deserves, I respectfully suggest, the recommended brevet rank.

Lieut. Bowman's Wedding Journey.

DES MOINES, IA., Nov. 5th, 1891.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear General: On entering my office this morning I saw upon my desk with papers and letters a copy of the "First Maine Bugle." In glancing over it I was reminded of my trip during the past summer to my own native Maine. Leaving here on the fifth of July, I went to Columbus, Ohio, thence to Detroit and on to Toronto, where we took the boat down the lake to the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands and rapids to Montreal, stopping for a time at the Windsor; thence across to the White Mountains and from there to Portland, Me. I had a desire to spend a few weeks on some of the beautiful islands in Casco Bay, and was urged by friends to make my stay at Little Chebeague about seven miles from Portland. We found on that island a very pleasant hotel and remained there about three weeks, frequently going to Portland. On one of these

trips I called upon Major Thaxter at his new and beautiful home. I was much pleased to meet him, he being the only officer of our old regiment that I have met since we were disbanded in August, 1865. I have seen but three members of the regiment in all these twenty-six years. After visiting Old Orchard we went to Boston, where we stopped a week; thence to New York, Baltimore, and on down to the old battle-ground at Gettysburg. After a ride of twenty miles over the grounds I became so interested that I concluded to make a longer stay there than I had anticipated. We left the hotel and secured rooms and board at the home of one Mr. R. Sheeds. Eighteen years ago he had built this home on Seminary Ridge—on the very ground where so many of our brave men fell in the first day's fight. A short distance back of his house among the trees is where General Reynolds fell—a monument marks the spot—and to the left of his house and not far away is a slab marking where one hundred and twenty of our men fell in twenty minutes. This gentleman has a vineyard, and the many shade trees about his home made it very pleasant to remain there during the hot days of August. He lived in the town during the battle, and after the first day's fight the rebels, having by their superior numbers forced our men to Cemetery Ridge, seized upon his house and made of it a hospital, holding it until the morning of the 4th. Consequently he was able to give much interesting information about the battle. From the front veranda of his house we had a grand view of the battle-fields from Big Round Top, on beyond Wolf's Hill, covering the whole line of battle, and away on the left of Wolf's Hill with the glass we could see through the trees a white monument which I believe to be one of those erected on the ground where we had the engagement with Stuart on the afternoon of the 3d of July, 1863. The points that most forcibly drew my attention were Culp's Hill, Devil's Den, Little Round Top, and the Bloody Angle, where Pickett made his desperate charge. A party of us spent one afternoon viewing the grounds where we had the cavalry fight. It lays as you know about four miles from Gettysburg. On our way out we came to the monument of the First Maine Cavalry. I was

delighted to see it—halted our carriage, got out and had a good view of it and the inscription of the battles thereon. You know it stands by and facing the main road, but sad to relate a herd of swine occupied the field where it is located and they had been poking their noses so much about the base that on the back side they had made a wallowing place and there i danger, if they are left to occupy that field in the years to come, of their undermining it. While looking at it I felt then and feel now that an iron fence should be built around it for protection. We passed on to the centre of the battle-ground, where stands the fine monument erected by General Gregg with our assistance, where I saw cut in the sides with other regiments engaged our own. I am inclined to think the monument erected and designated there as the General Custer monument is the finest on that field.

How forcibly came back to me the fearful ride I took on the evening of the third day's battle, and on my return had to run the risk under fire of a rebel regiment with my orderly to make my escape. This I never told you of, but may some time. On the 3d of last July a citizen found a shell in what I think is called Stony creek. It had been there for twenty-eight years. He took a sledge hammer and broke it open. It was one of those shells filled with bullets. I brought the half of it home containing some of the bullets and have it as a remembrance of the terrible conflict on and around Culp's Hill, Devil's Den and Little Round Top. We remained two weeks on this battlefield, and I have never visited a more interesting place.

I hand you with this, draft on New York payable to your order. Please enter my name for the "First Maine Bugle" for 1892. Send a copy to some deserving comrade of the old regiment for me.

Your friend and comrade,

M. V. T. BOWMAN.

Southern Sailors.

Gen. Thomas J. Munford, of the confederate service, whose letter appeared in the October Bugle, writes the Bugle a few jokes pertinent to the confederate service which are interesting as coming from an old opponent whose fighting qualities won our respect:

Speaking of horsemen, recalls a requisition made upon me when stationed near Fredericksburg during the war, by General Fitz Lee to send him a detail of fifty men accustomed to boats. He wanted to cross the Rappahannock below that town and surprise a camp on the north side. I had to reply there were not fifty men in my regiment who could cross the river in the day time with a sail boat, or who had ever been in anything larger than a dug-out; that if he wanted men to be ready for a dash and celerity after getting over, he had better look to the tide water regiments; that if the winds blew and the waves ran knee high, half of my men would be upset internally. I give you an example:

General William E. Jones was crossing the Shenandoah river one day on the march when the river was very high and still rising. The Seventh Regiment had come over and a part of the Sixth, when a raft of trees came splashing along and a poor fellow on a poor weak horse was washed down, the horse drowned, and the soldier escaped almost miraculously as he could not swim. The next squadron would not move. Jones never minced his words but swore at the lieutenant colonel to move on. "Come over with your men." The reply was, "The men will not take the water, it is too high." "Then come yourself and leave the damned cowards behind." He replied, "My head swims now, and I can't risk it." "Oh, hell!" said Jones, "if my head would swim I would come over after you and dam the water, but it won't, so stay where you are and wait till the nasty stream falls." It was a long time before he heard the last of "his head wouldn't swim."

Since my letter to you I have seen Lieutenant Colonel Watts of the Second Virginia Cavalry, who was wounded severely at Aldie (and honorably discharged from field service), who had

the Second Regiment, and he has promised to give me his recollections on paper. He was wounded early in the action, when the command of the regiment devolved upon Major Cary Breckenridge, who was a superior soldier, several time severely wounded and had his eyes and nose disfigured by a sabre cut at the second Manassas battle. Colonel Watts and Major Breckenridge were battered severely in the fight, each receiving many wounds as they were attacked by odds and resisted in the spirit of regular graduates. Both of them were splendid soldiers, of fine physique, masters of a horse and good with a sword.

A Lonely All-Night Ride.

The day after the battle of Port Republic, General Ricketts, then commanding a division in McDowell's corps, knowing of General Shields' exposed position and fearing Jackson would flank him, was very desirous to send him a dispatch. Among the non-commissioned officers at his headquarters no one seemed willing to volunteer a journey of twenty-five miles through a region infested with bush-whackers who were too "willing" with their shooting irons and so utterly indifferent to the rules of civilized warfare. But a sergeant of Co. K, First Maine Cavalry, was tendered the honor. Sergeant William M. Herbert of Bristol, Maine, was as brave as he was modest, and without hesitation accepted the order, fully convinced of its importance and prepared to run the gauntlet, to bear to Shields the message that his little force was in danger of being gobbled.

General Ricketts informed him of the danger in his path and the difficulties of his task, advising him to continue at a quick lope, keep a sharp lookout for the enemy, and not get shot. The sergeant afterwards related to me the particulars of his journey and his peculiar feelings on that long and trying ride. He started soon after sundown into a darkness "which could be felt" and over a road of which he had no other knowledge save his general's directions. This was his first war experience. Although he suffered no pain from fear, still he was sensible

every moment of the exact nature of his position—at any moment a bullet from an unseen foe. Hour after hour he rode on through the inky darkness, seeing nothing, hearing nothing only the monotonous clicking and pounding of his horse's hoofs amid the gloom and stillness, producing a feeling of utter loneliness and a savage sternness sometimes dangerous to interrupt. Some men otherwise gentle, tender-hearted, become fierce, even cruel, as dangers accumulate and threaten them. I have known such when in camp the personification of amiability, but in the crash of battle they were simply awful. The sergeant had passed to about half way when he heard the clanking of sabres and tramp of horses' feet—full run—close upon him, but in time to pull aside into the woods, draw his pistol and await the approach. They were friends—runaways—Union soldiers retreating from Shields' force. They would not return to show our hero the way. They had just been "fired on" by guerillas "just back" a mile or so on Herbert's line of advance. So he was left to pursue his way alone, into the very danger they had escaped and were fleeing from. Like many another brave man of that time and regiment he consulted not safety but duty, and pressed forward to the rescue of the noble general and brave men who were being trapped by an able general and larger force. Alone and unhurt he passed the unbridled foe; on into the darkness and dreary silence miles away, when he was suddenly called to a halt by feeble voices, though this time almost under his horse's feet. Leaning down, peering forward into the night, he could barely discern two little colored children, or their ivories, as they cried, "Please, massa, don' run ober us." To a man enduring the strain natural to such a place and circumstances it was a comical relief, and away he sped on his course. Soon, without further interruption or incident, except fatigue, a wearied horse—rained—unable to pass the picket line where he soon arrived. He footed it to the general's headquarters, after which he was refreshed in the inner man by his comrades and left to repose as only a tired soldier can and knows how to enjoy, on the sodden ground of an army bivouac.

S. A. FULLER, Chap.

Hubbard, N. H., Nov. 6th, 1891.

[Hist. p. 603.]

$350 FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF ENLISTING IN OUR REGIMENT.

FOSTORIA, Mich., Dec. 1891.

April 7th, 1865, I, with my company, was dismounted and advanced through some woods, and when we came out of the woods to a creek with a temporary bridge, some forded the creek, some went over the bridge up a high bluff, and there we were just over the bluff not far from Farmville, if I remember rightly. It was as we came out of the woods that I was hit in the wrist. I was in the act of taking a bead on a Johnny on the bluff with my carbine at my shoulder; that brought my left arm at the front, a bullet caught me on the wrist joint, and although I was not considered badly wounded, the effects have been with me ever since. I have not had the proper use of my hand, and in many of life's occupations I find it difficult.

I well remember our last engagement the night we advanced up so near the rebel army and built temporary breastworks and waited for morning, the skirmish line we sent back and the line of battle that advanced, our falling back and the colored troops that went in, the flag of truce sent by General Lee and the glorious news of Lee's surrender, our march to Petersburg, our going over to the village of Ettrick, our encampment from April to August, including our trip down to South Boston, N. C., where we heard of Johnston's surrender—all glorious remembrances in our minds.

After we went into camp at Ettrick, I was detailed to General Charles H. Smith as orderly. I was the boy who brought the dispatch to turn in the horses and start for home.

I will give you some facts as regards my service in the late war. At the time of the rebellion I was an orphan boy boarded out to J. H. Johnson, East Machias, Me. In 1862 I was seventeen years of age. I enlisted in the First Maine Heavy Artillery by first giving Mr. Johnson $100 that I was to have at twenty-one years of age. I went on as far as Bangor to be examined, in company with Loring L. Hanscom, brother of Sylvanus Hanscom, both of whom afterwards became members of Co. F, First Maine Cavalry. Lieutenant Harris of Co. F,

was their brother-in-law. I was on examination rejected as being too young and small, and they gave me a pass back to East Machias. I was much disappointed to go home and not see any service. However, I stayed at home until the call for men in the fall of 1863. Some towns were paying large bounties to fill quotas. East Machias gave $250, if I remember rightly. Any way I wanted to go into the army, but Mr. Johnson would not let me go unless I signed off my right to the $100 due at twenty one and the town bounty of $250. I thought it tough, but did it and enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry, Co. B, in December, 1863. In due time I joined the company and was with the regiment every day, except a little time at City Point Hospital, until ordered home.

The town records of East Machias will verify all I have told of myself, and A. J. Hanscom of East Machias was recruiting officer, with whom I enlisted, and was partner with Mr. Johnson in lumbering. He will substantiate all.

ORIN W. GOOCH.

[Hist., pp. 491 and 680.]

Recollections of Middletown and Bull Run.

S. SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 21st, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade: I received the BUGLE all right. I like it very much; it brings me back to the spring of 1862. I was one of Captain Summat's "boys" until after Banks' retreat, when he said he would call us men henceforth, which he did. I was only fifteen years of age at the time. I shall always remember that retreat. I was within twenty feet of you at Middletown when that shell wounded you. I think Captain Summat should have had the credit of saving the other companies that were behind—Cos. A, M and E—for when we made that charge down the pike and the head of the column was piling up, Captain Summat led us by column left through the fields and into the woods out of reach of their guns. We were not

guard all the way to Williamsport. I well remember the charge we made in the street at Winchester. It was made to cover part of our infantry that was retreating. We charged down the street right up to the rebels, then turned another street and shot our revolvers at them as we turned the corner. It checked their advance. We then rode out of the city by another street where the buildings on one side were all on fire and the inhabitants were shooting from windows and housetops.

I remember when we got our first carbines, the Burnside. I think each company got twelve. I got one; it made me think I was a man. At the time I was one of the best shots in the company. We had a good chance to use them on General Pope's retreat, near Brandy Station.

The next time I remember being under fire was at the last battle of Bull Run. Our company, or part of it, was sent to General Porter; he kept us scouting and skirmishing all the first day, and the next day three of us were sent to Colonel Warren. He had command of the Fifth New York Zouaves and the Tenth New York Infantry. A. F. Bickford, or Frank, as we called him, a man by the name of Young, and myself, carried dispatches for him. Young had borrowed my horse to carry a dispatch and left me his, when the rebels made that charge in mass. We were all mixed up with the rebs. We asked the colonel what we should do. He said, "Skedaddle, and follow me." This we tried to do but he was soon out of sight. Bickford got out of the mass first and waited for me. Those were the times I was under fire in the glorious old First Maine Cavalry, but I went out again in the Thirty-first Maine Infantry and saw lots of hard fighting as our record will show. I was wounded at Cold Harbor, June, 1864, and was laid up three months. I then returned and was with the regiment until it was mustered out.

Yours in F. C. and L.

LUCIEN W. LYON.

[See p. 587, Hist.]

The Androscoggin Association.

Never have I heard more interesting stories and incidents told than those narrated at the meeting of the Androscoggin Association, Feb. 27th, 1892, and these stories were punctuated and embellished by an intermittent fire of comments and explanations as witty as the stories were good. Among the best of these was Comrade George L. Duston's narrative of his experiences on Stoneman's Raid and in the Brandy Station fight, where he was captured, which was brought out by Henry Little's personal allusion to Duston and his army name, and helped along by Little's continual acts as prompter. Lowell followed, and under the fiction of having been asleep, gave a most laughable travesty of Duston's account by leaving out the element of time and massing the incidents as following each other in quick succession.

Charles E. Moulton gave a little gem of a story for the special interest of the children present, which put to silence all interruptions and can thus be retold with the same effect that it produced at the time.

SERGEANT NORRIS' SQUIRREL.

Sergeant Richard Norris, [Hist., p. 632,] was the same sergeant who stole the "small calf" March 30, 1865 (Hist., p. 387.) He was an old English soldier who misplaced his h's in a pronounced English manner. He was assigned to Co. I at time of transfer, but for some cause afterwards placed in Co. L. One day, when asked to what company he belonged, he replied, "I was hup in Hi Co., but now I ham down in Heli Co." He took great pride in his cavalry hat and always went into fight bareheaded, removing his hat from his head and placing it inside his shirt bosom, about the only place he could bestow it, for our soldiers' wardrobe was only a pair of trousers, a woolen shirt and a blouse. The full dress uniform of the cavalry differed from the above and from the infantry soldier's by substituting a short jacket for the blouse, while the infantry had a coat. The infantry boys used to maliciously say that the reason why cavalrymen wore a jacket was to allow their friends to

admire the re-inforcements on their trousers, essential to endure the wearing influence of the hard McClellan saddle. Norris, when asked the reason of his fighting bareheaded, always replied that the rebs had ruined one hat by shooting through it and he did not intend they should destroy, in like manner, another. In the midst of a fight one day while dismounted, the sergeant came upon a young squirrel at the foot of a tree, paralyzed with fright or confused by the noise. Hastily picking him up, he placed him in his hat and his hat in its usual battle place. After the battle was over, he had opportunity to feed and care for his squirrel. The old fellow's heart, for he was then forty-five years of age, seemed to open fully to the squirrel as the first thing in his life that he could care for, watch over and love. All his spare moments were spent in feeding, petting and caring for his squirrel. He would sit for hours stroking its soft fur and talking to it. He would tell and retell to his pet the dimensions and architecture of the mansion he designed to build for him after the war was over, of the dining room below, the nice chamber above and a gymnasium at one side, the kind of wood he should use in constructing the house, and the colors of paints used to adorn the building.

The subject was so sacred to his old fatherly heart that none of the boys ever thought of laughing at him as the old story of the squirrel's mansion was dinned into the ears of his little bosom companion.

Generally when we moved the squirrel occupied his pockets or rested on his shoulders or roamed his body at will, but in every fight, when the bat came off into it went the squirrel and both were pressed close to his heart. In battle after battle, both the squirrel and hat went safely through the showers of lead, till at Reams Station a bullet pierced hat and squirrel, and the warm blood of the squirrel flowed down the soldier's side. The old fellow was nearly heart broken.

The turrets and revolving courts of the squirrel mansion, like castles on the Spanish main, lay wrecked and ruined in mid air.

He carried him for a day or so and then through the hurtling ranks of his comrades withdrew one side to bury him. As he

ISAAC S. MAXWELL,
Co. K. 1st D. C.
Co. A. 1st Me. Cav.
Lewiston.
Hist. p. 475.

HORATIO S. LIBBY
1st Lieut. Co. C.
Melrose, Mass.
Hist. p. 561.

EDWARD F. CORNELL,
Co. I.
Port Allegheny, Pa.
Hist. p. 690.

rose with tears in his eyes and took up his mutilated hat, he tried to choke down his grief by saying, "My dear hat, I do not know where I can carry you safely now, unless I place you behind the re-inforcements on my trousers."

The next day Sergeant Norris was badly wounded but his manner showed it was merely an ordinary and expected incident.

J. P. CILLEY.

Death of Lieutenant Mountfort.

The following account of the death of Lieutenant Mountfort, at Sycamore Church, was related by Sergeant Peter J. Dresser, of Co. A, to the members of the Androscoggin Association:

Co. K was on the reserve at the church, under Captain John W. Freeze, and our picket line was about one-half mile from us; thence the line extended down a road at right angles from the reserve where we had our horse picketed, about two miles. About four A. M., before light, we heard an attack on the videttes; we immediately reinforced the picket line from the reserve. Captain Freeze, Lieut Mountfort and myself were close together when we met the enemy. We were using our sixteen shooters the best we knew how for some time; we soon heard firing in our rear. Captain Freeze and myself fell back to where we left our horses and that was the last I saw of the captain, as he was thrown from his horse and taken to the rear early in the morning. After falling back to the church and mounting our horses we found the rebels thicker than bees, had hard work getting our horses but succeed after a while, and then fell back about one-fourth of a mile and formed a line on the road to City Point; then fell back some three or four miles and formed another line and as soon as the stragglers came in, we advanced again towards Sycamore church and arrived there about four P. M., where we found Lieutenant Mountfort lying on the ground, stripped of all his clothes except his shirt. The officer in command (I do not remember his name), said to me, as I was then

in command of Co. K, that I could do as I chose with his body, either take it back to City Point and have it embalmed or have him buried where we found him. I chose the former, got some clothes, strapped him across the saddle of a led horse and proceeded towards City Point, where I arrived about ten P. M. found an embalmer, but he was so full of business that he could not attend to it, but kindly directed me to another one. I found him and told him I had no money but if he would embalm the body of the lieutenant and send it home to his family then he would be sure of his pay. This he consented to do, and I went back about one mile to a camping place where I could graze my horse during the night, as he had had nothing since the night before and I was soon dreaming of home and friends. In the morning I went back and got some clothes to send the body home and learned how the lieutenant was killed. He was shot through the back, the ball going directly through the heart, and received a clip on his forehead that broke his skull.

My next move was to find the command. I found it during the day and learned that most of my company were prisoners. I think as I remember that nineteen were taken. My tent's crew were all prisoners.

Stafford B. Jones was wounded severely and taken prisoner, but he lived to get home.

Samuel Thorn died in a rebel prison.

Fred Allen was wounded and died in prison. Most of these never lived to get out of prison.

That was our last duty in the District of Columbia Cavalry. I think it was about two weeks after that we were transferred to the old First Maine. I was a non-commissioned officer, the highest left with the company, and I think I had command of the company about two weeks, when we were assigned to Co. A, in Captain Cole's company, where I remained until the close of the rebellion.

BOWDOIN BOYS IN LABRADOR.

ON BOARD THE JULIA A. DECKER,
OFF BIRD ROCKS,
Gulf of St. Lawrence, Sept. 10, 1891.

While our little vessel is rushing through the blue waters of the gulf, apparently scorning the efforts of the swift little Halifax trader who promised to keep us company from the Straits to the Gut, and who, by dint of good luck and constant attention to sails has thus far kept her word, but is now steadily falling astern and to leeward, I will tell you about the snug little harbors, the bold headland, barren slopes, and bird-covered rocks, and also the odorous fishing villages and the kind-hearted people with whom she has made us acquainted.

The Bowdoin scientific expedition to Labrador is now familiar with six of the seven wonders in this truly wonderful region. It has visited Grand Falls and "Bowdoin Canyon;" has been bitten by black flies and mosquitoes which only Labrador can produce, both in point of quality and quantity; has wandered through the carriage roads (!) and gardens of Northwest River and Hopedale; has dug over, mapped and photographed the prehistoric Eskimo settlements that line the shores, to the north of Hamilton Inlet; has made itself thoroughly conversant with the great fishing industry that has made Labrador so valuable, to Newfoundland in particular, and to the codfish consuming world in general; and finally is itself the sixth wonder, in that it has accomplished all it set out to do, though of course not all that would have been done had longer time, better weather and several other advantages been granted it.

It is almost another wonder, too, in the eyes of the Labradoreans, that we have, without pilot and yet without accident or trouble of any sort, made such a trip along their rocky coast, entered their most difficult harbors, and outsailed their fastest vessels, revenue cutters, traders and fishermen.

It will be a good many years before the visit of the "Yankee college boys," the speed of the Yankee schooner and the skill and seamanship of the Yankee captain are forgotten "on the Labrador."

The day after we left, July 19th, the mail steamer reached Battle Harbor with the first mail of the season. On board were Messrs. Bryant and Kenaston, anxiously looking for the Bowdoin party and estimating their chances of getting to the mouth of Grand River. They brought with them an Adirondack boat, of canoe model, relying on the country to furnish another boat to carry the half of their provisions and a crew to man the same.

When the news was received that we were a day ahead, the race began in earnest, the captain of the "Curlew" entering heartily into the sport and doing his best to overhaul the speedy Yankee schooner. When about half way up to Rigolette, on the third day from Battle Harbor, as we were drifting slowly out of "Seal Bight," into which we had gone the previous night to escape the numerous icebergs that went grinding by, the black smoke, and later the spars of the mail steamer were seen over one of the numerous rocky little islets that block the entrance to the bight. The steamer's flag assured us that it was certainly the mail steamer, and many and anxious were the surmises as to whether our rivals were on board, and earnest were the prayers for a strong and favoring wind. It soon came, and we bowled along at a rattling pace, our spirits rising as we could see the steamer, in shore, gradually dropping astern. Towards night we neared Domino Run, and losing sight of the steamer, which turned out to make a stop at some wretched little hamlet that had been shut out from the outer world for nine months, at about the same time lost our breeze also. But the wind might rise again, and time was precious, so a bright lookout was kept for bergs, and we drifted on through the night. The next morning a fringe of islands shut our competitor from sight, but after an aggravating calm in the mouth of the inlet, we felt a breeze and rushed up towards Rigolette, only to meet the steamer coming out while we were yet several hours from that place.

Here we had our first experience with the innumerable deer-flies of Labrador. Off Mt. Gnat they came in swarms and for self protection each man armed himself with a small woolen pad to and slapped at them right and left, on the deck, the rail, another fellow's back or head, in fact, wherever one was seen to alight. The man at the wheel was doubly busy, protecting himself, with the assistance of ready volunteers, from their lance-like bites, and steering the quickly moving vessel.

At last the white buildings and flag-staff which mark all the Hudson Bay Co.'s posts in Labrador, came in sight, snugly nestled in a little cove, beneath a high ridge lying just to the northwest of it, and soon we were at anchor. Our intention was to get into the cove, but the six knot current swept us by the mouth before the failing breeze enabled us to get in.

After supper the necessary formal call was made on the factor, Mr. Bell, by the professor, armed with a letter of introduction from the head of the company in London, and escorted by three or four of the party. A rather gruff reception, at first met with, became quite genial, when it appeared that we wanted no assistance save a pilot, and called only to cultivate the acquaintance of the most important official in Labrador.

With a promise to renew the acquaintance upon our return, we left, and after a hard pull and an exciting moment in getting the boat fast alongside, on account of the terrific current, we reached the deck and reported.

Our rivals were there, and had hired the only available boat and crew to transport them to North West River. This threw us back on our second plan, viz: to take our party right to the mouth of the Grand River ourselves, which involved a trip inland of one hundred miles to the head of Lake Melville. This it was decided to do, and after some delay in securing a pilot, owing to the transfer at the last moment of the affections of the first man we secured to the other party, John Blake came aboard and we started on our new experience in inland navigation. Just as we entered the narrows, after a stop at John's house to tell his wife where we were taking him, and to give her some medicine and advice from the doctor, we saw our rivals

starting in the boat they had secured. That was the last we saw of them, till they reached North West River, two days after our party had started up the Grand River.

North West River is the name of the Hudson Bay Co.'s post at the mouth of the river of the same name, flowing into the western extremity of Lake Melville, about fifteen miles north of the mouth of Grand River. Hamilton Inlet proper extends about forty miles in from the Atlantic to the "Narrows," a few miles beyond Rigolette, where Lake Melville begins. A narrow arm of the lake extends some unexplored distance east of the Narrows, south of and parallel to the southern shore of the inlet. The lake varies from five to forty miles in width and is ninety miles long, allowing room for an extended voyage in its capacious bosom. The water is fresh enough to drink at the upper end of the lake, and at the time of our visit was far pleasanter and less arctic for bathing than the water off any point of the Maine coast. About twenty miles from the Narrows a string of islands, rugged and barren, but beautiful for their very desolation, as is true of so much of Labrador, nearly block the way, but we found the channels deep and clear, and St. John's towering peak makes an excellent guide to the most direct passage.

One night was spent under way, floating quietly on the lake, so delightfully motionless after the restless movements of Atlantic seas. A calm and bright day following, during which the one pleasant swim in Labrador waters was taken by two of us, was varied by thunder squalls and ended in fog and drizzle, causing us to anchor off the abrupt break in the continuous ridge along the northern shore, made by the Muligatawney River. Although in an insecure and exposed anchorage, yet the fact that we were in an inclosed lake gave a sense of security to the less experienced, that the snug and rocky harbors to which we had become accustomed, usually failed to give on account of the roaring of the surf a few hundred yards away, on the other side of the narrow barrier that protected the rocky basin.

The following day was bright and showery by turns, but the heart's wish of our Grand River men was granted, and while the schooner lay off the shoals at the mouth of the river they were to make famous, they started as will be described, and the rest of the expedition turned towards North West River, hoping they, too, could now get down to their real work.

The noble little vessel was reluctant to leave any of her freight in so desolate a place, in such frail boats as the Rushtons seemed, and in the calm between the thunder squalls, several times turned towards them, as they energetically pushed up the river's mouth, and seemed to call them back as she heavily flapped her white sails. They kept steadily on, however, while the Julia, bowing to a power stronger than herself, and to a fresh puff from the rapidly rising thunder heads, speedily reached North West River.

North West River is a sportsman's paradise. Here we found the only real summer weather of the trip, the thermometer reaching 76° F. on two days in succession, and thunder storms occurring regularly every afternoon. Our gunners and fishermen were tempted off on a long trip. One party planning to be away two or three days, but returning the following morning, reported tracks and sounds of large animals. They said the rain induced them to return so soon.

Here we found a camp of Montagnais Indians, bringing the winter's spoils of furs to trade at the post for flour and powder, and the other articles of civilization that they are slowly learning to use. They loaf on their supplies during the summer, hunting only enough to furnish themselves with meat, and then starve during the winter if game happens to be scarce. Measurements were made of some twenty-five of this branch of the Cree tribe, hitherto unknown to anthropometric science, and a full collection of household utensils peculiar to their tribe was procured. Several of the Nascopee tribe were with them, the two intermarrying freely, and were also measured. The latter are not such magnificent specimens of physical development as the Montagnais, but their tribe is more numerous and seems, if anything, better adapted to thrive in Labrador than their more attractive brothers.

The only remains of their picturesque national costume that we saw, was the cap. The women wore a curious knot of hair about the size of a small egg, over each ear, while the men wore their hair cut off straight around, a few inches above the shoulders.

In point of personal cleanliness, these people equal any aborigines we have seen, though their camp exhibited that supreme contempt for sanitation that characterizes every village except the Hudson Bay Co.'s posts on the Labrador coast, whether of Indians, Esquimaux or "planters," as the white and half-breed settlers are called.

Some curious scenes were enacted while the professor was trading for his desired ethnological material. With inexhaustible patience and imperturbable countenance, he sat on a log, surrounded by yelping dogs, and by children and papooses of more or less tender ages and scanty raiment, playing on ten cent harmonicas that had for a time served as a staple of trade, struggling with the dogs and with their equally excited mothers and sisters for a sight of the wonderful basket from whose apparently inexhaustible depths came forth yet more harmonicas, sets of celluloid jewelry, knives, combs, fish-hooks, needles, etc., *ad infinitum*. The men, whose gravity equalled the delight of the women and children, held themselves somewhat aloof, seldom deigning to enter the circle about the magic basket, and making their trades in a very dignified and careless fashion.

That these people are capable of civilization there can be no doubt. Missing the interpreter, without whom nothing could be done, the professor inquired for him and learned that he had returned to his wigwam. Upon being summoned he said he was tired of talking. Thereupon the professor bethought himself and asked him if he wanted more pay. The interpreter, no longer tired, was willing to talk all night.

The camp was in a bend of the river and at the head of rapids about four miles from the mouth, up which we had to track, that is, one man had to haul the boat along by the bank with a small rope called a tracking line, while another kept her off the rocks by pushing against her with an oar. At that point the river

opened out into a beautiful lake from one to two miles in width, whose further end we could not see. As this river never has been explored to its head, we were surprised that Messrs. Bryant and Kenaston, who were ready for their inland trip about a week after our party had started up the Grand River, had not chosen it as a field for their work rather than follow in the foot-steps of our expedition.

Of all Labrador north of the Straits, North West River alone boasts a carriage road. To be sure, there are neither horses nor carriages at that post, but when Sir Donald A. Smith, at present at the head of the Hudson Bay Co.'s interests in Canada, but then plain Mr. Smith, factor, was in charge of that post his energy made the place a garden in the wilderness, and in addition to luxuries of an edible sort, he added drives in a carriage through forest and by shore, for about two miles, on a well made road. Now, we are informed there is not a horse or cow north of Belle Isle. The present factor, Mr. McLaren, is a shrewd Scotchman, genial and warm-hearted beneath a rather forbidding exterior, as all of our party who experienced his hospitality can testify.

In spite of all its attractions we could not stay at North West River. In five weeks we were to meet our river detail at Rigolette, and during that time a trip north of 400 miles was to be made and the bulk of the expedition's scientific work to be done.

Our day's sail, with fresh breezes and favoring squalls, took us the whole length of the delightful lake, whose waters had seldom been vexed by a keel as long as the Julia's, and brought us to an anchor off Eskimo Island. Here we had one of our regular fights with the mosquitoes, the engagement perhaps being a trifle hotter than usual, for they swarmed down the companion way every time the "mosquito door," of netting on a light frame hinged to the hatch house, was opened, in brigades and divisions and finally by whole army corps, till we were forced to retreat to our bunks, drive out the intruding hosts, which paid no respect whatever to our limited 6x3x3 private apartments, by energetically waving and slapping a towel around, then quickly shutting the door of netting, also on a tightly fitting frame, and

devoting an hour or two at our leisure to demolishing the few stragglers that remained within; or possibly the whole night, if an unknown breach had been found by the wily mosquito somewhere in our carefully made defenses. A few bones were taken from the Eskimo graves that abound on the island, but the mosquitoes seriously interfered with such work and the party soon returned to the vessel. The absolutely calm night allowed the mosquitoes to reach us and stay; and in spite of its brevity and the utter stillness of the vast solitude about us, broken only now and then by a noise from the little Halifax trader whose acquaintance we here made for the first time, and of whom we saw so much on our return voyage across the gulf, or by the howling of wolves and Eskimo dogs in the distance, we were glad when it was over and a morning breeze chased from our decks the invading hosts.

A short stop at Rigolette, to send about fifty letters ashore, a two days' delay in a cold, easterly storm at Turner Cove, on the south side of the inlet, when the icy winds, in contrast to the warm weather we had lately enjoyed, made us put on our heavy clothes and, even then, shiver—a delay, however, that we did not grudge, for we were in a land of fish, game and labradorite—this of a poor quality, as we afterward learned—and where the doctor had more patients than he could easily attend to. At last a pleasant Sunday's run to Indian Harbor got us clear of Hamilton Inlet. There we found the usual complement of fish and fishing apparatus, but with the addition of a few Yankee vessels and a church service.

The latter we were quite surprised to find, and several went out of curiosity, and had the satisfaction of finding a small room, packed with about fifty human beings, with no ventilation whatever, and of sitting on seats about four inches wide with no backs. The people were earnest and respectful, but did not seem to understand all that was said, as, perhaps, is not to be wondered at, since they are the poorest class of Newfoundlanders.

Indian Harbor is like so many others on the coast, merely a "tickle" with three ticklish entrances full of sunken rocks and treacherous currents. The small islands that make the harbor

are simply bare ledges, very rough and irregular in outline. The fishing village, also, like all others, consists of little earth-covered hovels, stuck down wherever a decently level spot fifteen feet square can be found, and of fishing stages running out from every little point and cove, in which the catch is placed to be taken care of, and alongside of which the heavy boats can lie without danger of being smashed by the undertow that is continually heaving against the shore.

A two days' run brought us up to Cape Harrigan, rounding which we went into Webeck Harbor, little thinking that in the dreary place storm and fog would hold us prisoners for five days. That was our fate, and even now we wonder how we lived through that dismal time.

One day served to make us familiar with the flora, fauna, geography and geology of the region, for it was not an interesting place from a scientific point of view, however the fishermen may regard it, and after the departure of the mail steamer, leaving us all disappointed in regard to mail, time dragged on us terribly.

Two or three of the more venturesome ones could get a little sport by pulling a long four miles down to the extremity of Cape Harrigan, where sea pigeon had a home in the face of a magnificent cliff, against the bottom of which the gunners had to risk being thrown by the heavy swell rolling against it, as they shot from a boat bobbing like a cork, at "guillemots" flying like bullets from a gun out of the face of the cliff. One evening a relief party was sent off for two who had gone off to land on a bad lee shore and were some hours overdue. To be sure the missing ones arrived very soon, all right, while the search party got back considerably later, drenched with spray and with their boat half full of water, but the incident gave some relief from the monotony.

Another evening several visiting captains and a few friends from ashore were treated to a concert by the Bowdoin Glee and Minstrel Club. All the old favorites of from ten years ago and less were served up in a sort of composite hash, greatly to the delight of both audience and singers.

At Webeck Harbor, which we came to pronounce "Wayback," probably because it seemed such a long way back to anything worthy of human interest, we saw the business of catching cod at its best. They had just "struck a spurt," the fishermen said, and day after day simply went to their traps, filled their boats and bags, took the catch home, where the boys and "ship girls" took charge of it, and returned to the traps to repeat the process. An idea of the amount of fish taken may be given by the figures of the catch of five men from one schooner, who took one thousand quintals of codfish in thirteen days. We obtained a better idea of the vast catch by the experience of one of our parties who spent part of a day at the traps, as the arrangement of nets along the shore is called, into which the cod swim and out of which they are too foolish to go. They are on much the same plan as salmon weirs, only larger, opening both ways, and being placed usually in over ten fathoms of water and kept in place by anchors, shore lines, and floats and sinkers. Once down they are usually kept in place a whole season. The party were in a boat, inside the line of floats, so interested in watching the fishermen making the "haul," as the process of overhauling the net and passing it under the boat is called, by which the fish are crowded up into one corner where they can be scooped out by the dozen, that they did not notice that the enormous catch was being brought to the surface directly under them till their own boat began to rise out of the water, actually being grounded on the immense shoal of codfish.

It was a strange sensation and makes a strange story. All the time that we were storm-stayed at Webeck the "spurt" continued, and the trap owners were tired but jubilant. The "hand-lining" crews were correspondingly depressed, for, though so plenty, not a cod would bite a hook. It is this reason, that is, because an abundance of food brings the cod to the shores in great numbers and at the same time prevents them from being hungry, that led to the abandonment of trawling and the universal adoption of the trap method. We did not see a single trawl on the coast, and it is doubtful if there was one there in use.

During these spurts, the day's work just begins, in fact, after the hard labor of rowing the heavy boats out, perhaps two miles, to the trap, hauling, mending the net, loading and unloading the fish—always a hard task and sometimes a very difficult one on account of the heavy sea—has been repeated three or four times; for the number of fish is so great that the stage becomes overloaded by night, and the boat crews then have to turn to and help take care of the catch and clear the stage for the next day's operations. Till long after midnight the work goes merrily on in the huts or shelters over the stages, for the hard work then means no starvation next winter in the Newfoundland homes, and the fish are split, cleaned, headed, salted and packed with incredible rapidity.

The tired crews get an hour or two of sleep just as they are; then, after a pot of black tea and a handful of bread, start out to begin the next day's work, resting and eating during the hour between the trips, and then going out again, and repeating the some monotonous round over and over till we wondered how they lived through it, and what was to be done with all the fish. When there is a good breeze the boats are rigged and a large part of the weary labor of rowing is escaped. How tired the crews would look as the big twenty-four feet boats went dashing by our vessel in the fog and rain, on the outward trip, and how happy, though if possible more tired, as they came back three or four hours later, loaded to the gunwale with cod, and thinking, perhaps, of the bags full that they had left buoyed near the trap because the boat would not carry the whole catch. It is a hard life, and no wonder the men are not much more than animals; but they work with dogged persistence, for in a little more than two months enough must be earned to support their families for the year. When the "spurt" ends the crews get a much needed rest, and attend to getting a supply of salt ashore from the salt vessel from Cadiz, Spain, one of which we found lying in nearly every fishing harbor, serving as a storehouse for that article so necessary to the fishermen.

As to the magnitude of the industry, it is estimated that there are about 3,000 vessels and 20,000 men employed in it during

the season. Some of the vessels are employed in merely bringing salt and taking away the fish, notably the great iron tramp steamers of from 1,500 to 2,000 tons, which seem so much out of place moored to the sides of some of the little rocky harbors. The average catch in a good year is, we were informed, from four to six hundred quintals in a vessel of perhaps forty tons, by a crew of from four to eight men. The trap outfit costs about $500 and is furnished by the large fish firms in Newfoundland, to be paid for with fish. As the market price, to the fishermen, is from five dollars to six dollars a quintal, the value of the industry is at once apparent.

The great bulk of the fish go to Mediterranean ports direct, to Catholic countries, chiefly, and also to Brazil. The small size and imperfect curing which the Labrador summer allows make the fish almost unsalable in English and American markets. Many of the cod are of the black, Greenland variety, which are far less palatable, and are usually thrown away or cured separately for the cheaper market.

All storms come to an end finally, and at last the sun shone, the windlass clanked and we were underway. The long delay seemed to have broken our little schooner's spirits, for after being out three or four hours we had gone but as many miles, and those in the wrong direction.

At length the gentle breeze seemed to revive her and we gently slipped by the Ragged Islands and Cape Mokkavik. That Sunday evening will long be remembered by us, for in addition to the delight we felt at again moving northward, and the charm of a bright evening with a gentle, fair wind and smooth water, allowing us to glide by hundreds of fulmar and shearwater sitting on the water, scarcely disturbed by our passage, the moon was paled by the brightest exhibition of the aurora we saw while in northern waters. Its sudden darts into new quarters of the heavens, its tumultuous waves and gentle undulations, now looking like a fleecy cloud, now like a gigantic curtain shaken by still more gigantic hands into ponderous folds —all were reflected in the quiet water and from the numerous bergs, great and small, that dotted the surface, till the beholder

was at times awe-struck and silent, utterly unable to find words with which to express himself.

The next day we rounded Gull Island, which we identified with some difficulty, owing to the absence of the flagstaff by which the coast pilot says it can be distinguished, and, after a delightful sail up the clear sound leading through the fringe of islands to Hopedale, we spied the red-roofed houses and earth-covered huts, the mission houses and Eskimo village, of which the settlement consists, snugly hidden behind little "Anatolawit," or little Snow Hill Island, at the foot of a steep and lofty hill surmounted by the mission flagstaff. Here we were destined to pass five days as pleasant as the five at Webeek had been tedious.

The harbor at Hopedale is the best one we visited on the coast. The twelve miles of sound, fringed and studded with islands, completely broke the undertow which had kept our vessel constantly rolling, when at anchor, in every harbor except those up Hamilton Inlet and Lake Melville.

About two miles south of us a vast, unexplored bay ran for a long distance inland, while to the north, looking from Flagstaff Peak, we could see Cape Harrigan and the shoals about it, the numberless inlets, coves and bays which fill in the sixty miles to Nain. We were very much disappointed at our inability to go north to that place, but before our start from the United States Hopedale had been named as the point with which we would be content if ice and winds allowed us to reach it, and that point proved the northern limit of our voyage.

About half a mile across the point of land on which the missionary settlement lies, is the site of the pre-historic village of "Avatoke," which means "may-we-have-seals." It consisted of three approximately circular houses, in line parallel with the shore, at the head of a slight cove, backed to the west by a high hill, and with a fine beach in front, now raised considerably from the sea level. Along the front of the row of houses were immense shell heaps, from which we dug ivory, that is, walrus teeth; carvings, stone lamps, spear heads, portions of kyaks, whips, komatiks, as the sleds are called, etc., etc., and bones innumerable of all the varieties of birds, fish and game on which

the early Eskimo dined; as well as remnants of all the implements which Eskimos used in the household generations ago and which can nearly all now be recognized by the almost identically shaped and made implements in the houses of Eskimos there in Hopedale, so little do they change in the course of centuries. The village has been completely deserted for over one hundred years, and was in its prime centuries before that, so the tales of its greatness are only dim Eskimo traditions.

The houses were found to average about thirty-five feet across on the inside; are separated by a space of about fifteen feet; and each had a long, narrow doorway or entrance, being almost exactly in line. The walls are about fifteen feet thick and now about five feet high, of earth, with the gravel beach for a foundation. The inside of the wall was apparently lined with something resembling a wooden bench. When, in one of the houses, the remains of the dirt and stone roof that had long since crushed down the rotten poles and seal skins that made the framework and first covering, had been carefully removed, the floor was found to be laid with flagstones, many three or four feet across, closely fitted at the edges and well laid in the gravel so as to make a smooth, even floor. This extended to the remains of the bench at the sides, and made a dwelling which for Eskimo land must have been palatial. The evidences of fire showed the hearth to have been near the center of the floor, a little towards the entrance, in order to get the most from its heat. The Hopedale Eskimo were themselves surprised at the stone floor, but one old man remembered that he had been told that such floors were used long ago, in the *palæo* days of Eskimo history, if such an expression is fitting for an arctic people.

A village arranged on a similar plan, except that the houses were joined together, was found to constitute the supposed remains of a settlement on Eskimo Island in Lake Melville.

In both cases the front of the row is towards the east, and the houses are dug down to sand on the inside, making their floors somewhat below the level of the ground.

A more thorough investigation than we were able to make of the remains at Eskimo Island would undoubtedly yield much of

interest and value, for they were if anything even older than those at Hopedale, probably having been abandoned after the battle between Eskimo and Indians, fought on the same island, which has now become a tradition among the people.

Five days were spent in this most interesting, ethnological work, and hard days they were, too, as well as interesting, for the mosquitoes, black flies and midges were always with us; but on the other hand, the Eskimo interpreter was continually describing some national custom which some find would suggest to him, and very ingenious he proved to be in naming finds which we were entirely ignorant of or unable to identify.

The race as a whole is exceedingly ingenious, quick to learn, handy with tools, and also ready at mastering musical instruments. One of the best carpenters on the Labrador is an Eskimo at Aillik, from whom we bought a kyak; and at Hopedale in the winter they have a very fair brass band. The art of fine carving, however, seems to be dying out among them, and now there is but one family, at Nain, who do anything of the sort worthy the name of carving. Prof. Lee obtained several very fine specimens for the Bowdoin cabinets, but as a rule it is very high priced and rare. Most of it is taken to London by the Moravian mission ship, and has found its way into English and Continental museums. The figures of dogs, of Eskimos themselves, as well as of kyaks and komatiks, seals, walrus, arctic birds and the like are most exquisitely done.

The mission itself deserves a brief description. It was founded in 1782 and has been steadily maintained by the Moravian society for the furtherance of the Gospel, and is now nearly self-supporting. There are three missions of the society in Labrador, the one at Nain being the chief and the residence of the director, but Hopedale is very important as it is the place where the debasing influence of the traders and fishermen is most felt by the Eskimo, and the work of the missionaries consequently made least welcome to them. However, they have persevered, in the German fashion, and seem to have a firm hold on the childlike people which the solicitations of the traders cannot shake off.

There are five missionaries now stationed at Hopedale: Mr. Townly, an Englishman, whose work is among the "planters" and fishermen; Mr. Hansen, the pastor of the Eskimo church, and Mr. Kaestner, the head of the mission, and in special charge of the store and trading, by which the mission is made nearly self-supporting; Mrs. Kaestner and Mrs. Hansen complete the number, and the five make up a community almost entirely isolated from white people during nine months of every year.

The fact that the two ladies spoke very little English was somewhat of a drawback, but detracted very slightly from our enjoyment of Mrs. Hanson's delightful singing and nor at all from our appreciation of her playing on the piano and organ. To get such a musical treat in the Labrador wilds was most unexpected and for that reason all the more thoroughly enjoyed.

The mission house is a yellow, barn-like building, heavily built to prevent its being blown away, snugly stowed beneath a hill, and seeming like a mother round which the huts of the Eskimo cluster. The rooms in which we were so pleasantly entertained were very comfortably and tastily furnished, a grand piano in one of them seeming out of place in a village of Labrador, but so entirely in harmony with its immediate surroundings that we hardly thought of the strangeness of it, within a few yards of a village of pure Eskimo, living in all their primitive customs and in their own land.

A few rods behind the mission are the gardens, cut up into small squares by strong board fences to prevent the soil from blowing away, each with a tarpaulin near by to spread over it at night. In this laborious way potatoes, cabbages and turnips are raised. In a large hothouse the missionaries raise tomatoes, lettuce, and also flowers, but for everything else, except fish, game and ice, they have to depend on the yearly visit of the Moravian mission ship. She left for Nain just the day before we reached Hopedale, and after unloading supplies, etc., there she proceeds north, collecting furs and fish until loaded, and then goes to London.

About fifty Eskimos were measured and collections made of their clothing, implements of war and chase and household

utensils, which are the best of our collection for the World's Fair and the Bowdoin museums.

After spending these five pleasant and profitable days at Hopedale, and regretfully looking out by Cape Harrigan, to Nain, whose gardens are the seventh wonder of Labrador, through which, reports say, one can walk for two miles, and whose missionaries, warned of our coming, were making ready to give us a warm reception; and near it Paul's Island, which was so much of interest to our party; all this we thought of mournfully as our vessel's head was pointed southward and we sped along, reluctant on this account, and yet eager to hear of the success of our boldest undertaking, the Grand River exploration party.

At Aillik, where there is an abandoned Hudson Bay Co. post, we measured a few more Eskimo, obtained a kyak, which a day or two later nearly became a coffin to one of our party, and tried a trout stream that proved the best we found in Labrador. In about an hour, three of our party caught over eighty magnificent trout, and, naturally, returned much elated.

The next day we poked the *Julia's* inquisitive nose into one or two so-called but misnamed harbors that afforded very little shelter, and had a threatening and deserted look which, although the characteristic of the Labrador shore in general, has never been noticeable in the harbors we have visited. Many of them are very small, and in some it is necessary to lay quite close to the rocks, but yet we have had no trouble from the extremely deep water that we were told we should have to anchor in, nor yet from getting into harbors so small that it was hard to get out of them.

As a matter of fact, experience has taught the fishermen to use "tickles," as narrow passages are called, for harbors, that there may always be a windward and a leeward entrance. In a few cases where the harbor is too small to beat out of, and has no leeward entrance, we have found heavy ring bolts fastened into proper places in the cliffs, to which vessels can make their lines fast, and warp themselves into weatherly position from which a course can be laid out of the harbor.

Meanwhile we are again approaching the Ragged Island which we passed just as we were beginning that memorable Sunday evening sail, about fifteen miles from the place we so much dread, Webeck Harbor.

On them we found the only gravel bed we found in Labrador, and yet their name is due to the rough piled basaltic appearance rock, that proved on close examination to be much weathered sienite and granite. The harbor is an open place amid a cluster of rocky islets, and we found it literally packed with fishing vessels. Here an afternoon was spent making pictures and examining the geology of these interesting islands and here the adventure of the kyak, before referred to, took place.

Our fur trader thought he would take a paddle, but had not gone three lengths before he found that he was more expert in dealing with Eskimo furs than in handling Eskimo boats. He rolled over, was soon pulled alongside, and clearing himself from the kyak climbed aboard just as our gallant mate, his rescuer, rolled out of his dory into the water and took a swim on his own account. All hands were nearly exploded with laughter as he rolled himself neatly into the dory again and climbed aboard, remarking, "That's the way to climb into a dory without capsizing her," as he ruefully shook himself. We wanted to ask him if that was the only way to get out of a dory without turning her over, but we forebore.

The next morning as we got clear of the harbor, a trim looking schooner of our size was sighted just off Cape Harrison about ten miles ahead. The breeze freshening we gradually overhauled her, and finally, while beating into Hutton harbor, one of the most dangerous entrances on the coast, by the way, we passed her, and noticing her neat rig and appearance guessed rightly we had beaten the representatives of the Newfoundland law and the collector of her revenues from this coast.

Mr. Burgess, who combines in one unassuming personage the tax and customs collector, the magistrate and the commissioner of poor relief for Labrador, afterward told us that the "Bess" had been on the coast for thirteen years and had been outsailed for the first time. The next morning we again beat her badly

in working up to Indian Harbor, and only then would he acknowledge himself fairly beaten.

Saturday, the 22d of August, having yet three days before we were due at Rigolette to meet our Grand River party, we made memorable in the annals of the puffins and auks of the Heron Islands by spending three or four hours there and taking aboard three hundred and seventy-eight of them. Many more of them were killed but dropped into inaccessible places or into the water and could not be saved.

The sound of the fusilade from over twenty gunners must have resembled a small battle, but it did not drive the birds away, and as we left they seemed thicker than ever. Not only was the air alive with them, but as one walked along the cliffs they would dart swiftly out of holes in the rocks, or crevices, so the earth, too, seemed full of them. It was great sport for a time, but soon seemed too much like slaughter, and we would let the awkward puffins, with their foolish eyes and Roman noses, come blundering along within a few feet of our muzzles, and chose rather the graceful, swift motioned auks and guillemots, whose rapid flight made them for more sportsmanlike game.

The next day, though Sunday, had to be spent in taking care of the best specimens, and the game was not fully disposed of for several days. Our bill of fare was correspondingly improved for a few days.

Three days were consumed in beating up to Rigolette. At Indian Harbor we had heard rumors of the return of some party from Grand River on account of injuries received by one of the men, but the description applied best to the second party, and we decided it must refer to Bryant or Kenaston. Near Turner's Cove we found more rumors, but nothing definite enough to satisfy our growing anxiety, and at last, unable to bear the suspense any longer, three of the party took a boat and started to row the fifteen miles between us and Rigolette, while the vessel waited for a change of tide and a breeze.

Alternate hope and fear lent strength to our arms as we drove the light boat along, and soon we came in sight of the wharf. There we saw a ragged looking individual, smoking a very short

and black clay pipe with one arm in a sling, who seemed to recognize us, and waved his hat vigorously with his well arm. Soon we recognized Young and were pumping away at his well hand in our delight at finding his injuries no worse and that Cary and Cole were yet pushing on, determined to accomplish their object.

Young's hand had been in a critical state; the slight injury first received unconsciously, from exposure and lack of attention had caused a swelling of his hand and arm that was both extremely painful and dangerous, and which, the doctor said, would have caused the loss of the thumb, or possibly of the whole hand, had it gone uncared for much longer. Of course it was impossible to leave a man in such a condition, or to send him back alone, so Smith very regretfully volunteered to turn back—at a point where a few days more were expected to give a sight of the Falls, and when all thought the hardest work of the Grand River party had been accomplished — and accompany Young back to Rigolette.

It was a great sacrifice of Smith's personal desires, to be one of the re-discoverers of the falls, to the interests of the expedition, and it involved a great deal of hard work, for, after paddling and rowing all day, he had to build and break camp every night and morning, as Young's hand grew steadily worse and was all he could attend to.

At the mouth of the river, which was reached in shorter time than was expected, and without accident, Young obtained some relief from applications of spruce gum to his hand by Joe Michelini, a trapper and hunter, famous for his skill in all Labrador. North West River was reached the following day, and after a few days of rest for Smith, during which time Young's injury began to mend also under the influences of rest and shelter, they hired a small schooner boat to take them to Rigolette. On the passage they were struck by a squall in the night, nearly swamped, and compelled to cut the Rushton boat adrift in order to save themselves. The next day they searched the leeward shore of the lake in vain, and had to go on without her, arriving at Rigolette without further accident, and had been there

about a week when we arrived. The boat was picked up later, in a badly damaged condition, and given to the finder.

While Young outlined his experience we hunted up Smith, who had been making himself useful as a clerk to the factor at the post, Mr. Bell, and all went on board the Julia as soon as she arrived, to report and relieve in a measure the anxiety of the professor and the boys.

The day appointed for meeting the river party was the day on which we reached Rigolette, August 25th, and so a sharp lookout was kept for the two remaining members of the party, on whom, now, the failure or success of that part of the expedition rested. As they did not appear, we moved up to a cove near Eskimo Island, at the eastern end of Lake Melville, the following day, and there spent four days of anxious waiting, was Some dredging and geological work was done, and an attempt made to examine more carefully the remains of the Eskimo village before referred to on Eskimo Island, which some investigators had thought the remains of a Norse settlement. The turf was too tough to break through without a plow, and we had to give it up, doing just enough to satisfy ourselves that the remains were purely Eskimo.

All the work attempted was done in a half-hearted manner, for our thoughts were with Cary and Cole, and as the days went by and they did not appear, but were more and more overdue, our suspense became almost unbearable. Added to this was the thought that we could wait but a few days more at the longest, without running the danger of being imprisoned all winter, and for that we were poorly prepared.

The first day of September we moved back to Rigolette to get supplies and make preparations for our voyage home, as it was positively unsafe to remain any longer. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is an ugly place to cross at any time in September, for in that month the chances are rather against a small vessel's getting across safely.

It was decided that the expedition must start home on Wednesday, the 2nd, and that a relief party should be left for Cary and Cole. With heavy hearts the final preparations were made,

and many were the looks cast at the narrows where they would be seen, were they to heave in sight.

At last, about 3.30 p. m. Tuesday, the lookout yelled, "sail ho! in the narrows," and we all jumped for the rigging. They had come, almost at the last hour of our waiting, and with a feeling of relief such as we shall seldom again experience we welcomed them aboard and heard their story.

JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.

THE ASSEMBLY.

"Saddle up, lively, boys! Fall in!
From the Right, Count FOURS!
Prepare to Mount! MOUNT!
Fours Right! Column Forward! MARCH!"

The account of the recent glorious reunion in Houlton will be published in the July Call. This will complete the accounts of the reunions to the present time. In future we shall be compelled to publish the account of but one reunion a year, and thus will be at liberty to give the comrades a greater variety of reading. The present indications are that we shall have enough material to make each Call one which the comrades will dearly love to read and to keep. We certainly shall if the comrades will stand by us in the future as they have done in the past. So be preparing your stories of the service, stories of comrades since the war, genealogical sketches, your diaries during the war, — anything that will interest the comrades of the grand old regiment, — anything which the sons of the comrades will take pride in preserving. We want such sketches right away for the July Call, and the October Call, and lots of them for the January Call.

In the January Call, which the comrades have now thoroughly digested, was published a complete roll of the regiment, with the addresses of the surviving comrades so far as is known, and the time, place and manner of death of such as have come to our knowledge. This roll is now one of the nearest complete in existence, and alone tells the story of the regiment. But we are not satisfied with this. We want to make it still nearer complete, and have to call upon the com-

rades for assistance. As you read over the long, honorable roll, you find here and there the name of a comrade who has been finally mustered out, and there is no mention of this fact; of a comrade with whose whereabouts you are acquainted, but whose address is not on the roll. In all such cases sit down at once,—don't postpone it till to-morrow,—and write the fact to Gen. J. P. Cilley, Rockland, Me., and in the next January Call they will appear, and the roll will be so much the nearer complete. In this way it will not be long before the roll will be absolutely complete.

Commissary Bowman, in the sketch of his visit to Gettysburg last summer, published in this Call, calls attention to the fact that our regimental monument on that famous field is unguarded, and that hogs are wallowing in the earth at the base of the monument to such an extent that there is danger of the monument being undermined. He suggests that the monument should be protected by an iron fence, and the suggestion is a good one. It would be well for the comrades to go to the reunion at Washington, next September, prepared to take steps to have this improvement made, not only for the protection of the monument, but for its ornamentation.

We commence, with this Call, the publication of the genealogical sketches of the comrades, as was promised in the previous Call. These sketches will be of much interest, as they give in brief, the history of the comrades since the muster-out, while those which contain touches of the old days will prove interesting in another direction. We should like similar sketches of every comrade, and will have it if each comrade will do his duty in the matter. Then will the FIRST MAINE BUGLE be the greatest regimental publication in the world.

The July Call.

The Call for July will contain the fourth article from Major Henry C. Hall, in the series entitled "After Appomattox," and the comrades will all agree that this series of sketches grows more and more interesting.

It will also present the continuation of the "Bowdoin Boys in Labrador," who will take us up Grand River to the Grand Falls, will give the last outlook from the marked Bowdoin spruce in mid Labrador, and tell the story of the plucky return, after the loss of boat and most of their provisions, of two hardy explorers, who footed and floated over three hundred miles.

The Call for July will also contain an article entitled "Remarkable Story of the First Maine Cavalry," from the pen of George L. Kilmer, of the American Press Association; a sketch entitled "A Night with Mosby," by C. W. Wiles, of the Tenth New York Cavalry; and a sketch, "Beguiled by Chance," by a comrade of our regiment.

Capt. A. J. Burbank, of Co. G, was installed as Commander of George H. Thomas Post, No. 5, Department of Illinois, Grand Army of the Republic, in Chicago, on the evening of January 9th last, in presence of a large number of department officers and prominent comrades.

Whoever wishes to purchase a copy of the reports of the Adjutant General of Maine, 1861–1866, can procure a set, newly bound, by addressing Edward P. Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.

We have received from comrade William H. Luce, of Co. A, an account of his service in the famous Sixth Massachusetts Infantry, before our regiment was organized, including the march through Baltimore, where occurred the riot in which two members of that regiment were killed. This sketch will be published in the July Call.

We have a promise of an article from Capt. Monroe Daggett, on his experience in the infantry; also one on western life and Indian fighting in 1866 and 1867. Comrade Daggett is a bright and fascinating writer and we look forward to these contributions with pleasant anticipations.

Sons of the First of Maine.

It is hardly necessary to call the attention of the Sons of the First of Maine to the article in this Call by one of their

number, entitled "Bowdoin Boys in Labrador," for they have become so much interested in the previous articles that they are waiting, impatiently for this one. But we believe the comrades themselves will be quite as much interested as their sons.

The sons of the comrades who wish to be identified with the organization, "Sons of the First of Maine," are reminded that all that is necessary for that purpose is to send name and address, with the name and company of their fathers, to the secretary, Willis Tobie, No. 148 Broadway, Pawtucket, R. I., that the list may be made up. It is hoped that all will promptly comply with this requirement, that the young organization may make a good showing at the next reunion.

Edward P. Tobie, Jr., of Pawtucket, R. I., President of the Sons of the First of Maine, has accepted a position as Pawtucket correspondent and agent of the Providence *Evening News*, and is doing excellent work.

Jonathan P. Cilley, Jr., Vice President of the Sons of the First of Maine, graduated at Bowdoin College, 1891, ranking number four in his class, and is now at Harvard Law School.

Willis Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I., Secretary of the Sons of the First of Maine, observed his eighteenth birthday, March 21st, by a gathering of his young friends at his father's residence, and a nice, quiet, pleasant evening was the result. During the evening the young host was presented by his friends with a handsome ring, as a souvenir of the occasion and of the friends present.

Edward L. Dam, vice president of the Sons of the First of Maine for Co. F, passed a most successful examination before the commissioners of pharmacy in Maine, in New Hampshire and in Massachusetts, and is now with George C. Fry, and has the reputation of being one of the most skillful prescription clerks in Portland.

We shall be pleased to receive personal items of all kinds concerning the sons of the comrades, for publication in this department of the BUGLE. Boys, make it interesting for yourselves.

The sons of deceased comrades may render us efficient service, and do honor to the memory of their gallant fathers, by sending to us the fact and time of their death to assist in completing the roll, and also sending a sketch of their lives, for the genealogical record.

The *Army and Navy Journal* says: "The members of the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion, under the lead of Colonel John P. Nicholson, are pushing vigorously their project for the erection of a war library and museum in the city of Philadelphia. We question whether such a project could succeed anywhere else, but it does promise success in Philadelphia. The state of Pennsylvania has contributed $50,000 contingent upon the subscription of $100,000 additional, and half of this amount is already subscribed, and there seems to be no doubt as to the remainder." A First Maine Cavalry man, reading the above, remarked that if the First Maine Cavalry Association continue their publications each member of the old regiment will possess a war library and picture gallery of his own, and will each need an appropriation from the State for building to contain the same.

Relics from Camp Penobscot.

Sergt. Sidney W. Clark, of Co. A, residing at Masardis, has in his possession two invitations to promenade concerts and military balls given during the winter in Augusta. As these cannot fail to be of interest to the comrades, we reprint them here, only wishing the same old type and style of thirty years ago could be repeated:

Grand promenade concert and military ball, to be given by the officers of the First Maine Cavalry. Sir: Your presence, with ladies, is respectfully solicited at Meonian Hall, Monday evening, Dec. 16th, 1861. Committee of arrangements: Major C. S. Douglass, Major D. P. Stowell, Capt. B. H. Putnam, Capt. W. L. Whitney, Adj. B. F. Tucker, Lieut. C. Taylor, Lieut. J. C. Hill, Lieut. G. S. Kimball, Lieut. J. C. Stevens. Music by the Cavalry Band. Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock. The military expected to appear in full uniform. Tickets, including refreshments, $2.50; for sale at the Augusta House, Chisam & Cobb's, Patten & Austin's, and by members of the committee.

Grand Promenade Concert and Military Ball, to be given by the non-commissioned officers of the First Maine Cavalry. Your presence is respectfully solicited at Meonian Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 20th, 1861. Committee of

arrangements. Sergts. L. G. Estes, A. P. Russell, J. A. Fessenden, L. A. Coombs, Geo. Cowee, C. E. Smith, Chas. Bibber, L. B. Hill, C. A. Thoms. Music by Regimental and Quadrille Bands. Dancing to commence at 8 o'clock.

The Androscoggin Association.

The annual meeting and banquet of the First Maine Cavalry Association of Androscoggin county was held at G. A. R. hall in Auburn, Saturday, Feb. 27th, 1892. There was a large attendance of comrades and their ladies and the gathering was a happy event.

A fine banquet was provided and served by the ladies, after which there were speeches by Gen. Cilley, the brave and honored commander, President Milton F. Ricker and Comrades Besse, Moulton, Dresser, Coffin, Duston, Lowell and Little. The speeches had reference to army experiences, and were of keen interest. Gen. Cilley's presence was a surprise, and he received a warm welcome.

At the business meeting, Milton F. Ricker of Auburn, was elected president; W. G. Besse of Lewiston, vice president; Henry Little, Auburn, secretary and treasurer; B. P. Lowell, Lewiston, chaplain. The following resolutions on the death of Dr. W. S. Howe, an interested and honored member of the local association, were passed:

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to transfer from the ranks of his comrades here to join the ranks of those who have gone before, our beloved comrade and president, Dr. W. S. Howe,

Resolved, That this association mourns the loss of a brave soldier, a good citizen and a much loved comrade.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to his afflicted family our profound sympathy and condolence in their great bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this association, and that a copy be sent to the family of our late comrade; also that they be published in the daily *Journal*.

M. F. RICKER,
C. E. MOULTON,
J. H. COFFIN,
} *Committee on Resolutions.*

Gen. Cilley was a guest of Henry Little, at the Park House, Auburn, while in that city.

A Joyous Entertainment.

The First Maine Cavalry boys are as great a success when they start in for a social gathering as they were in putting the enemy to flight during the war. Friday evening, March 4th, the local members of the cavalry and their ladies were entertained by Mrs. Rolan Foster, at her home, No. 52 School street, Auburn. Mrs.

Foster was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Charles E. Moulton. The house was handsomely decorated with flags and flowers. Outside there were many Chinese lutterns, and inside every room was illuminated. The decoration included eighty-three flags beside a liberal amount of bunting. The cavalry color was displayed in every possible place, even to a huge yellow tie of ribbon on the dog's neck. The evening was passed socially. About forty comrades and their ladies were there. Refreshments were served and games of various kinds were indulged in. Just before leaving for home the party sang "America." Piano solos were rendered during the evening by Miss Dana Thompson and Master Foster. Mrs. Foster's hospitality was greatly appreciated.

Annual Meeting Massachusetts Branch.

The annual reunion and banquet of the Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Cavalry Association was held in the Crawford House, Boston, March 30th, and was one of the pleasantest in the history of the organization. The first comrade to arrive was, naturally, the one who went the greatest distance, viz: Gen. J. P. Cilley; but before he had found his way among the bewildering corridors of the Crawford House to the room assigned for the meeting, he was overtaken by a comrade from the little State of Rhode Island. He was quickly followed by Major Henry C. Hall, of Woburn, now a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and they then had quite a little reunion all to themselves, for a while. But there was more business than story telling in their conversation, and ere long the comrades began to gather, until the room was full. The business meeting was called together by the president, Major Hall, and officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows:

President—Maj. Henry C. Hall.

Vice Presidents—Lieut. George F. Jewett, Joseph R. Curtis.

Treasurer—Col. Albion C. Drinkwater.

Secretary—Charles A. F. Emery.

Executive Committee—Gilbert N. Harris, Patrick F. Sheridan, Albert Edgecomb.

Maj. Hall objected to being re-elected, and as argument seemed to have no effect upon

him, the matter was taken out of his hands entirely by Lieut. Jewett, who put the motion and declared Maj. Hall the unanimous choice. Then he was forced to submit. Business over, the comrades and their ladies proceeded to the banquet hall, and found places at the tables, Maj. Hall presiding. At the tables were the following:

Gen. J. P. Cilley, Mr. J. P. Cilley, Jr., Lieut. E. P. Tobie, Mr. C. A. T. Emery, Lieut. and Mrs. G. F. Jewett, Lieut. H. S. Libbey, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Harris, Col. and Mrs. A. C. Drinkwater, U. R. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Pulsifer, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Thompson, Mrs. Frank P. Davis, Mr. P. F. Shevlin, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Gage, Mr. and Mrs. A. Edgecomb, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ordway, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. French, Mr. C. A. North, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Phillips, Mr. C. O. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pierce, Mrs. A. D. Morse, Mr. J. M. Perkins, Mr. B. T. Gorham.

Lieut. Jewett invoked Divine blessing, and then, without orders (Maj. Hall evidently reasoning from the past that the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry would eat if they could get anything to eat, with or without orders) the company made an attack on the edibles set before them. And from all along the table were heard the sounds of enjoyment — not the enjoyment of mere eating good things, but the better enjoyment of comradely conversation, mingled with the old memories and the old stories. Bye and bye Maj. Hall called to order and introduced Gen. Cilley to make some remarks. And there came out in Maj. Hall's introduction a little incident which is worthy to go on record in the pages of the BUGLE. It seems that during the day Gen. Cilley called upon Maj. Hall at the State House. While there the major was obliged to leave the general for a few moments, in the line of his public duties, and while away from him he happened to meet a one-armed messenger of the State House. He inquired of the messenger, "Where did you lose your arm?" "I lost that arm at Gravelly Run, twenty-seven years ago to-morrow," was the reply. This startled the major as he realized that what the messenger called the fight of Gravelly Run was really the first day of Five Forks, and is down on our battle flags as "Dinwiddie." "Were you in the cavalry?" inquired the major. "No;" was the reply, "not then; but I was in the

First Vermont Cavalry earlier war." "I was in the First Maine Cavalry," said the major, no doubt with conscious pride. "Ah!" replied the messenger, "I remember that regiment; it was with us in Banks' retreat in the Valley, in 1862; I remember a little major in that regiment who was struck by a shell in the shoulder at Middletown—the first man I ever saw wounded. I have often wondered what became of that major." "Come with me, and I will show him to you," said Major Hall, and in a few moments Gen. Cilley was having a brisk and interesting conversation with a man who had seen him but once before, and that thirty years ago, but who had seen him under such circumstances that though he did not even know his name he had remembered him all these years. But to the remarks of Gen. Cilley at this banquet, which were as follows:

Mr. President, Comrades and Ladies:—I would like to say a few words concerning our association. Much might be expected from the surviving members of a regiment whose record stands preeminent among the cavalry organizations of the land, but I am advised that an examination of our organization since the memorable day at Appomattox will reveal some interesting facts. In the first place our written articles of association are the flimsiest ever framed. The sole object is a yearly reunion, yet all the association does is to select the place, then by unanimous consent the committee of such place become a committee to determine when and how to entertain the members and make the reunion a pleasure and a success. Such vaguely formed committees have at times rent the association into "old" and again have shouldered the whole expense themselves, and the association has been almost as good natured in one case as in the other. Secondly, the high literary and historic qualities of our reunions are shown by a host of original poems, bright and artistic, by careful essays and witty stories, by numerous personal incidents of service, and by addresses from many of the ablest orators and statesmen of the land, all of which have been preserved and year after year printed in the reunion pamphlets of the association, making up to the present time, two substantial volumes. Thirdly, it has brought out the most expensive and most complete regimental history ever published, which to every member of the regiment is as fascinating as it is complete. Within its covers are placed three hundred and seven portraits, steel engravings of comrades and pictures of places, these portraits being the best of their kind. Fourthly, it has supplemented the yearly record of the reunion proceedings by a quarterly of some one hundred pages, which embodies all that could be desired in such a publication and grows in interest with each recurring issue. Its sole aim is to keep fresh the memories of the gallant service of the regiment and to make comrades mutually acquainted with each other. This object is most happily attained and the general response of the comrades is, "I am content to improvement." It has commenced the solid and enduring work of presenting the gener-

logical history of the members of the association, and opens its columns to articles and communications from our allied organizations. Lastly, it has attained these successes by an amount of work and an expenditure of money that is as large as the results are happy. Measure if you can the work expended in obtaining the material for the history and especially the facts necessary to present the exhaustive roster of our regiment, or the effort required to secure the numerous pictures. The work cannot be measured, but the figures can be counted, and here they are:

Money raised and expended by the First Maine Cavalry Association: 1872, first reunion, estimated, $200; 1873, second reunion, estimated, $100; 1874, third reunion, actual, $288.75; 1875, fourth reunion, actual, $215.21; 1876, fifth reunion, actual, $77.50; 1877, sixth reunion, actual, $87; 1878, seventh reunion, actual, $258.01; 1879, eighth reunion, actual, $546.72; 1880, ninth reunion, actual, $323.76; 1881, tenth reunion, actual, $124.64; 1882, eleventh reunion, actual, $363.68; 1883, twelfth reunion, actual, $210.09; 1884, thirteenth reunion, actual, $93.35; 1885, fourteenth reunion, actual, $130.75; 1886, fifteenth reunion, actual, $64.75; 1887, sixteenth reunion, actual, $243.75; 1888, seventeenth reunion, actual, [illegible]; 1889, eighteenth reunion, actual, $110.80; 1890, nineteenth reunion, actual, $237.47; 1891, twentieth reunion, estimated, $129.22; total reunions and pamphlets, $5000. Bugle: Call 1, $154.05; Call 2, $95; Call 3, $175.37; Call 4, $98.00; Call 5, $127.50; Call 6, $120; Call 7, $[illegible]; total for Bugles, $[illegible]. History: printing, $1,081.93; binding, $1,077.50; pictures in history, $2,042.50; total for history, $5,401.33. Gettysburg monument, $250; [illegible] pictures, $12[illegible]; badges, $557.50; grand total, $12,272.99.

Having presented these financial facts, Gen. Cilley then related the following story, entitled:

GEN. CILLEY'S MULE.

In December, 1864, Billy McFarland informed me that he wanted a darkey to aid him in taking care of the horses. I said he might have one whenever he could capture a suitable one. The first day out on the Bellefield raid, December 12th, 1864, while the regiment halted to destroy a culvert, Billy made a circuit of the surrounding country, and in a short time returned, leading a diminutive mule by a halter made of hay; that is, a twisted strand of hay. On the mule was seated a darkey of large size, dressed, externally at least, with thin cotton garments. The entire command broke out in laughter long and loud, as Billy, with apparent pride, led his incongruous capture into headquarters. (Hist. p. 371.) The mule by contrast looked exceedingly small. His hide was rough and his ribs could be counted between the matted hair. The darkey was a finely proportioned fellow and developed quite a gift for taking care of the horses, but apparently claimed the mule as his own. This animal soon covered his ribs with plump, well rounded sides, and his hair became silky and of a very pleasing color. In fact, he became a little beauty, and seemed to enjoy the tributes of praise frequently given him. He was a mule that dearly loved a joke. At times when the darkey, Isaac, was grooming him he would quietly wait until Isaac's back was turned to him and in a good position, when he would playfully raise one of his pretty feet and place it so adroitly on Isaac's exposed rear that the astonished darkey would fly through the air for a rod or so. Isaac was quick tempered, and would generally grab a board or rail and lay it soundly on the

mule's left flank, whereupon the mule would lay his ears back and laugh out loud, as though he could not help it.

I forgot to say that Isaac, at the time of the capture, was soon to have been married; that the Christmas near at hand, was the time for the happy consummation. He, however, seemed reconciled to remain at headquarters as he and his old master were not good friends—the master has threatened to sell him and send him south. After Lee's surrender, Isaac, feeling himself a free man and that his old master could not now dispose of him at will, expressed a wish to visit the plantation and see his lady love. Thinking that the event appointed for Christmas would take place on his presenting himself, I purchased a full suit of army blue, and Isaac with his six feet of stature, erect and well proportioned, filled the uniform to perfection. I gave him some money besides, and sent him on his journey to his old home a happy and well-dressed man. In about a week's time he was back at headquarters. A little surprised, I asked him how he found his old master and what he said to him. He replied, "I went to my old place and entered the house as usual; my old master, a little hard of hearing and dim of sight, sat in his wood chair smoking his corncob pipe. I thought I would not call him master, as I was now a free man, so I said very politely, 'Mr. Randolph, I have called to see you and hope you are well'; partly looking up he said, 'Glad to see you colonel; have a chair;" then looking squarely at me he paused surprised for a few minutes, his eyes roaming over me from head to foot, and then he said, 'Isaac, you just get out of here right smart or I will have that blue coat of yours off your back and give you a whipping whose marks will remain much longer than they did when I whipped you last November.' "Did you see Dinah?" I asked, "and what about her?" "Yes," said he, slowly, "I saw Dinah, and without speaking she looked at my shoes, my shoestrings, then her eyes ran along my trousers to my blue coat and brass buttons, and up to my carefully brushed hair, then down to the cap in my hand and across to my two hands in white gloves, and said, 'Is that you, Isaac?' I replied, 'It am, and I have come down here to marry you as we promised.' At this she commenced to cry and after crying a long time and allowing me to quiet her by holding her in my arms, she said, 'Do you remember that garment I told you I was working on?' I said yes. 'Well,' said she slowly, 'after you left me so suddenly I worked on that white garment more constantly than ever before and cried over it a good deal. I made it much nicer and prettier than I ever thought it could be made—and after I got it all made I felt so disconsolate and lonely, I felt so bad that no fellow could see me in that garment that I went and married broken-fingered Sam New Year's Eve. I am so sorry now, Isaac, that I did not know what to do.'"

But I have forgotten all about the mule. He had the prettiest dappled coat that any mule ever did possess. His eyes had a soft, showy expression with a laugh in them, his long ears pointed up into the air like the plumes and feathers on a woman's bonnet, making his Websterian head appear as adorned by two bouquets. It was a pleasure to ride him, he carried one so easily. I did not like to ride him in public or when moving with the regiment. As we were three days on picket and six off, which six days were well taken up by reconnoissences, marches and parades, I found little time to exercise him other than as a pack mule. But every chance I could get off alone on rye or wood paths, I used to gallop

him away from the sight of men and care and responsibility, and he apparently would enjoy it as much as myself. Every once in a while, and as often as he desired, he had a way of stopping and throwing up his back, sending me into the air above his head. I can remember very distinctly how my dander would rise as I was ascending through the air and how my temper would get hot the nearer I approached the sun, and how it would gradually cool and I would descend to the earth again very calmly, landing on my feet a rod or so ahead of the mule, look back to him and see him smile and his ears shake with laughter to their very tips. When I would approach him he would wait my coming and put his head so lovingly toward me that I was almost tempted to kiss his wide cheek for the womanly qualities so clearly exhibited.

Col. Albion C. Drinkwater was then called upon and spoke briefly, expressing his pleasure at being present and meeting the comrades once more.

Lieut. Edward P. Tobie was then called upon. He first told a story that never was before told publicly, concerning the famous temperance pledge of the early history of the regiment, and then made an earnest plea to the comrades to help the BUGLE by sending their contributions. "Send something," said he, "if it is only 'How are you, comrades?' with your name attached to it. You don't know how that simple message may thrill the heart of some one whom you have not seen nor heard from for years, and who has been hungering to hear from you and long, wondering whether you are still living or whether you, too, have been mustered out. Send some little sketch of your own experience—it will wake the memories in other comrades, and they in turn will thrill you with memories of long forgotten incidents. There isn't one here present who can not write a sketch that will interest all the comrades and be of special interest to some of them. Write it in your own way—don't try to make a finely written thing of it—don't try any fine writing—that would spoil it—but write it just as you would tell it; then shall the comrades, as they read it recognize that it is yours because 'it sounds just like him,' and as they see you in their mind's eye, they will fancy for the moment that they can almost see you again. Send something. We are going to have the BUGLE full of matter every Call. We can do it but we want you to help, that we may have greater variety, and make it much more interesting."

Remarks full of interest were made by Comrades Chas. E. Jacks, Thomas B. Pulsifer, John M. Perkins and Patrick F. Shevlin, the latter telling some excellent stories in his own inimitable way, which pleased all, and which he has agreed to write out for the BUGLE. His account of meeting with an old schoolmate, who enlisted before he did, and whom he had promised to meet in the field, was touching indeed.

Jonathan P. Cilley, Jr., son of the general, and author of "Bowdoin Boys in Labrador," made some very interesting remarks, touching briefly upon his experience and that of his fellows while on the exploring expedition in the far north last summer, and showing that the sons of the men of Maine are worthy descendants of their fathers, where skill, ability, pluck and endurance are required.

After the exercises were concluded, while the comrades were separating, Lieut. Jewett told a story about Gen. Grant on the morning of Lee's surrender, which gives a fine flavor of the great general's character — a story never before made public, and which the lieutenant promises to write out for some future Call of the BUGLE.

It was noticed that there was absent from this gathering one who, though not a comrade of this regiment, was yet a comrade, and whose voice was listened to with pleasure at the previous annual meeting — Col. Charles F. King, of the First, Tenth, and Twenty-Ninth Maine Infantry. On inquiry it was learned that Col. King died last January, after an illness of five days, of pneumonia, at his home in Somerville. The following, from the Somerville *Journal* of January 23d, will be of interest:

The sudden death of Colonel King is most sincerely mourned. He had countless friends, and the attendance at his funeral Thursday showed how his memory is respected among them. Only the Sunday before he died, Colonel King attended the funeral of Comrade Lawrence at Winter Hill, and when an associate said to him: "I wonder who of us will be the next to go?" he answered: "Well, after all, what does it matter so long as we are well prepared." Colonel King's life was that of an honorable Christian gentleman, and those who knew him intimately knew that he was always ready for the summons that must come to all. His kindness of heart, his open frankness, and his many lovable traits of character made him beloved, as he was respected, by all who knew him.

The members of his family have the sincerest sympathy of countless friends in the loss that they and all who knew him have sustained.

Death of General J. I. Gregg.

General John I. Gregg, who achieved distinction during the war as colonel of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, died at his residence in Washington, D. C., January 6th, 1892. Colonel and Brevet Brigadier and Major General John Irvin Gregg was born July 26th, 1826, at Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania. He was a son of Andrew Gregg, an iron manufacturer, who once sat in the Senate of his state, and a grandson of the famous Andrew Gregg who was prominent in the early history of this country, and was a member of United States Senate from Pennsylvania in the early part of the century. General Gregg received a sound education in the academy of his native place, and in 1846, when only twenty years old, volunteered as a private in the war with Mexico. He was promoted to captain, and served with honor until his regiment was mustered out of service at the close of the war. Returning to Centre County, he engaged in the iron business. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was made captain and colonel of the Fifth Reserves. Shortly afterwards he was appointed captain of the Sixth United States Cavalry, one of the new regiments formed by President Lincoln. He served throughout the war and received the brevets of major, lieutenant colonel, colonel and brigadier general in the regular army, for gallantry in action in the battles of Kelley's Ford, Middleburg, Shepherdstown, Wilderness, Sulphur Springs, St. Mary's Church, Deep Bottom, Stony Creek Station, and Hatcher's Run. After the war he was inspector general of freedmen in Louisiana, and under the reestablishment of July 28th, 1866, became colonel of the Eighth United States Cavalry. He was with his regiment on the Pacific coast till retired for disability incurred in the line of duty, April 2d, 1879. Since this time he had resided in Washington. He was a man of martial stature, being 6 feet 4 inches in height. He was a cousin of David McMurtrie Gregg, the recently elected Auditor General of Pennsyl-

vania. The following official report made by Gen. Gregg may be of interest in bringing to memory our service under his command:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,
SECOND DIV. CAV. CORPS,
July 6, '64.

CAPT. H. C. WEIR, A. A. GEN., *Sir*:—I have the honor to submit the following brief report of the operations of this brigade since April 29, 1864, to the present date:

April 29th, marched from Turkey Run to Paoli Mills. May 3rd, marched to Richardsville; 4th, crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford and marched via Chancellorsville to Aldrich; 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, engaged with the enemy at Todd's Tavern; 9th, marched to North Anna River; 10th, crossed South Anna River; 11th, engaged with the enemy from Ground Squirrel Church to Yellow Tavern; 12th, engaged all day with the enemy near Brook Church inside the Rebel fortifications of Richmond; 13th, marched to Bottom's Bridge on the Chickahominy; 14th, marched to Haxall's on the James River; 15th, 16th, and 17th, in camp; 18th, marched to Baltimore Cross Roads; 19th, in camp; 20th, marched to Cold Harbor; 22nd, marched to White House; 23rd, 24th and 25th, marched to Chesterfield Station; 26th, marched to Hanover Ferry; 27th, crossed the Pamunky; 28th, engaged with the enemy all day at Hawes' Shop; 29th and 30th, in camp; 31st, marched to White House and reported to Maj. Gen. Smith; June 1st, marched to Prospect Church; 2nd, made reconnoissance to Sumner's Upper Bridge on the Chickahominy, engaged all day with the enemy; 3rd, 4th and 5th, in camp at Bottom's Bridge; 6th, marched to New Castle Ferry on the Pamunky; 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, marched to Trevillian Station on Virginia Central Railroad; 11th, engaged all day with the enemy; 12th, in camp at Trevillian Station; 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th, marched to King and Queen Court House; 19th, marched to Dunkirk; 20th, marched to White House; 21st, engaged all day with the enemy near Tunstall's station on the Richmond and York River Railroad; 22nd, in camp on Mason's farm; 23rd, marched to Jones' Bridge on the Chickahominy; 24th, marched to St. Mary's Church and fought hard all day with the entire cavalry force of the enemy; 25th, marched to Wilcox's farm and camped; 26th and 27th, in camp; 28th, crossed James River and encamped near Fort Powhatan; 29th, marched to Prince George Court House; 30th, marched to Warwick Swamp; July 1st, marched to Prentis's House on Jerusalem Plank Road and made reconnoissance to Nottoway River in search of Brig. Gen. Wilson's command; 2nd, marched to Prince George Court House and encamped; 3rd, in camp; 4th, changed camp to Jordan's Point on the James River; 5th and 6th, in camp.

The entire distance marched by this brigade during the operations of the past two months is over 700 miles, independent of the distance traveled in looking after forage and in going and returning from picket duty and in scouting. This brigade has participated in eleven battles and has lost heavily in killed and wounded.

I cannot speak in terms that would be exaggerated of the conduct of the officers and men in this command; the unflinching, cowardly displayed under fire, and the cheerfulness with which every toil and privation was endured and submitted to, entitle this command to be ranked among the best soldiers in this or any other army.

I have to regret the loss of several valuable officers killed in action and since died of wounds whose names deserve to

be written high upon the scroll of fame.

To the officers of my staff, Capt. H. M. Hughes, A. I. Gen.; Lieu't Jno. B. Maitland, A. A. Gen.; Lieu't R. J. Phipps, A. Ord. Officer; Lieu't Matteson and Cutler, A. A. D. C., and Lieu't Heald, Pro. Marshall, I am indebted for valuable services, and I desire to bear testimony to their gallantry under trying circumstances, and I earnestly recommend Lieu't Jno. B. Maitland for promotion to rank of captain in the department of the service in which he has been acting since February, 1864.

The following are the names of officers killed in action:

Chaplain Geo. W. Bartlett, 1st Maine Cav.; Capt. O. A. Ellis, 1st Maine Cav.; Capt. W. W. Phillips, 1st Maine Cav.; Lt. Col. S. Boothby, 1st Maine Cav.; Lieu't Wm. Harris, 1st Maine Cav.; Lieu't F. J. Dugan, 2nd Penn'a Cav.; Col. Geo. H. Covode, 4th Penn'a Cav.; Lieu't F. W. Bowen, 4th Penn'a Cav.; Capt. Jno. Kline, 13th Penn'a Cav. Officers killed, 9; enlisted men killed, 58; officers wounded, 22; enlisted men wounded, 348; officers missing, 15; enlisted men missing, 170. Total losses, 620. I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. IRVIN GREGG,

Colonel Commanding Brigade.

Lieuts. Cutler and Heald were of our own regiment, and it will be seen that of the nine officers killed five were our own comrades in the First Maine Cavalry.

Anticipations.

The comrades, one and all, will be pleased to learn that Major Sidney W. Thaxter is to prepare an article on "Stonewall Jackson" for the BUGLE, and they will look for it anxiously.

Comrade Sidney W. Clark has also promised to furnish the BUGLE with sketches of his service and of the movements of Co. A. The more the merrier.

Revere House.

Our Association enjoyed the hospitalities of this hotel in 1889, and Landlord Merrow will be glad to welcome any of the comrades who will make themselves known to him as members of the old regiment.

Maine Benefit Association.

Comrade Milton F. Ricker is the manager of this company and their good success attests the quality of his work.

Sign Painting.

Bugler Charles F. Dam, who was one of the Councilmen of Portland last year, has a very large contract with Brown & Josselyn of that city, to paint signs advertising the Washburn Crosby flour. Comrades as they see these signs in different parts of the State will please recognize the handiwork of our comrade of Co. F.

Our Introduction.

In reply to a request for an introduction to this Call, Gen. Gilley replied "It is its own best introduction. Its pages have become familiar and endeared to all the comrades of the old regiment. Its increased size is evidence of more prompt and satisfactory financial replies from members of the association. It now contains nearly as many pages as a number of the *North American Review*, and actually more reading matter. It is the wonder of other regimental associations, and bids fair, in its way, to be as great a success in a financial and literary point of view as the history of our regiment, and in addition to all this there is one result attained that is worth more than all the cost of both history and the BUGLE — the joy and inspiration awakened in so many comrades' lives by the interchange of the simple, kindly letters printed as echoes. Read the letter of Capt. Wm. S. Howe in the July Call and reflect. Read the letter of James D. Card of Eastern Maine in the October Call and the awakened reply of John P. Perry of the western part of New England, printed in this issue, and realize that the BUGLE has brought these two comrades together, who have not seen each other since the war closed, and who may never meet face to face. See how the letters from Walter Sylvester of the Soldiers' National Home, Leavenworth, Kan., have interested Joseph T. Darling of Malaga, Cal.

Similar incidences are almost innumerable and they are just as happy as they are abundant."

BUGLE ECHOES.

Hark! through the quiet evening air their song
Floats forth with wild, sweet rhythm and glad refrain.
They sing the conquest of the spirit strong,
The soul that wrests the victory from pain.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

MAINELAND, Nebraska, April 12th, 1886.

FRIEND M. B. COOK:—Your letter received asking the question, "Where are you?" I am still in the land of the living, located in Nebraska, Cass Co., thirty-five miles from Omaha in a southwest course. Maineland is my post-office and I am the postmaster. This is a farming community and I am a farmer myself, raising stock and grain. I left Maine soon after my discharge and went to Iowa; staid there three years and then came to Nebraska, where I have been ever since. I went back east three years ago and made a visit. It don't seem twenty-three years since I last saw you, but it is so nevertheless, and a great change has taken place in that time. Many of our old comrades have gone to their long and silent home. My hair is quite gray and I begin to realize that I am an old veteran in word as well as deed. Now about my family. I have been married nineteen years and have five children, three boys and two girls, quite good specimens. How is that? Can you beat it? I have thought about you, thousands of times and wondered where you were and what you were up to. I have seen one of our old Company B men since the war close!

Yours truly,
S. M. HOPPEN.

[Hist. p. 487.]

PORTLAND, Maine, Nov. 22d, 1891.

DEAR GEN.:—William H. Richards, [His. p. 521, pic. p. 32, call 7] was a playmate of my youth. We were boys of twelve years of age together and grew up together next door neighbors.

He was first in the Twenty-fifth Maine, Company H. He had a brother, Calvin D., a little older than myself. (I was a little older than William.) He was out in the Thirty-third Massachusetts, a corporal—do not know what company. He was shot soon after he went out and sent home.

He had another older brother that used to be a member of one of the militia companies of Boston before the war—Boston Light Infantry, I think. I think he was a lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment. His name was Charles T. Am not certain as to the middle letter.

He was connected with the *Boston Journal* for years—a printer by trade. They have a sister in South Boston, a Mrs. Warner, living on Broadway. There was a younger brother, Jesse, who is now dead; and still a younger one, Frank, who, I think is also dead. The mother is dead; her name was Eliza. Their father I am told is alive yet; his name is Thomas T., I think. He is a painter by trade. William H. was in Company M., First District Columbia Cav-

Abe, and I was in Company L. William died in some rebel prison, whether it was Andersonville or Salisbury, I cannot say; but it was one or the other.

He was captured before the transfer. John Jones (Hist. p. 535) the man I enlisted with, also died in prison. I think he was captured in the Wilson raid. I think Richards was captured at Sycamore Church but won't be sure. His battalion was stationed at Cox Mills and in falling back to Sycamore church, were nearly all captured.

A. D. Newbold, (Hist. p. 493,) was a tentmate of mine in the District Columbia Cavalry for a while. The last I heard of him he was connected with the *Inter-Ocean*, a paper published in Chicago, Ill. Think he is there now. There were two tentmates whom I had when we were at Bermuda Hundred in the bee works, named, Hanson Hutchins, (Hist. p. 530) and Marcellus Hoben, (Hist. p. 530.) They lived in the vicinity of Bangor somewhere. I have never seen or heard of them since the war, although I have been in Bangor considerable. (Hutchins lives in Penn.—Ed.)

Thomas L. Harris, (Hist. p. 535), also a tentmate of mine in the District Columbia Cavalry, died in Panama after the war.

Yours very respectfully,

JAS. H. MERRILL.

TECUMSEH, Neb., Dec. 4th, 1891.

I received last BUGLE and wished so much that I could have been at the reunion at Houlton. I shall never forget our reunion at Boston where I met so many of my old comrades of Co. A. whom I had not seen since we were mustered out. How the boys had changed. We hardly knew each other. It did me lots of good to grasp them by the hand once more and talk over our army life. I felt doubly repaid for the long distance I traveled and the expense I had incurred to attend the reunion. I hope to meet a good number of boys in Washington next year. In the BUGLE I have read a number of comrades' recollections of Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville. I enjoy reading them. It calls up many things that came under my observation. I remember after the fight at Aldie I was detailed with others to bury the dead. We had to take these bodies into the valley from the hills to bury them. We used a two-wheeled cart. I think some of the boys will remember it. In the Middleburg fight in our charges and countercharges I stopped to help a wounded comrade who was very badly wounded in the face and hip. He said I could do him no good but gave me his diary, watch and pocket book to give his captain. About that time the rebels were right on me and I had to "get up and dust." I reported to captain and turned the things over to him. We then charged the rebels back. I went with one of his company and we found him alive. He was taken back to hospital and got well. I have forgotten his name or to what company he belonged. I hope if he sees this he will write me or to the BUGLE.

Upperville! I have a silver cup to remember that fight from Col. Evans, of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, who charged our regiment having half of his men killed and the rest taken prisoners. He was at the head of his regiment and as he came up to ours he struck one of Company M's men over the head with a sabre and about the same time fell mortally wounded. I got the cup and some other things. On the cup was engraved the name of "Lizzie Johnson." I now have and greatly prize the cup.

I hope to hear more from Co. A. in the BUGLE and hope the boys will open up with those sixteen shooters, for I know there was no company did more hard fighting than ours.

Yours fraternally,

EDWARD P. WORCESTER.

[Hist. p. 478.]

SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 2d, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL:—I was somewhat disappointed when reading the 1st BUGLE, in your report of the members whom you met at Detroit, for you took my name and address. I was also at Fort Wayne at Gen. Smith's reception. I saw you for the first time since I saw you get wounded at Middleton. I am commander of the Grand Army of the Republic Post here and had my Post in line when you were marching by. You halted in front of us and I got into your ranks and saw you and Frank Bickford. I know you were busy while in Detroit, so much to see to that you could not remember everything. I hope meet you in Washington.

I prize the badge very much and the History and the BUGLE. I think every regiment ought to have a history. I would give almost anything to have a history of my lost regiment, the Thirty-First Maine. I was with that regiment every day from its organization until it was mustered out, except three months that I was laid up with a wound received at Cold Harbor in June, 1864.

I am doing well and have two smart boys, one twelve years of age and the other seven. My health is good.

Yours in F. C. & L.

L. W. LYON.

[Hist. p. 587.]

NEWPORT, Vt., Dec. 15th, 1891.

COMRADE CILLEY:—In answer to yours of late, concerning W. H. H. Goding, he and I enlisted at the same time with the same officer, and were mustered at the same time. He is about six months younger than I. His father and mine were some relation and we were schoolmates.

We were enrolled on the first day of March 1862 and I was discharged the 21st day of May, 1862, by reason of disability, at Washington, D. C., from Company L, First Maine Cavalry. My name is not in the History and I desire it corrected. HARRISON GOULSON.

[Name added to January Roll Call, 1892.]

NEILLSVILLE, Wis., Dec. 29, 1891.

DEAR COMRADE TOBIE:—I did not know that there was an association of the grand old regiment until the reunion at Milwaukee. Since then I have got regular copies of the BUGLE and the History. I remember you well by sight. I have read the History from A to Izzard and I will assure you I would not part with it for its weight in gold. By some mistake in the History they have me as from Anson when it ought to be Clinton. I have shown my history to a good many old veterans and they all say that it is the best thing they have seen about the war, and I feel very proud of it: and let me say, God bless you, Comrade Tobie, for your part and all connected in getting it up. With much love to you and the old veterans of First Maine I will close. I may write something to put in the BUGLE in the future. I know but one of the old boys in this State—that is Wm. H. Lace, of Rice Lake, Wis. I think he is well and prospering.

Respectfully your comrade,

JAMES W. HARIMAN, Co. E.

[Hist. p. 631.]

MALVERN, Cal., Jan. 5th, 1892.

DEAR COMRADE:—You must excuse the delay. I will send some money soon for the BUGLE, which I am so glad to get. I have a picture of myself, taken just before I enlisted, and one that I had taken two months ago, that I want to go in the BUGLE as soon as I am able to do it. This will not be long now as my vineyard is coming along fast now. I expect quite a crop this year. Give my

regards to any of the boys you see. I think they will all remember "Joe, the caterer." I tell you we are all getting old and will soon pass beyond the need of any pensions. We did the country good service and the old soldiers should be remembered by the coming generation. It makes me feel sad to see so much opposition in the papers to giving the old soldiers pensions. Perhaps I shall be able to meet some of you in Washington next year.

Truly yours,

JOSEPH F. DARLING.

[Hist. p. 848.]

SPRINGFIELD, Me., Jan. 6, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:—Orrin L. Goodwin passed away September 27th, 1889. I thought I would answer your letter and say that he had a young veteran who would like to have the BUGLE sent to him. MRS. ORRIN L. GOODWIN.

[Hist. p. 885.]

ST. MARIES, KOOTENAI CO., Idaho,
January 16th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:—Enclosed find the prerequisite dollar for the BUGLE. I am looking anxiously for this month's Call. Since my last letter to you I have been to Spokane and found Capt. Boyd. I was pleased indeed to meet him. I visited with him two days. He is in a better state of health and looks younger than I expected to find him; is but little gray and is just about as lively on foot as from '61 to '65. If occasion required he would still be fit for service, say as a *substitute* for a colonel of cavalry. Oh, yes, he'd do for a little job like that; probably very few now that would be better. He is in the lumber business and doing finely. As regards his family, I would feel a little more at liberty to write my views of all of them if I lived farther away, but you see they read the BUGLE, and I notice that you have quite a habit of giving your letters from the old boys to the editor of the BUGLE, and as I sometimes go to Spokane, and hereafter shall always call on the young men, (Capt. Boyd, I mean,) I don't dare to be too personal in my remarks. But suffice it to say that he is proud of his family, and so should I be if I had such a pair of daughters (15 and 17 years respectively,) as he has. His wife looks quite young, excepting a little gray, enjoys good health, and has a remarkably happy faculty of making the world pleasant for her friends. I found her so, at least. She is a sister to Lem. Merriam of our first band, who also lives in Spokane. The captain has one son and one daughter married, and two daughters and one son—the youngest—at home. His oldest son is in business with him, and is a very business-like gentleman. Capt. Boyd will be in the Rocky Mountain squad, at our reunion at Chicago in '93. I also met Elias Vose of Co. D in Spokane. He has a nice family and lives in fine style. He was shot through the right lung at Shepardstown, Va., July 16, 1863, and still doesn't look to be over 35 years of age. Yours in F., C. and L.,

MOSHER DARLING.

[Hist. pp. 525, 561, 603, 613, 681, 685, 697; Ind. pp. 431, 448.]

January 24th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:—I am the daughter of Gustavus McClure. He was born November 2, 1841, at Bangor. My mother was Julia A. Patterson. She was born May 16, 1853. They were married May 26, 1880. I was born December 2, 1883, at Beaver Falls, Minn., and now live in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. My papa was a good soldier. He died May 17, 1890. I like the BUGLE, because I know papa would have enjoyed reading about his comrades and telling me about his life as a soldier.

BESSIE MCCLURE, aged eight years.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 30th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear Sir and Comrade,—Your favor of 25th inst. duly received, and in reply I would say that I was informed by Maj. Maitland several years since of the history of your noble regiment and procured a copy of the same at once. It is a history you may well feel proud of; not only you and your comrades, but *all* who formed the old Second Brigade, Second Division Cavalry Corps. I have read and re-read this very interesting work and very often use same as a reference book in looking up matters pertaining to my own regiment, for to a certain extent, your history is ours. Ours is not a history of the regiment, but a mere beginning. Where and when we will finish it, I know not. You well know the difficulties in a work of this kind, especially at this late day. I will be pleased to subscribe for the FIRST MAINE BUGLE and will send our partial history in return Monday next, Feb. 1st. No work interests me as much as the history of regiments which composed our old brigade and division. You are doing a noble work and deserve the thanks of your comrades.

Fraternally yours,
W. H. HOLLINGSWOOD,
4th Pa. Cav.

---

308 Athens St., S. BOSTON, Mass.
February 4th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I have tried as best I could to gather for you dates and facts concerning the Mitchell family, of which John, of the First Maine Cavalry, was a member. I shall not be able to tell you anything about my grandparents, except that my father's parents were born in Chesterville, Me., and mother's parents in Hebron, Me. I have heard my mother say that grandmother Mitchell was found dead in her bed without having been sick. She was a widow at the time. Grandfather Mitchell's name was John. My mother's father's name was Zephaniah Bumpus. My grandparents all passed away during my young years, so I remember very little about them. My father was born in Chesterville, Me., July 28, 1809; died November 15, 1889, aged 80 years; name, William Mitchell. My mother, Nancy Mitchell, formerly Nancy Bumpus, was born in Fayette, Me., November 3, 1800, and died November 3, 1888, aged 88 years. I can not remember the date of their marriage, only that it was in 1825. Their family of nine children are all gone except myself and two sisters. My brother, John Mitchell, [Hist. p. 371 and Cal. 3, p. 60.] was born in Livermore, Me., the 25th of October, 1835, and died March 12, 1867, aged 32 years; unmarried. My brothers Josiah and Joseph Mitchell, enlisted the 25th of August, 1862, in the Sixteenth Maine. Josiah was corporal in Capt. Morton's company, (C); was discharged for chronic diarrhœa after six months. Joseph died in just three months after leaving home, with diphtheria. My brother Josiah died April 18, 1886, aged 58 years. He was Past Commander of Kimball Post, G. A. R., Livermore Falls. My own name is Mary L. Walker; born in Jay, Me., August 1, 1853; was married August 30th, twenty-five years later, to Sanford M. Walker; five years later our only child was born, November 30, in Lynn, Mass., Susan A. Walker. She is twenty-two years of age, and was married June 24, 1890. Her husband's name is Edward E. Mason, of Cambridge, Mass. To them was born the 12th of June last, little Edith.

Respectfully,
MRS. M. F. WALKER.

LIBERTY, N. Y., Feb. 8th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Can you tell me why the Second Mounted Rifles were not

given credit for the Bellfield raid? I asked the president of our association and he said he did not know, but the adjutant general of the State of New York says we are not given credit for that raid on the records of the War Department or in his office in the records of the regiment. While we were there my company lost two men captured and one wounded. I think we had not over eight companies on the raid. Two or more companies were sent back from Nottaway Run to pick up stragglers and had a sharp fight at Hatcher's Run, where Lieutenant Newman, of Co. M, was killed, and First Sergeant Geo Thayer of same company wounded badly.

I remain yours in F., C. & L.,

EDGAR CUMMINGS,
2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles.

NOTE.—The probable reason of the omission of Bellfield from the list of battles to be borne by the Second New York Mounted Rifles was that the commander preferred that of Hatcher's Run. It was not advisable to give both as they occurred on the same days. The time covered by the Gen. Order No. 10, A. of P., includes only to December 31, 1864. The Hatcher's Run of February 5th, 1865, is not included in the Battle Order.

J. P. CHELEY.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 17th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CHELEY:—My father, Aurelius Parker, (Hist. p. 483.) is very sick, and we have had four doctors in the last week. They give us no hope and say he may linger this way for weeks. Kindly send the BUGLE to him as he is very anxious to get it. During the last four weeks in which he has battled for life, he has made frequent inquiries for the January BUGLE. Very truly,

LILLIE GREENLOW,
No. 171 Camp St.

The following, taken from the *New Delta*, of New Orleans, shows the honorable position held by our worthy comrade, and that he was a favorite among his associates as he was with his regiment:

"The death of Mr. Aurelius Parker March 20th, 1892, private secretary of Major Eaton, postmaster, saddened the post office division. Mr. Parker was not only most efficient and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, but affable and a general favorite."

NATIONAL CITY, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1892.

DEAR GEN.:—Enclosed find postal note for $2.00 to pay for the BUGLE. I enjoy reading the BUGLE very much indeed, and I hope that all the First Maine Cavalry boys are taking it. I have recently sold my property in National City and shall soon move about one hundred miles north of this place where I shall stay until warm weather, so address for the present,

Yours truly,
A. A. ROBINSON,
Moreno, Cal.

[Hist. p. 505.]

---

32 Bridge St., LOWELL, Mass.,
February 18th, 1892.

DEAR COMRADE:—I have meant to say before that I am pleased with the BUGLE CALLS and will pay for them as soon as I get straightened. If I am spared I hope to be present at the next reunion. I feel sorry that I have not been able to pay for the BUGLE, for it has done me good to read them when I have been feeling blue. I shall be able to make that account all right before long. Hoping you will continue to send them to me, I am yours in F., C. & L.

GEORGE NORTHROP, Co. G.

[Hist. p. 553.]

---

919 Westminster St., WASHINGTON, D. C.
February 24th, '92.

GEN. J. P. CHELEY:

DEAR COMRADE.—Your favor of the 20th inst. with copy of the BUGLE, was duly received, and both gave me much

pleasure. You may not remember me personally, but I was an old officer of the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry — captain of Co. H—and remember very well when the First Maine and our regiment joined in action for the first time. The first time I ever remember seeing your Colonel Smith was at a little skirmish near the Rappahannock, between Kelley's and Beverly's Fords, when our gallant Major, Charles Taggart was mortally wounded. Our regiment was driving the enemy when Colonel Smith rode up and gave us orders. This fight continued all day, our regiment driving the rebels for five miles to Rappahannock Station, the enemy consisting of Gen. W. H. Fitz-Hugh Lee's brigade of cavalry and one regiment of infantry with a piece of artillery. This was on October 22d, 1863, our regiment having been brigaded with yours on the 19th of October, 1863. On the 23rd, we had another skirmish with the enemy, but after some severe efforts we were forced to retire to Bealton. Our brigade acquaintanceship commenced amidst the smoke of battle and was cemented on many a hard fought field. I was compelled to resign September 26th, 1864, owing to being injured by a vicious horse, and then accepted a lieutenancy in the Signal Corps, U. S. A., where I served until July, 1865, and was honorably mustered out. This much in the way of preliminary. After the close of the war I moved west, remaining there for eighteen years, when I returned east, and finding that no monument had been erected on the battle field of Gettysburg to mark our regiment's position, I interested myself, and in June erected, assembling the regiment after much trouble for the preliminary work. I send you herewith a pamphlet which will give you some idea of this event and our reunion, the first we have had since the war. We had annual reunions until I went to Europe in 1890, since which time none have been held. I am now at work to have another here at the time of the Grand Army of the Republic's encampment. I approve of the idea expressed in your letter and hope it will bear fruit. As opportunity comes I will show your letter and the BUGLE to such of my regimental comrades as I can meet, but our boys are widely scattered all over the country, and it is very hard work to reach them. I wish we had the spirit which your regiment has displayed. For years I have been trying to gather material for a regimental history, but records are missing and comrades seem unwilling to assist, and so year after year passes by without any accomplishment of the purpose. I have read with great interest the History of the First Maine Cavalry, and wish we could get one in as good shape, but I doubt if it will ever be accomplished. Perhaps through the BUGLE supplement as proposed, a feeling might be aroused among our survivors to do something towards this end. I have been sick all winter, and am slowly recovering, which renders it hard for me to do much now. But I will interest myself in the suggestion made by you, and at the first opportunity that occurs will bring it to the attention of the regiment, and in the meantime will call the individual attention of comrades to it.

Yours very cordially,

ALBERT N. SMIP.

GRANITE HILL, Pa., Feb. 25th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Your circular and copy of FIRST MAINE BUGLE received, for which I am very much indebted to you indeed. You can scarcely imagine the amount of good it did me to have an opportunity to read up that grand old regiment, the First Maine Cavalry—the banner cavalry regiment of the war—a fact that was well known to me years ago, and I would certainly have secured

your history before this time but for a financial reverse that has left me in my old age with such a load of debt that to be able to retain my old home which has been in the family since 1787 and which my grandfather, a Revolutionary soldier, bought when he settled down after the war, I have to use the strictest economy to make both ends meet, and, sorry as I am, do not feel justified in making the investment. Your circulars relating to publishing proceedings of reunions I will lay before our next meeting, which will not take place until next October. I was much pleased to know that General Smith is still alive and well, and if you should meet him give him my kindest regards. Yours truly,

ROBERT BELL,
Late Major 21st Pa. Cav.

DOVER, Me., Feb. 25th, 1892

COMRADE CILLEY:—ANOTHER BUGLE Call has sounded and I think it is about time for me to "fall in" and answer to my name by sending a remittance to the tune of about $2; therefore you will find that amount enclosed. I have been thinking for a long time of making my five children each a present of a copy of our history, but have never felt able to do so. I have come to the conclusion, however, that I must do it now or never, so send them by express as they will be all gone and I shall be left in the rear, which you know was not at all safe in '61-'65. I know of no better present a First Maine veteran can make to his children.

Yours truly in F., C. & L.,
A. M. WARREN,
Reg. of Deeds, Serg't Co. M.

[Hist. p. 646, 44, 108.]

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 20th, 1892.

MY DEAR COL.:—Herewith please find two dollars to pay for the BUGLE. I wouldn't take a "farm down east" for it. Yours very truly,

LEROY H. TOBIE.

[Hist. p. 573; piet. p. 561.]

CUSTER CITY, Pa., Mar. 1st, 1892.

J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—I received the BUGLE and it is very neat and handsome. A year ago I met the Sixteenth Pennsylvania boys and Colonel Robinson was with them and he asked after you and a number of the First Maine boys. They were having a reunion at Franklin, Pa., and I happened to be there and made myself known as a First Maine man, and Col. Robinson said it was the one thing he wanted to do, to shake the hand of a First Maine man before he died. They treated me so well that I thought "I was a bigger man than Gen. Grant." You would have thought to hear them talk that the First Maine and the Sixteenth Pennsylvania put down the Rebellion.

Yours truly,
ROBERT LOCKHART.

[Hist. p. 567.]

WINN, Me., March 1st, 1892.

DEAR GENERAL CILLEY:—You must excuse me for not writing and sending my thanks and money for the BUGLE, but I had strong hopes I should get my increase and back pension and I could then send for the history of my regiment and pay for the BUGLE. I can only send my best wishes from the bottom of my heart and my hopes that I may be able to send the money to you, not only enough to pay for the BUGLE but enough to pay for more than one, so that all comrades of the regiment can have them. I know that I love the BUGLE and all the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry, and I will state a few words in this to let the comrades know that I was there in the battle of the clouds. We were in our tents near where we had the fight, and a brighter sun never shone than on that day. We had just drawn some potatoes and vegetables, were frying the same and eating, and our horses were eating their grain, when it began to

lighten, with flashes so vivid and far extended that our horses left their grain and stood looking heavenward with all the men, to see the battle above and between the clouds. Many of the men involuntarily put on their belts and placed their hands on their sabre hilts, as though expecting the order "Forward!" Every First Maine Cavalry man will always remember this battle in the skies.

CHAS. F. LEWIS.

[Hist. p. 570.]

MALAGA, Cal., Mar. 2d, 1892.

My dear old comrade and commander, Gen. Gilley,—I received the last BUGLE and was more than glad I was delighted to receive it. I am always so glad when the quarter comes round to receive it—it seems like getting so many letters from the boys. I was much interested in the first article in reference to our dear old commander, General Charles H. Smith's retirement and the handsome present he received from the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Nineteenth United States Infantry. Bless his dear heart, how I should like to see him once more before we cross the river at the foot of the mountain that we are all so rapidly marching down. Yes, comrade, we are getting old and very soon will the last one of the dear old regiment cross over. I shall probably go to Washington next year to the Grand Encampment, but I fear I shall not meet many of the boys there, for it will cost so much that not many of them will be able to go. I was pleased to read the letter from my old friend and comrade, W. S. Sylvester, of Co. F. Inclosed find three dollars; two dollars to pay my subscription up to April, 1893. For the other dollar you can send the BUGLE to some one who is not able to pay; some of Co. F, if there is anyone. Yours truly,

JOS. T. DARLING, Co. F.

[Hist. p. 548.]

NEW MARKET, Tenn., Mar. 3, 1892.

COMRADE J. F. GILLEY:

My Dear Sir,—Yours of the 12th ult. at hand to-day, it evidently having been delayed somewhere. I beg to say in reply that it would afford me much pleasure to own and read a copy of the history of your regiment, especially that portion of it relating to its services while it was brigaded with my regiment, Second New York, and I hope at some time in the future to be able to spare from my meagre income the sum necessary to purchase it. I reckon no "critter-back" man who served with the Army of the Potomac will hesitate to bear witness to the gallantry of your regiment and to the splendid material which composed it. Our world be looking in that quality—that *esprit du corps*, or pride, which characterizes the true soldier, if he did not consider his own regiment the best, or as good as the best, and that pride still animates the survivors who followed the colors of the Harris Light Cavalry in the many engagements in which it took part; and yet I am free to say that if there was any regiment in the service we would be willing to salute as equals or superiors in soldierly qualities it would certainly be your own gallant, always-to-be-relied-on First Maine. I know this was the feeling in our command while the war was in progress, and if the history of our regiment should ever be written the historian will doubtless make such acknowledgment, owing to the fact that the Second New York was composed of companies or squadrons from several different States, (New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Vermont, Connecticut and Indiana,) and that our comrades are widely scattered, we have never held a reunion, and it has only been within the past two or three months that we have organized a regimental association. But we are to have a reunion at Washington next September, during the National Encampment, when

we hope to arrange for the publication of a regimental history, I hope modeled after that of the First Maine, containing pictures of the survivors, as well as those of the dead, and giving the humorous as well as the pathetic and heroic phases and incidents of its services. I met one of your regimental comrades at the Detroit Encampment last summer, though I cannot recall his name. He was wounded and captured on the Wilson raid, this side of Petersburg, in June, 1864. He said he escaped from prison and came up into East Tennessee, where he served for a time with (I think he said) Col Kirk's command. Perhaps you will know the comrade I refer to. He told me that he was in one of the ambulances that were abandoned on that raid, when the First Connecticut and Second New York were thrown into confusion, and he said if we had known how small the rebel force was that was following us we would not have shown our backs to them as we did. But we of the Second did not know. We knew that the First Connecticut when attacked in force gave way and came rushing into our regiment when we were leisurely retreating in column of fours and threw us into confusion, which was increased when we passed the abandoned artillery and ambulances and heard that we were surrounded by the enemy's infantry and cavalry. General McIntosh, who commanded our brigade, felt much humiliated over the sudden disorder we were thrown into, and as he rode alongside of me he exclaimed, "Boys, it is a shame to let those rebel vagabonds drive us in this manner;" to which a little hatchet-faced comrade of Co. L replied, "General, it seems to me that we are the vagabonds and those fellows who are driving us are the soldiers." We were then going at a full gallop, and about half a mile further on we came up to a colored [illegible] Harlowton, who, astride of his horse in the middle of the road, and with uplifted sabre, was vociferously yelling, "Who vill die mit me! Who will die mit me!" It was an appeal that went right to the heart, and when my hot-headed comrade said, (*sotto voce,*) "See that! a Dutchman willing to die for this republic," he turned to Harlowton and exclaimed, "*By God, Colonel, I'll die with you!*" and fifty men, right then and there fell into line and would have died in their tracks, if necessary, in an effort to hold back the pursuing and exultant enemy. As the rebels came up they met with a fusilade of pistol and carbine bullets that made them retreat in disorder, and they were easily held back until complete order had been brought out of the somewhat chaotic condition our brigade had got into. Then resuming the retreat in good order, crossing a bridge which was immediately burned, we marched all night and got into our lines next morning, a weary, sleepy, hungry lot of mortals. As the memory of this episode was recalled on meeting the First Maine man referred to, and has never been in print, I have written it for your publication.

Very truly yours in F., C. & L.,

HENRY C. WHITAKER,
Co. M, 2d N. Y. Cav.

FRANKLIN, Pa., March 4th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear General,—Inclosed please find post office order for $3. This sum you will credit to subscription account with the MAINE BUGLE. Anything that pertains to the First Maine Cavalry is of such interest to me, that I always welcome the appearance of the BUGLE.

Yours sincerely,

D. M. GREGG,
(Late Comd'g 2d Div. C. C.)

MANCHESTER, Mich., Mar. 5th, 1892.

MY DEAR GEN. [illegible]—I find $3.75 to apply to my account with the BUGLE.

Its quarterly calls are more stimulating than quinine in Virginia.

Yours truly,

GEO. A. J. NORTHRUP.

[Hist. p. 459; pict. p. 273.]

[Dr. Northrup is chief surgeon of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway Co., and is fighting for the good health of the people of Marquette as successfully as he did with us, from Stony Creek to Appomattox, while in our regiment.]

TOGUS, ME., March 7th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:—I received the 1st Maine BUGLE with joy though unable to pay for it and the pleasure of reading it on account of failing sight. I am an an inmate of the National Home at Togus, Me., on account of being paralyzed on the right side including my arm and have been so afflicted for the last seven years. I should very much enjoy the reunion of the regiment and meeting the "boys" of long ago, but circumstances prevent. I hope that some future time may bring me a chance of meeting with some of them.

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS B. MOORE.

[Hist. p. 586, pict. p. 424.]

[Friend Moore requests me to state the fact that I acted as his amanuensis. —CHARLES C. GRISWOLD, Co. K, 2nd Ohio Vet. Cav.]

NEW YORK, March 15th, 1892.

J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade:—Have just returned from Pennsylvania. I find yours of the 5th inst. awaiting me. Enclosed is check for $100 in payment of the BUGLE as sent me. Wish I could aid you in the matter of personal reminiscences, but as I was a cavalryman and not a mounted cavalryman it would be wholly out of my line of march to mount at this late date. Although an infantryman I find the BUGLE of very much interest to me, and I look forward to its future pages with much pleasure. Send it along as usual, and believe me

Yours fraternally,

E. W. SCHEUER.

GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I was not at Wyatt's Farm in September. My first was at Boydton Plank Road Oct. 27. I remember I was not a very able soldier on that occasion. Was able to sit in the saddle but a friend used to help me on to my horse. I was too thin to make a very good target, besides I had a horse that did not like the battle. We got pretty near a battery one time and at every fire he would make for the rear. Time we got back into line the boys had a good laugh at my expense. I remember, however, a little event that turned the laugh on the most of them. It occurred while we were drawn up in the field and just before we began to retreat. A shell came over the hill and went hissing diagonally across, apparently just high enough to cut the legs of our horses. Nevertheless, the way the boys ducked their heads afforded me the only occasion I had to laugh for two long days. I never shall forget our return. What torrents of rain! We stopped just long enough after dark to make coffee. Then followed that long and cautious march back in a narrow, muddy way. The darkness was intense. Not a sound was heard all the night but the falling rain and careful tramp of horses' feet. What a tortuous, tedious process. At daylight we were in the camp we left twenty-four hours before. That was the last time I was with the regiment until I joined it after Lee's surrender at Petersburg. I was detailed and sent out as a safeguard at a Mr. Gill's, ten miles from Petersburg. I

remember that you rode out that way one day looking for some cannon that was reported as hidden in that vicinity. You called at Mr. Gill's and conversed with his mother, a venerable lady who seemed to have been very favorably impressed with your appearance. For a short time after she sent by my hand a basket of choice cherries to you in camp at Petersburg. I remained a month at Mr. Gill's, then was called on and mustered out with the first squad of dismounted men.

Yours very truly,

WARREN F. BICKFORD.

[Hist. p. 488, pict. p. 289.]

BRADLEY, March 12th, 1892.

GENERAL CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—As my husband does not write, the cause being the loss of his right hand, I will answer this BUGLE CALL, which makes six we have received. I have thought of writing before, but waited to see if I could not pay for them, but we are no better prepared to pay for them now than we were when we received the first. We have a large family, and the oldest being girls can not help us much. Mr. Cram's health is very poor. We receive four dollars a month from the State, and that with my help has to take care of the family of five. Judge for yourself, if we are ever able to pay for the BUGLE's we shall with the greatest of pleasure. Mr. Cram would like to meet with the regiment. I hope he will be able to at its next meeting. I will say before closing that we enjoy the BUGLE very much.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. RICHARD CRAM.

Richard J. Cram, [Hist. p. 636,] was in Co. G, First District Columbia and Co. L, First Maine Cavalry. What comrade will supply them with the BUGLE?—ED.

NEW MARKET, TENN., Mar. 28th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Please send the BUGLE, commencing with the April number. I was much interested in reading the two numbers you were kind enough to send; especially the one containing a letter from Gen. Mumford in relation to the death of Col. Douty and the fight at Aldie. Four or five years ago, (or perhaps six or seven,) during the month of June, the *National Tribune* published some of my recollections of that engagement, written from the standpoint of a private soldier, in which it was stated that the Rebs were compelled to fall back from "the fine position" Gen. Mumford said he occupied, and if memory is not at fault, they continued to fall back to a gap in the Blue Ridge. I vividly remember when my regiment was formed in columns of platoons in the road at the foot of the mountain, prepared to charge the gap. The other regiments in the division were formed in close columns of squadrons a considerable distance on our left and rear, with flags thrown to the breeze and a band playing Yankee Doodle. We knew that the gap was a bad place to charge and some of us I know right then made peace with our Maker. Our colonel (Harhous) sent word back to Kilpatrick that the rebel position was impregnable, that both cavalry and infantry were defending it, but if the general said go he would lead the regiment forward. Meantime the rebs commenced to shell or send solid shot at us, but in a few moments the courier returned with an order from "Kil" to fall back. And when Harhous (who was a Prussian) gave the command, "By platoons, r-right about wheel, march,' the movement was executed with as much precision as if we had been on dress parade. But Lord, it was a relief to get out of that shelling

and away from the gap. My squadron suffered severely at Aldie in a charge made against a force that occupied a hill on which were two straw stacks, about three hundred yards north of the Middleburg road and immediately west of the town. Capt. Dan. Whitaker of the Second New York was killed there within six feet of me, and the reb (an officer) who killed him, fell dead within eight feet of the muzzle of my carbine. We were in a pretty hot place, and the bullets seemed to come at us from the four points of the compass. Had it not been for a squadron of the Sixth Ohio which came to our relief, it seemed to me that our small squadron would have been annihilated. As it was we got out with four killed and five wounded in my company (M) which went into the charge with only eighteen men. I brought a captain and a private out as prisoners, but did not know what regiment they belonged to. They, however, expressed themselves as mighty glad to get out of the racket and hoped to keep out of it. Next to meeting an old regimental or brigade comrade I think the average soldier likes to meet a man who stood opposite to him in battle. He likes to compare notes and to tell when we come down on their right or when they get in on our left; he likes to exchange old memories with no bitter offensive remarks about the cause each fought for. I was glad to read that Gen. Mumford showed a soldierly fellow feeling in his letter which contained the only allusion to the Aldie fight that I have read from his side. Even reports from our side that I have read have been very meagre.

Very truly yours in F. C. & L.,
HENRY C. WHITTAKER.

FLINTVILLE, Brown Co., Mich.,
April 17th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:—Inclosed find one dollar for which please give me credit on BUGLE. Please excuse me for not remitting sooner. I have received 6 no. all so far and hope I shall be able to get them while I live. As I have not been able to attend any of the reunions. The BUGLE is a great comfort to me. I am in hopes the reunion of 1893 will be held in Chicago, and if I am able to get out of the house I will be there.

Yours in F., C. & L.,
ALVIN HUNTER, Co. F.

[Hist. p. 550.]

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., March 17th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Please find enclosed one dollar for one year's subscription to the BUGLE. Although I never saw the First Maine Cavalry in the field I feel proud of receiving my discharge from that famous regiment. I was a member of Co. E, First District Columbia Cavalry. I was taken prisoner at Sycamore church, was six months in prison and discharged shortly after being paroled. I have the history of the regiment and will subscribe for the BUGLE as long as I am able to pay for it, and I want it as long as I live. I was more than pleased to see a letter in the last October number of the BUGLE from James H. Card in which he says he is poor and has a large family of nine boys. I should consider myself rich if I had one-half so many; I have none. I honestly think James was the best soldier in our company. I well remember him and the little long-haired horse he used to ride.

Yours in F. C. & L.,
JOHN B. PERRY.

(Erroneously Parry in the history.)

[Hist. p. 602, plet. Bugle call 2.]

WEST UTTON, Mass., Apr. 10th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—In closed please find two dollars to pay for two years' subscription for FIRST MAINE BUGLE. I suppose you

have been impatient before this time, but poor health and an invalid wife many of us old vets have to care for. Still I want you to send the BUGLE as long as I live. All hail the BUGLE! I hope you will blow it as long as there is a note in it.

Yours truly,

W. A. VINAL,

Late Sergt. Co. I.

[Hist. p. 596.]

AMESBURY, Mass., March 28, 1892.

DEAR GENERAL:—Enclosed one dollar for BUGLE. Poor health prevents me from doing more in the BUGLE cause. As supplementary to the history it must be highly appreciated by all comrades who have heard its calls.

Yours with great respect,

D. W. DAVIS.

[Hist. p. 600.]

---

25 Fairmount Ave., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
March 29th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I enclose one dollar in currency which please apply on my indebtedness to you. association on account of the First Maine BUGLE. Many of your war reminiscences are highly interesting, especially so to one formally brigaded with your gallant command.

W. M. DAVIS,

Late 6th Ohio Cav.

P. S. I have the history of your regt.

GENEALOGICAL.

ABBREVIATIONS.—b., born; d., died; dau., daughter; disch., discharged; en., enlisted; Hist., History; m., married; p., page; res., resided.

JOHN AMES.

John Ames, (Hist. p. 487); b. in Searsport, Sept. 9, 1842; m. Armelia W. Brock, April 26, 1863. She was a sister of Freeman Brock of Co. B, who died at Frederick City Hospital, Aug., 1862, (Hist., p. 489).

CHILDREN.

Charles W., b. March 10, 1864.

Fred Eugene, b. March 6, 1869.

Farmer from disch. until April 15, 1871; since that time worked at blacksmithing; res. in Searsport until June 8, 1872, then moved to Belfast and res. until Nov. 29, 1881; now res. at Searsport village; Republican; attends the Congregational church.

GIDEON ANDREWS, JR.

Gideon Andrews, Jr., (Hist. p. 488); b. in Solon, March 10, 1842; m. Ella E. Lord, Dec. 25, 1867.

CHILDREN.

Nellie Maud, b. Nov. 1, 1868.

Lula C., b. July 20, 1871.

Ethel M., b. Dec. 15, 1873.

Mamie E., b. Nov. 2, 1876.

Anson H., b. Oct. 5, 1881.

Res. Hermon; farmer and small fruit grower; Republican; no particular religious preference.

WILLIAM W. BARLOW.

William W. Barlow, (Hist. p. 485); b. at Appleton, Dec. 23, 1841; res. when en., Appleton; since disch., Thomaston; m. Miss M. H. Sprague, of Camden, Oct. 7, 1867; d. Sept. 13, 1890; one son, Joseph E., b. Feb. 2, 1869; Baptist; m. Eliza J. Vollier, Oct. 12, 1891.

WARREN F. BICKFORD.

Warren F. Bickford, (Hist. p. 487); b. in Newburgh, Jan. 31, 1842; m. Sarah Wilder, Aug. 15, 1872.

CHILDREN.

Mary P., b. Feb. 21, 1870.

Taught school, studied six years, graduated at Bowdoin College and Bangor Theological Seminary; pastor at Winthrop, 1876–1880; since that time pastor at Breckenridge, Col., and Berkley, Cal.; Republican; Congregationalist; has a very full journal which he kept during the war.

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

William Bradford, (Hist. p. 488); b. in Friendship, July 16, 1831; m. Emily Burrows, of Friendship, Nov. 18, 1861. She was a sister of Jerome W. and Samuel Burrows (see below).

CHILDREN.

Mary E., b. May 21, 1862, d. April 8, 1873.

Charles C., b. Dec. 8, 1864.

Jerome B., b. May 2, 1867, d. April 6, 1872.

William A., b. Aug. 6, 1872.

Res. Friendship; farmer; Republican; liberal to all religious denominations.

JEROME W. BURROWS.

Jerome W. Burrows, (Hist. p. 485); b. in Camden, March 29, 1835; m. Sarah Carrell, of Camden, April 28, 1855.

CHILDREN.

Emma, b. May 3, 1850.

Ada, b. April 29, 1858.

Calvin I., b. May 23, 1860; m. Lula, daughter of Benjamin Burton, of Union.

After the war went south and had charge of a cotton plantation in Washington county, Georgia, for two years and a half; returned and kept a hotel and stable in West Camden from 1867 until 1872; went to Boston and was employed by Draper & Hall in buying and selling horses for nine years; returned to Maine on account of health, and kept a boarding and sale stable at Union Common; Republican generally but voted independently of all parties; died at Union, May 19, 1888.

SAMUEL BURROWS.

Samuel Burrows, (Hist. p. 482); b. at West Camden, Oct. 9, 1839; m. Faustina McCobb, daughter of Gideon and Alvira (Wiley) McCobb, Oct. 3, 1851.

CHILDREN.

Sarah F., b. Aug. 23, 1857; m. Levert Mark, of Waldoboro, Dec. 7, 1888.

Inez Bell, b. Aug. 23, 1870; m. Edwin Shuman, of Waldoboro, Nov. 8, 1890.

Stephen J., b. Aug. 25, 1872.

Adelia A., b. Jan. 11, 1875.

Res. before en., Friendship; since disch., Friendship and Waldoboro; postmaster at Broad Bay; Republican; Baptist.

ALVIN A. CARTER.

Alvin A. Carter, (Hist. p. 483); b. in Camden, April 2, 1840; m. Emma F. Thorndike, of Camden, Dec. 23, 1869.

CHILDREN.

Bennie F., b. Oct. 31, 1870; d. Nov. 6, 1870.

Maggie F., b. Sept. 20, 1873; d. Nov. 23, 1876.

Myrtle C., b. Nov. 11, 1875.

Fred A., b. March 9, 1879.

Res. at en., Hope; carpenter; Republican; Freewill Baptist.

ROWLAND C. CLARK.

Rowland C. Clark, (Hist. p. 489); b. in Warren, July 19, 1837; m. Linda M. Watts, of Warren, July 7, 1861.

CHILDREN.

Fred Chester, b. July 10, 1862.

Res. Warren, all his life; worked at trimming in the Warren shoe shop most of the time since disch.; Republican; attends the Congregational church.

GEORGE W. EATON.

George W. Eaton, (Hist. p. 490); b. Oct. 17, 1840; m. Miss Eliza J. Hall of Nobleboro, Sept. 2, 1865; b. June 17, 1843, daughter of Thomas Hall, b. Sept. 7, 1816; d. Nov. 7, 1891, Nobleboro, Me., and Jane P. Perkins, b. June 30, 1809, Newcastle, Me.; m. Oct. 20, 1841; grandparents of wife Eliza J., were Timothy and Mary (Chapman) Hall. George's grandparents were John and Sallie Eaton; parents Joseph, b. Dec. 19, 1801 in Sedgwick, Me.; m. Oct. 8, 1828, Rebecca (Woods) Eaton, b. Mar. 12, 1808 in Unity, Me. Res. Waldo, Me. Joseph d. Aug. 20, 1884. Rebecca d. Aug. 19, 1887.

CHILDREN.

Ella L., b. Dec. 14, 1867; d. Sept. 4, 1869.

Irvin H., b. April 18, 1870.

Harold L., b. Sept. 20, 1876; d. Feb. 4, 1877.

Res. when en., Waldo; since, Waldo, Belfast and Northport; Republican; attends the Methodist church; farmer.

Eaton was transferred into the ambulance corps in the fall of '63; was in the battle of the Wilderness, and saw some hard sights there. He tells the following story: Once when we were on a long march, Joshua Dow and myself went to a house and made a raid on a cellar. We found some potatoes and butter. Dow went for the potatoes and I for the butter. I was just scooping the butter up with my fingers, putting it in my

haversack with my hard tack, (it was so soft it ran through my fingers but it went in all the same,) when "whack" came something across me as I was stooping over. I looked around and there stood an old woman with a big pebble in her hands. I just kept on scooping the batter until I got my haversack full. Meanwhile the old woman was laying on the licks and singing out, "Get out of that batter! get out of that batter!" Dow was so tickled to see her beat me that he lay back and roared, but we got out of the cellar before it got too warm.

ARTHUR GILCHRIST.

Arthur Gilchrist, (Hist. p. 491); b. at Montville, March 28, 1843; m. Hannah R. Sprague, June 5, 1864.

CHILDREN.

Stella B., b. May 13, 1866.

Oliver, b. March 2, 1869.

Res. Montville; farmer; Republican; Methodist.

RILEY GILCHRIST.

Riley Gilchrist, (Hist. p. 491); b. in Montville, Sept. 26, 1841; m. Alice R. Ingraham, of Knox, Jan. 20, 1871.

CHILDREN.

Walter R., b. Nov. 18, 1875.

Res. Montville and Freedom; farmer; Republican; Freewill Baptist.

JAMES W. HARRIMAN.

James W. Harriman, (Hist. p. 534); b. Dec. 1, 1833; m. Mary Dye, March 12, 1857. She was the dau. of John and Nancy (Drummond) Dye, and was b. Feb. 28, 1830.

CHILDREN.

George A., b. Dec. 4, 1858.

Susie A., b. Aug. 24, 1861.

Res. Necedah, Wis.; Postmaster; His father, James Harriman, was b. in Haverhill, N. H., March 4, 1805, and d. in Neilsville, Wis., Jan. 10, 1887; m. Mary Brown, Nov. 1832. She was b. June 5, 1811, and was the dau. of Jonathan Brown, who was b. in Billerica, Mass., and Elizabeth (Hill) Brown, who was b. in Georgetown, Me.; originally the family came from Plymouth, Eng. His grandfather, Joab Harriman, was b. in Haverhill, N. H., and m. Hannah Beedle; he served in the Revolutionary war. His great grandparents came from Scotland.

ANDREW J. KIMBALL.

Andrew J. Kimball, (Hist. p. 414 and 492); b. in Hermon, April 6, 1836; m. Elmira E. Pickard, of Hermon, Oct. 13, 1866. She died Dec. 7, 1882.

CHILDREN.

Charles D., b. Dec. 22, 1867; d. Aug. 17, 1875.

Wilbur T., b. Dec. 22, 1870.

Ruth G., b. March 13, 1876.

——, b July 17, 1882; d. Sept. 10, 1882.

Res. Hermon; farmer; preference for the Baptist church.

FREDERIC D. LYNN.

Frederic D. Lynn, (Hist. p. 492); b. in Windsor, Feb. 10, 1843; m. Louisa R. Bowler, Oct. 12, 1865.

CHILDREN.

Melva B., b. Feb. 13, 1868.

Alma B., b. Aug. 18, 1873.

Was never in the hospital, never wounded, never taken prisoner; res. when en. Palermo; res. first three years after marriage, Palermo; from there to Windsor, and since in government employ at the Soldiers' Home, Togus—the first six years as day laborer, and since that as foreman of the Home farm; Republican.

EMERY MERRILL.

Emery Merrill, (Hist. p. 493); b. in Palmyra, Aug. 25, 1845; m. Mrs. Eliza Getchell, widow of Wm. P. Gray, of Co. F, 1st Me. H. A., Sept. 15, 1868; res. Hermon; cooper; Baptist.

GEORGE A. MESSER.

George A. Messer, (Hist. p. 485); b. in Montville, March 7, 1843; m. Sarah E. Whiting, of Hollis, N. H., Dec. 3, 1867.

CHILDREN.

Henrietta V., b. May 7, 1869; d. Aug. 30, 1869.

Adelbert E., b. Oct. 26, 1872.

Edward A., b. June 29, 1877.

Carpenter and builder; res. in Hollis, N. H., till May, 1881, then moved to Nashua, N. H., and has charge of the building and repairs of the Underhill and Amoskeag Edge Tool Co.; Republican; no religious preference.

AURELIUS PARKER.

Aurelius Parker, (Hist. p. 483); b. in Dixmont, Oct. 15, 1837; m. Henrietta Gertrude Von Hetel, in March, 1870; no children except a step daughter, his wife's child by a previous marriage, b. Oct. 19, 1866; she now bears his name, changed by law by request of herself and her mother—Lillie Gertrude Parker; occupation varied; clothing business for a while, politics a while; was sheriff of Amite county, Miss., seven years, and was commissioned Col. 1st Regt. Miss. Inf., of Amite county, in 1873; owned a cotton batting factory in New Orleans La., during 1875–8; has been bookkeeper in U. S. mint, New Orleans; was elected to the Mississippi Legislature, and served two years as a Representative—1870, 1871; Republican of the Blaine stripe; belongs to no church, but oftenest attends the Presbyterian.

Comrade Parker gives the following sketch of his service in the army: Promoted to corporal in February, 1862; promoted to sergeant in April, 1862; detailed to command escort of Gen. S. D. Sturges commanding 2d Div. 9th Army Corps, Sept. 11th, 1862; was present at the fall of Gen. Reno at South Mountain, Md., on the 14th of September, 1862; was with Gen. Sturges at the charge across the stone bridge, Antietam Creek, September 17, 1862; acted as aid-de-camp during battle of Antietam; as we approached the bridge one of our scouts was killed by the bursting of a defective shell from one of our batteries in our rear firing over our heads; I think he belonged to Co. D; was with the same command at the battle of Fredericksburg, our division and corps being in Gen. Hooker's grand division; our division lost 1370 men; Gen. Sturges' saber scabbard was struck by a rebel rifle ball and with the sabre enclosed was bent nearly double; I was slightly wounded in the fleshy part of the right thigh by a fragment of shell; returned to duty with my company in February, 1863; was with my company in Stoneman's raid near Richmond, and with Sheridan's raid in the same direction; was with them in the crossing of the Rappahannock, Brandy Station, Aldie and all other engagements until August; received sabre cut in forehead at Upperville; was detailed to take charge of escort of Gen. D. McM. Gregg immediately before the battle of Spotsylvania and remained with him during the advance to the James river, 1864, when I returned to my company and remained with them until I was mustered out about the last of September, 1864; was present and assisted in raising the body of Capt. Phillips when his leg was shot off by a ten pound Parrott shell at the battle of St. Mary's church, Va.; placed Capt. Phillips upon a caisson and a cavalryman carried his severed limb (which was shot off at the thigh) with the intention of sending his body home to Portland, but the weather being hot and the enemy continuing to press us on, the following morning he was buried; was struck in the breast by a spent ball and left in the timber for dead in an engagement with the enemy's cavalry on the Charles City Court

House road, in the summer of 1864, but was with my company again in two hours, though unfit for duty from swelling and soreness; was never in a hospital or a prison; was never absent from my command a day during my three years service, except for a furlough of fifteen days while our army lay in winter quarters after the battle of Fredericksburg; was with my company during Banks' campaign in the Shenandoah valley and was present when Capt. Tilley was wounded by a cannon ball at Middletown by which he fell into the enemy's hands and lost the use of his right arm; was recommended for promotion to U. S. Staff Officer in September after the battle of Antietam by Gen. Sturges, approved by Gen Burnside and endorsed by Gen. McClellan, but did not received the appointment. Being so far from my native State I have never met any of my old comrades. I have been South since December, 1865. have never had the privilege of attending any of the reunions of our old regiment, which I very much regret.

JOHN THOMPSON.

John Thompson, (Hist. p. 484); b. in Searsmont, Jan. 20, 1830; m. Mary F. Hook, of Searsmont, Oct. 25, 1865.

CHILDREN.

Wilbur M., b. May 12, 1867.

Lulu M., b. Sept. 1, 1878.

Res. Searsmont; occ., lumbering and farming until 1872, when he bought a dry goods and grocery store, and has been trading since; has been a selectman of the town; Republican until 1872, then joined the Greenback party, and voted for Cleveland at the last Presidential election; Universalist.

Comrade Thompson gives the following sketch of his services in the navy after leaving the regiment: I was transferred to the navy April 20, 1865; joined the ship Brooklyn of New York, Capt. James Alden commanding; taken sick with measles on the passage to Key West; returned to duty soon after reaching the blockading squadron off Mobile, our ship led the fleet into Mobile bay, got aground going in abreast of Fort Morgan, and was detained ten minutes; was struck sixty-seven times and had cut up; got afloat again and went into the bay and engaged the Rebel ram Tennessee and captured her, the flag Admiral Buchanan's flag ship; we had fifteen killed and forty-five wounded. I was struck by a splinter and wounded in the left hand and side; our ship was detailed to carry the wounded to Pensacola; when we arrived there we found the Second Maine Cavalry encamped near there, and by request of Col. Sperling all those belonging to the First Maine Cavalry were given leave to go ashore and spend the day. The regiment was called out on dress parade for our benefit, and we were given horses to ride. They expected to have the laugh on us, thinking we were sailors and could not ride. They expected to see us cling to the saddles like monkeys to a jackstay, but they soon found their mistake. We were perfectly at home in the saddle. They soon learned that we were educated in the gallant old First Maine Cavalry, and that we had ridden a horse more miles than they had rods. We sailed the next morning for Charlestown, Mass., where we arrived and hauled into the navy yard to have a new mainmast put in. We were all given a furlough, and Isaac Hall and I came home for the first time in two and a half years. At the expiration of our furlough we joined our ship again and sailed for Fort Fisher to join Porter's fleet, and was with Butler in his attempt to blow up the fort with a powder boat. After Butler was relieved and Terry took command of the land forces, we captured the fort. I was then taken sick and sent to Portsmouth Hospital, Va., and remained there until March, 1865, when I was discharged.

TAPS.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

The remains of Mrs. Emily Bailey Douty, widow of the late Col. Calvin S. Douty, formerly of Dover, who died in San Francisco on March 11th, 1892, arrived here by rail on Monday, March 21, in charge of her son, Mr. F. S. Douty, and were taken direct to the People's Baptist Church, where they lay in state until 11 o'clock Tuesday forenoon. During the morning a large concourse of people paid their tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased by a farewell look upon the familiar features, and letting fall the tear of sympathy and sadness.

The funeral services, conducted by Rev. H. R. Mitchell, pastor of the Baptist church, of which the deceased had long been a communicant, were alike interesting, solemn and impressive. An organ voluntary by Mrs. G. A. Meder, singing by a quartette, scripture lesson read and the address delivered by Mr. Mitchell were each appropriate and adapted to the occasion.

The delineation of the life and character of the dead by the preacher was happy and truthful. At the conclusion of the service the casket was gently lifted from its resting place at the altar by the hands of veterans of her husband's regiment and removed to the hearse, when the funeral cortege wended its way to the Dover cemetery, and the last sad act in a life's drama closed by committing the remains to their final resting place beside those of her heroic and devoted husband.

The ladies of C. S. Douty Relief Corps, of which the deceased was an honored member, and the comrades of Douty Post, G. A. R., attended the obsequies, occupying seats assigned to each. Later the post escorted the procession from the church to the cemetery. Of the six pall bearers, all veterans, five had served in the First Maine Cavalry under the command of her husband, and three of these enlisted in the company originally recruited by him in 1861.

The floral display was rich and profuse, yet beautifully blended in harmony of tint and hue. For this the acknowledgment of friends is largely due to C. R. Meeker, Esq., of Oakland, Cal., who generously entrusted to Col. Nathan C. Stowe, postmaster of Dover, (Co. D, First Maine Cavalry) a liberal sum of money, coupled with the request that he procure cut flowers for the occasion as his tribute of respect. This request was passed to Mrs. S. O. Brown, to whose excellent taste in selection and arrangement great credit should be given.

Relatives present beside her son, Frank Sanger Douty, Esq., and wife of San Francisco, were Hon. Isaac H. Bailey, of New York, a brother; Hon. Dudley P. Bailey, of Boston, a nephew; Mrs. Charles H. Dennett, of Bangor, a niece, and Prof. G. C. Purington and

wife of Farmington Normal School. Mrs. T. S. Pullen of Foxcroft, an only sister, was unable to attend by reason of physical infirmity.

Mrs. Douty was the daughter of Isaac H. and Phebe Cummings Bailey, born in North Yarmouth, Maine, August 3, 1817, and consequently had she lived until that date of the present year, would have attained the age of seventy-five years. On her mother's side she was a lineal descendant of John and Priscilla Mullens Alden, who landed at Plymouth from the good ship Mayflower, Dec. 22, 1620, and whose names are perpetuated in history, romance and song.

From her Pilgrim ancestry Mrs. Douty was of the seventh generation, her mother being the daughter of Rev. Abraham Cummings, a Baptist clergyman of early times in this state, and his wife, Phebe Thayer Cummings, a great-great granddaughter of the Aldens.

She first came to this county about 1842, when the family of Hon. Thomas S. Pullen resided in Monson, and three years later (1845) married Calvin Sanger Douty of Sangerville, at the home of her brother, Rev. Dudley P. Bailey, in Cornville, Somerset County, then pastor of the Baptist church in that town.

After their marriage they resided upon a farm in the vicinity of Guilford village for several years, subsequently removing to Dover, where her home has been until her removal to the Pacific coast.

Seven children were born to them, all of whom but one died in childhood. The surviving son, now an officer of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, seems to have been spared as a solace to his mother in her infirmities, to minister to her comfort in her last days, and finally with filial love to bear her sacred remains across a continent, that they may be left to mingle with the sacred dust of a husband and father.

The life of her husband after their removal to Dover has become a part of the state and nation's history. The story of his enlistment into the military service of the country in 1861, his merited official promotions, deeds of martial daring and glorious death upon the battle field of Aldie June 17, 1863, is familiar as a household tale.

The stricken widow received the sad intelligence of her husband's death with a fortitude and spirit of resignation that betokened her strength of mind and character. There was no despondency. With a calm trust "in Him who doeth all things well," she took up the burdens of life, cheerfully carrying them nobly to the last.

Mrs. Douty, after the death of her husband, continued to reside in Dover until her son became well settled in business in San Francisco, when she made him a visit at his home on the Pacific slope. For the past thirteen years much of her life has been spent alternately between her native state and California. Her last visit to Maine was about three years ago.

Mrs. Douty was a woman of marked intellectual vigor, broad and catholic views upon the leading questions of her day, with an abounding charity for all whose minds led them in channels of thought diversely to her own. She was by nature generous, dispensing favors upon all worthy objects. The church with which she was associated from early womanhood always found in her a willing helper in its day of need, as well as the time of prosperity. Douty Post G. A. R. and the G. S. Douty Relief Corps, both ever enjoyed in her a liberal patron and friend. She was in every respect a woman of the most tender and loving disposition.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II. JULY, 1892. CALL 9

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade
The Eagle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO ALL ITS MEMBERS.

IT IS ALSO THE ORGAN OF THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND WILL CONTAIN THE YEARLY PROCEEDINGS OF THAT SOCIETY AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS REGIMENTS WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

REUNION AT HOULTON,

September 10th, 1891.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. P. CILLEY, *Treasurer*, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The twentieth annual reunion was held at Houlton, Thursday, Sept. 10th, 1891, and was one of the most enjoyable of all. Although the reunion was set down for Thursday, the comrades began to arrive on Wednesday. The noon train of that day brought a strong delegation from Boston, Mass., as well as from along the line of the railroads in this State, and they proceeded at once to enjoy themselves. Capt. Black Hawk Putnam, Comrade A. W. Ingersoll, and the other comrades residing at Houlton and vicinity, were on hand to welcome them, and to help them make themselves at home. They were taken to the hotel in carriages, and after dinner at once began to settle down. Headquarters were established at the Snell House, where was to be found Gen. J. P. Cilley, of Rockland, treasurer of the association, busy, as usual at the reunion season, with his accounts. After dinner the veterans and their ladies were driven about the town, or were provided with carriages with which to drive at their own sweet will, and there was no opportunity to be lonesome. Indeed they were heartily combining the pleasures of reunion with the pleasure of visiting a new and interesting locality, long before other comrades had even started for Houlton. So the afternoon and early evening passed pleasantly away.

It was expected that a delegation of comrades would arrive by the nine o'clock train, and preparations were made to give them a rousing reception. Colors were prepared from sun-

flowers (the cavalry yellow) forged from a yard in the outskirts of the town, the colors were surmounted by an eagle (a crow shot by Comrade Jacks of Boston) with outstretched wings; every comrade was armed with a lath, in respectful memory of the first saber exercises in camp at Augusta when the State government sent to camp a load of laths for this purpose; music was furnished by horns of all sizes from three inches to as many feet, which were blown by comrades with musical or unmusical tendencies, while the gong of the Snell House was borrowed for a drum, and was beaten by the son of a comrade who came all the way from Rhode Island. Armed and equipped in this way, led by Comrade Ingersoll, with a lantern, as guide, and commanded by Capt. Putnam, the procession, comprising nearly forty comrades, marched to the depot, being given a "send off" as they started with a salute of musketry by Comrade Jacks. Fun was furious during that march until a citizen of Houlton who was standing by exclaimed, "Well if these gray headed old duffers can carry on like this now, what must they have been thirty years ago? I don't wonder that the First Maine Cavalry always 'got there.'" The arriving comrades were duly received and escorted to quarters, and then all settled down for the night.

Thursday morning the visitors were up bright and early, and the pleasures of the day began as bright and early. During the forenoon there was more riding about, and more comrades were arriving all the time, so there were cordial, comradely greetings all the time; as usual, comrades met who had not met before since the war, and words would fail to express the pleasure of those meetings. Not a moment was wasted that forenoon. A more perfect day could not have been had if "made to order."

When the noon train arrived still more of the comrades came. Soon after this the line was formed in front of the Snell House, under command of Captain Black Hawk Putnam, and escorted by A. P. Russell Post No. 159, G. A. R., Commander Augustus W. Ingersoll, and the Houlton Brass band, J. Frank Beyson, leader, marched to Ingersoll's grove, where tables had been

spread by the ladies of Houlton. And beautifully and bountifully were the tables spread. With all that could tempt a hungry man, to eat, a button-hole bouquet at each plate and beautiful flowers in profusion all along, who wouldn't be glad to be there? The comrades and ladies were soon seated, divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Dutton, and then Capt. Putnam gave the order: "First Maine Cavalry, charge!" And aided by a bevy of charming young ladies of Houlton, all wearing the cavalry colors—yellow—the comrades and their ladies did charge, and with good effect. All was good, but what just captured the boys was that good old army dish—baked beans—baked in a hole in the ground. They were delicious, and lovers of beans, who heretofore thought they "knew beans," were forced to admit that these were the finest beans they ever tasted. There was also chicken stew of the best, which caused all the ladies to ask for the recipe. It should be stated that Comrade John Lovering baked the beans and Comrade Laurel Monson cooked the stew. Dinner was thoroughly enjoyed, story, joke and fun serving as continual appetizers. During the dinner a welcome addition was made to the company by the arrival of Capt. John W. Freeze, of California, who had not met with the regiment since the muster-out. He received a cordial greeting.

BUSINESS MEETING.

After dinner the comrades, the ladies, and the sons of the comrades, separated into groups, each group having business of its own to attend to. The First Maine Cavalry Association was called to order by the Vice President, Capt. B. H. Putnam, who was, however, not able to continue at the meeting, owing to duties elsewhere, and Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, of Braintree, Mass., was chosen President *pro tem.* and Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I., Secretary *pro tem.*

Comrades Albert H. Edgecomb, Edward Jordan and Gilbert N. Harris were appointed a committee to nominate three places for the next reunion. This committee subsequently reported the names of Orland, Me., Washington, D. C., and Warrenton,

Va. The committee stated that cordial invitations had been received from Orland and Eastport, Me., but in view of the fact that the reunion had once been held in Eastport, that the National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic is to be held in Washington next year and some of the comrades wish to go to Warrenton and from there visit the old camp grounds and battle fields, they selected the three places named. After a spirited discussion, Washington was chosen.

The following were chosen a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Field and staff, Dr. J. P. Sheahan; Co. A, Sidney W. Clark; Co. B, Rodney Sparrow; Co. C, Horatio S. Libby; Co. D, S. E. Griffin; Co. E, B. H. Putnam; Co. F, C. W. Skillings; Co. G, Volney H. Foss; Co. H, George E. Goodwin; Co. K, Dr. George Cary; Co. L, Henry R. Colesworthy; Co. M, Gardiner A. Savage. This committee subsequently reported the following list, which was accepted, and the officers as named were elected:

President, Gilbert N. Harris, Boston.
Vice President, Llewellyn G. Estes, Washington, D. C.
Secretary, Charles A. F. Emery, West Medford, Mass.
Treasurer, J. P. Cilley, Rockland.
Corresponding Secretary, Orrin S. Haskell, Pittsfield, Me.

The annual report of the Treasurer, Gen. J. P. Cilley, was presented, and ordered printed in the next number of the BUGLE, the auditing committee reporting that they had examined it and found it correct.

The treasurer and editor of the BUGLE were authorized to insert appropriate advertisements in its pages for their own benefit.

Comrade C. W. Skillings offered a set of resolutions, which were referred to the corresponding secretary, to be by him presented to the Maine delegation in Congress.

A resolution of hearty thanks to the comrades, ladies and citizens of Houlton, for their generous hospitality; and to the railroads and steamboats, for their reduction of rates, was passed, and the meeting adjourned. After a photograph had been taken of the comrades and ladies, and a concert by the

band, the line was again formed and marched to the Snell House, where it was dismissed, and the visitors were at their own sweet will until evening.

The Ladies' Auxiliary held their meeting as usual, and the sons of the comrades held a meeting and organized the "Sons of the First of Maine." The accounts of these meetings were published in Call 6, last October.

THE EVENING GATHERING.

Between the exercises at Ingersoll's Grove and the evening exercises, the comrades enjoyed themselves like children out of school. Indeed, from the time of their arrival until their departure, these veterans of the war of more than a quarter of a century ago, all in the vicinity of fifty years of age, and some of them, with sons who are voters, behaved more like boys than sedate fathers and grandfathers. The meeting of the old comrades, and the revival of old memories, served to make them forget their age, and once more they were young. If ever the saying "the soul does not grow old" was proven, it was at this reunion. Fun was abundant and hearty, though the exuberance of boyhood was tempered by experience, and the fun did not grow offensive—it was clean-cut and gentlemanly, always.

In the evening the Houlton band gave an open-air concert in the square for an hour or more, and had many and appreciative listeners, receiving well-won plaudits from the veterans.

About eight o'clock the comrades and their ladies and sons assembled in Music Hall, as did also many of the citizens of Houlton. Here what may be called the formal exercises were held, though it must be said they assumed a tinge of the informal before they were over. Upon the platform were seated Gen. J. P. Cilley, Major Lyman S. Strickland, Chaplain S. A. Fuller, Capt. Black Hawk Putnam, and Capt. George Cary, who was the presiding genius of the evening. After music by the band, Capt. Cary, with a few pleasant words, introduced Major Strickland, as one who, whether in a military or civil capacity, is ever on hand when wanted. Major Strickland then welcomed the veterans in language substantially as follows:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Comrades and veteran soldiers of the First Maine Cavalry: I do not know that I may be a willing prisoner to your gallant regiment this evening, and while in your power I am obliged to reply to the flattering introductory remarks of my friend, Dr. Cary. I simply present myself to welcome you in behalf of the town of Houlton, in the most brief and informal manner, and bid you a cordial welcome to our beautiful village and county. In presenting to you this welcome, I know but few words—the few simple words of a soldier; I am capable of using no others; only such seem appropriate. Standing here in the presence of so many brave and gallant men who have laid their lives on many battle fields—representatives of a regiment and brigade of so many prominent and distinguished men—generals, colonels and other officers, both in the civil and military stories—but few words will be required from me. No words of fulsome praise and flattery can seem to be very pleasant to men who have followed the great leaders of the army of the Potomac, and have received their words of praise and appreciation.

The First Maine Cavalry needs no eulogy. Your deeds of valor have long since become a part of our history, and will be read as long as our land shall last—your own most enduring monument. The meeting of so many comrades, after so many years of separation, will bring back afresh to your mind the many stirring events of the camp, the march, the scout, the bivouac, the picket and the fight. Doubtless, comrades, there still linger in your ears, the stirring notes of the bugle; again you are rushing forward with the charging squadrons; you hear the clash of arms, the din of battle, and the shouts of victory. We are happy that in this, your re-union, you will have had a pleasant and enjoyable occasion, and that in story and song you will have renewed the military ardor of your early years. And, veterans, when you depart and go to your homes, we trust that you will carry with you pleasant memories of this occasion, and that you will ever feel that the veterans of the First Maine Cavalry are remembered and honored in the hearts of the citizens of Houlton. We fill our glass and drink long life and prosperity to the surviving members of the First Maine Cavalry, and fill them again and drink to the memory of our heroic dead.

GEN. CILLEY'S RESPONSE.

Gen. Cilley was next introduced, and spoke as follows:

Major Strickland, and Citizens of Houlton: I am somewhat embarrassed—not what to say, but what not to say. When one has felt your hospitality so thoroughly and so well as yesterday and to-day, the abundance of what should be said embarrasses me. When we have chicken so fresh and tender that it went down our throats with sweetest taste; when we have beans which have the flavor of the woods and the pines in them,—a flavor so rich, so true and so perfect that it calls to mind other days and other appetites, when we have tables with other luxuries almost too numerous to mention; when to these we add the kindest hearts and sweetest faces of your ladies and your girls, what words can express our thanks? I am appalled at all this. And to this welcome and hospitality of yours is added the welcome of the elements, and of your charming air, which intoxicates and inspires us.

A reference to war is certainly appropriate at a re-union of a regiment, that in its way did some fighting. Having recently passed into a foreign country and entered

the "front door yard" of the United States at its eastern gate, it may be well to contemplate the warward experiences of the State of Maine. I am led in this direction, because in a certain recent able article on our State, the merits of our present delegation in Congress are exhaustively given, while her record in war is dismissed by the mention of four officers and that 72,000 men served, omitting all reference to the halo that glistens like the northern lights over the fair of the extreme northern States, and is typified in the record of the Fifth New Hampshire, which sustained the greatest loss in battle of any infantry regiment in the whole Union army; in that of the Vermont Brigade, which sustained the greatest loss of any one brigade during the war; in that of the Iron Brigade of Wisconsin, which, in proportion to its number, sustained the heaviest loss of any in the service. But Maine, reaching further north, shows the relentless purpose that comes from her grasp of winter by doubling the regimental records made by her sister States of the stalwart North. I am compelled to find further fault with this article because it erroneously adds thirty years to the age of General Knox, changes the musical name of Margaretta to Margaret, makes Weymouth sail up the Penobscot, and omits to mention Champlain, the most daring and knightly explorer who ever visited Maine waters, whose description will serve as sailing directions to-day. It however shades one fact correctly. It leads us to wonder why the statue of William King appears in the Hall of Statuary at Washington, while Phipps and Pepperell stand before us daring and picturesque, both native born, with a flavor of Maine through their whole lives. It is a fact rich and deep that the echoes of Phipps' axes and mallets still resound with the added impulse of over one hundred and fifty years, along the shores of Long Reach, on the Kennebec.

It is a fact that in every war, leaving out the local Indian contests, Maine has met the enemy on her own soil or in her own waters. Massachusetts boasts her Concord and Lexington, Rhode Island her Gaspee, but Maine leads the column in sea fights. Never was a more daring and heroic action fought on water than that of the capture of the Margaretta, in Machias Bay. Forty men, twenty only armed with muskets and three cartridges each, and the rest with pitch-forks, crowded on the small sloop Unity, pursued and overtook the schooner Margaretta, armed with sixteen swivels and four cannon. Undaunted by the first failure to board the schooner, in which the captain was left alone on the schooner and in the face of the fire of seven guns aimed at him jumped overboard to escape the British bayonet, he swam back to the sloop and again laid her alongside the Margaretta, and with empty muskets and pitch-forks went over the side for death or victory. And the Margaretta was the capture of the American flag, with ten men killed and ten men wounded. A living poem, surpassing every romance. Yet it is unmentioned in our school books, and the Commissioner of Spanish Claims' statue is in Washington.

The war of 1812 led to an occupation of a portion of Maine and to a large number of minor skirmishes along our coast, actions in which the spirit of the Machias patriot was inactive or dead. It only manifested itself in one fight, that of the Enterprise and Boxer, off the coast of Bristol. In the war of the Rebellion we were the only State north of Pennsylvania in which the enemy was seen. The cutter Cushing was captured by the rebs. in Portland harbor and as valiantly re-taken by volunteers of that city.

Massachusetts may boast of her Shaw Rebellion, Rhode Island that she crushed the Dorr Insurrection, and New Hampshire the Revolt at Exeter, while Maine can claim the similar honor of wiping out Elliott and his copperhead fangs. Of all the

States Maine alone has had a foreign war in her own borders and on her own soil. In February, 1839, a draft of ten thousand men was called to arms and 33,000 armed soldiers, cavalry, infantry and artillery, marched towards our northeastern boundary, with ammunition and cannon, to preach the gospel of Maine and Maine love from Mars Hill. The blustering rants and the gathered forces of New Brunswick sent back their solitary prisoner and regretted coveting any portion of Maine soil. The Aroostook war closed in a blaze of glory and the efficient Adjutant-General of Maine started for Washington with full bills of expense incurred in prosecuting such war, and these bills were as promptly paid by the United States. We got both the glory and the pay, and the Legislature and people commenced talking about a road to Aroostook and have continued talking up to the present time, and now Colonel Burleigh, of our regiment, stands ready to begin building such road. The people outside ask, "What is the matter with Aroostook?" The neighboring pines and hemlocks answer, "She's all right." This is what we hear looking in to the Garden of Maine at the eastern gate. And we now rejoice to breathe your air, to eat the fruits of this garden, and to be held enchanted by your welcome and hospitality.

LETTERS OF REGRET.

Lieutenant Edward P. Tobie then read the following letters, the name of Gen. Charles H. Smith calling forth a round of applause :

HEADQUARTERS 19th INFANTRY, FORT WAYNE, DETROIT, MICH.,
Sept. 5th, 1891.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN : I have hoped until to-day to be able to be with you and the other comrades at the re-union, the 10th inst., but find at the last moment that I am doomed to disappointment. I especially wanted to go to this re-union at Houlton, because there is the home of Company L., a company that gave so much, did so much, and sacrificed so much to the honor and glory of the regiment. The names of Ellis and Collins and Heald, and all their fallen company comrades should be reverently called in token of the tender remembrances in which they are held. I shall regard my enforced absence as a personal loss, but hope in future to be able to control events so that I can attend every reunion and fully enjoy the pleasure they afford me. Please convey my greetings and best wishes to every one, and oblige

Yours most sincerely,

C. H. SMITH.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 9th 1891.

CAPT. B. H. PUTNAM, Houlton, Me.

My Dear Sir : I am very sorry that important business will prevent my leaving here for Houlton in the morning, to join with you and other members of the First Maine Cavalry Regiment in the annual re-union. I have never been in your beautiful town. I say beautiful because it has always been represented to me as such and I was in hopes that I should have the pleasure of seeing it this year, at the same time that I should be allowed the great pleasure of again looking at and greeting many of the surviving members of that grand old regiment of the war of 1861-1865. I know that there were a lot of brave men in that regiment, for when

I was a boy, on several occasions I looked into the faces of many of them to see if I could find out whether we were in much danger or no, and we were in some places that I knew or believed to be pretty hot, and I can truthfully say that I did not detect anything in those faces at the time that indicated other than a determination to perform such duty, as they were assigned to perform, and I took courage accordingly. I cannot be with you in person this year, but shall be in best wishes, respect and love for you all.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY L. MERRILL.

A POETIC GREETING.

Lieut. Tobie also read the following, saying it was written by an old schoolmate in Lewiston, a lady now residing in the West, who learned that the regiment was going to hold a reunion, and having a kindly interest in the regiment, sent this greeting:

AFTER TAPS.

DEDICATED TO THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

BY A DAUGHTER OF MAINE.

When the Union was menaced with danger,
You sprang to your steeds for the fray;
Though War stood before you a stranger,
You faced him with naught of dismay:
The warfare of life is not ended,
Still are battles before you, perhaps;
But when the last post is defended,
Your rest will be sure after Taps;
After Taps, old First Maine!
After life's wearing strain,
Oh, when the last combat is ended,
And the Right you have bravely defended,
Your rest will be sure after Taps.

That man has the best of the quarrel
With Evil, who faces his foe:
And he who aspires to the laurel
The wounds of the victor must show;
Life offers exacting conditions,
Holds many defeats and mishaps:
But effort wins higher commissions,
And peace settles down after Taps:
After Taps, brave First Maine!
After hardship and pain,
When you've nobly fulfilled life's conditions,
And won your eternal commissions,
Then peace will be yours after Taps.

Day by day are your ranks growing thinner,
One by one gains the roll of the dead;
While Fate, the inflexible spinner,
Waits to sever life's weakening thread;
But when the hard contest is over,
And Death each brave veteran enwraps,
Then under the red and white clover
Your sleep will be sweet after Taps:
After Taps, grand First Maine!
In the dew and the rain,
Oh, under the blossoming clover,
When the march and the conflict are over,
Your sleep will be sweet after Taps.

August 13, 1891.

ADDRESS BY COL. DRINKWATER.

Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, of Braintree, Mass., was next called upon, and said, substantially :

I don't know why I should be called upon here this evening. There is no question which I was asked to speak upon—no subject has been assigned to me, and I don't know of anything worthy of taking up any of your time. But as a son of Maine and a member of this grand old regiment living in a neighboring state, one of the organization known as the Massachusetts Branch, perhaps I may say something about this. Two years ago we had the pleasure of entertaining the largest number of the comrades that ever met together. The state of Massachusetts welcomed you and the City of Boston gave you a welcome that you who were present will never forget. It gave us who have taken up our residence in the old Commonwealth much pleasure that the city and State so honored you. But I do not think you enjoyed it so much as you have in Houlton. Never before have we had the pleasure of seeing this garden. I must say from the little I have seen that the tale has not been half told. I have traveled over this country somewhat extensively, but have never seen better soil or a prettier outlook than I have seen here. It is grand to live here. The products of your soil are superior to any that come to our market. Whatever you send us comes first-class. Your welcome to the boys to-day proves that you love the boys who went out in '61-'65, and those who went from here gave you a reputation that is co-extensive with the country.

ADDRESS BY DR. SHEAHAN.

Dr. John P. Sheahan of Dennysville, was next called upon, and spoke as follows :

It gives me the most lively pleasure to meet the people of Houlton on this occasion. I feel that I am not altogether a stranger to the people of your county, having made two very successful war lecturing tours with the stereopticon to your largest towns. They were a grand success in one way. I carried my audience with me, or more properly speaking, I could have done so—in a hand cart.

Gen. Cilley who has just addressed you has given us the military history of Maine. If I were now to give you my full personal history as a soldier you would have a pretty good idea of what an effort it took to "crush the rebellion." The gentleman who gave the address of welcome said that there were present distinguished generals, colonels and lieutenant colonels, but entirely omitted the fact that there was present at least one distinguished corporal. I was a corporal in Co. K, First of Maine. That is to say, I held that exalted position for several weeks, when the captain of the company came to the conclusion that there was too much of me for a corporal, and as none of the larger offices were vacant, he handed me my resignation and I went back into the ranks. I did not sulk, leave the service and go home for I felt that I needed help to bring the war to a successful close. I knew that it would be given me for I had always used the poor privates well while I was an officer. This may seem like boasting to some of you who have not had the pleasure of knowing me, but I have here a letter from the Adjutant General of the State, written in 1862, giving his estimate of my case.

STATE OF MAINE—HEADQUARTERS ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
AUGUSTA, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1862.

MR. DANIEL K. HOBART :

DEAR SIR—John P. Sheahan (you will please notice the name is French—my father came from Limerick County, France), is credited to Biddeford; the mayor of that city has been notified of your claim. Did he enlist before the 23d ult., or since? If prior to that date, your quota being full, Biddeford could claim him. Enlisting after that day he would count for you by whomsoever his bounty was paid. How is this fact? If he took the Biddeford bounty enlisting before August 23d, you must send on six able-bodied men. Very respectfully,

JOHN L. HODGDON, *Adjutant General.*
Per E. B. S.

Now you can see why it was that my captain was not willing for me to remain a corporal. He may have felt that there was too much of me for a general, even. Now how this estimate of my immensity ever reached Houlton I cannot say, but on going to a hotel this morning the clerk looked at me with a fixed stare and said, "I can put four of you in one room and the rest in another." Not wishing to be divided I concluded to take rooms on the piazza of the Snell House until the exigencies of the occasion would allow me to move in.

A great deal you know has been said about the efficiency of the First Maine Cavalry. Now I am perfectly willing for the sake of courtesy to admit that every man in the regiment was my equal. We were recruited up to three thousand; multiply this by six and we have eighteen thousand, and that was about our fighting size. Thus no doubt we looked to Stuart as we rode through confusion, a solid column, with glittering sabres, up through the guns, capturing his head quarters, uncovering the plans of Lee. Memories of that field forever glorious! I can see it now! As with flashing sabres we learned the lesson, and learned it well, that it was easier to win victory than to endure defeat. The Southern troops found that the Yankee cavalry had learned to ride and to fight. Henceforth victory was to perch upon our banners. Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville, where we pressed them through the mountain gaps and held them with gates of steel until our scouts climbed the mountain tops and saw Lee's great army marching with its face toward the north.

This afternoon my friend, Dr. Cary, kindly took me in his carriage through your town and into the country around it. As I stood on Parade Hill and looked over your

prosperous town and smiling fields I tried to imagine how it must have looked when only a few cabins stood where your beautiful town now stands, what an effort it was to press back the forest and uncover to the sun these fertile fields which at the touch of the hoe smile into bountiful harvests. Aroostook is often spoken of as the "Garden of Maine." As far as I know it is the garden of America, and ever since I first saw it, it has been a mystery to me why our young men who go west to struggle and fail, do not come here where pleasant homes spring up at the bidding of honest effort.

Several times since the war I have gone over the battlefields, where you made your reputation as a fighting regiment. Two years ago I climbed the hills where we charged on that eventful 17th of June, 1863. I walked up the road where the dead lay so close together. I stood behind the stone wall to the right of the road where we dismounted and where I saw strong men, whose faces were covered with dust of the march and grimed with powder, shed tears like children when they learned that Colonel Douty lay dead in the road far out to the front. At Middleburg I walked along the stone wall against which the left of our regiment was thrown, upon the stones of which, at the close of the struggle, there were crimson stains made sacred by the sacrifices of Kimball, Taylor, Neville and others. Then up through the grove to the right, where we pressed them back, out into the open fields where Stuart and his staff stood looking on. Then I went back to the great tree where we buried the boys who had done all that a soldier can do for his flag. I could not keep back the tears for memory was busy with the days that tried men's souls. I could see them there side by side as we lay them with their white upturned faces as we covered them up and marched away to another field.

SERGEANT CLARK'S STORY.

Sergeant Sidney W. Clark of Co. A, made a few remarks, and told in a quaint way, which created much amusement, the following :

STORY OF THE FIRST PIG KILLED BY THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and earth." So in the beginning of the rebellion He also created the First Maine Cavalry Regiment. And the first duty of its members was to crush the southern rebellion and punish copperheads even in the state of Maine.

Every citizen who came into the First Maine Cavalry camp to peddle apples, cider, milk, etc., or for any other purpose, was tested by the boys of the First Maine for his loyal or disloyal sentiments, and soon all disloyal people living near camp were located by the boys. We had just got fairly settled down to business in old Camp Penobscot on the fair grounds in Augusta, trying to "play sojer" with pine laths for sabres, when Governor Washburne issued a Thanksgiving proclamation and Col. John Goddard, in command of the regiment, forthwith ordered the camp guard to load their old rusty guns with ball cartridges, and he also curtailed the number of passes to be given during Thanksgiving week. On the eve of this memorable Thanksgiving many of us had secured passes and those who failed resolved not to be disappointed in having a good old-fashioned dinner. As several and myself were enjoying our passes in a walk near the State Arsenal grounds on that pleasant evening, we met two or three of our band boys, one of whom had a live pig under

his arm. On approaching us he who had the pig asked me if I thought it fat enough to bake. On scratching piggy's ribs a happy thought struck me, that I'd like to have it for my own Thanksgiving dinner, and I replied, "I'd be ashamed to be seen in the street with it under my arm," which answered the purpose. The possessor of the pig then said, "What shall we do with it?" I inquired if the former owner was secesh and he said "yes," but the pig was loyal and it never grunted when it was asked to 'jine'er.' I said "Then he'd be willing to spill his blood on the altar of his country." Then I drew my knife (which I still retain and which is now thirty years old) and the pig willingly sacrificed its life and blood for the good of mankind and as a Thanksgiving offering."

The sacrifice was then placed inside the iron fence on the arsenal ground and we all returned to camp as our passes were nearly out. I called up Charles D. Furbush at midnight and we passed the guards out and in, bringing with us the coveted pig. The company cook having water hot, dressed our pig in grand style and it was stuffed and roasted to a "t" by some lady friends of the company from Bangor. We invited the band boys to dine with us, which invitation they politely declined. But the dinner proved a grand success. The affair got adrift among the good people of Augusta and the initiated in Company A would hear remarks and jokes in regard to the pig, etc., but suspicion pointed to the Fifteenth Maine Infantry, and we would make all sorts of inquiries as to who would do such a bold trick, always taking care to keep ourselves above suspicion. One lady said she would like to have seen them carrying off her pig—she would have laughed and let them go. But thereby hangs a tale.

We are off for the seat of war. During three years service we passed through hard scenes enough to make one forget his grandmother and obliterate every trace of his former life, but such was not the case with me.

Now we leave our good old Maine
And march to meet our nation's foe,
Caring not how soon we meet him,
Bound to follow where he may go.

Yes! we leave dear friends behind us,
To all we bid a fond adieu,
And when we give our three years' service
With honor we'll return to you.

The service of the regiment is too well known to give in detail what I saw and experienced in the field during my three years service, but on returning from the war I found

Joy and sadness closely mingled
For us who reached our native State—
Joy in meeting friends and neighbors;
Sadness for those who patient wait

'Till th' shrill bugles of the angels
Sound their final reveille
And to th' roll call we've all answered
"Here!" and marched to eternity.

On reaching Maine I went on a visit to the western part of the State, and as I returned, taking the cars at Leeds Junction, a stranger among strangers, a lady occupying the seat behind me asked the old familiar question, "To what regiment do you

belong?" I answered, "First Maine Cavalry." Next question, "What company?" "Company A." "Did you know William Loyd?" "Yes." "Can I [illegible] Len Meriam?" "Yes." "Estabrook, Putnam," and a host of others to which I answered in the affirmative and learning the lady was acquainted with all she had mentioned I said, "Dont forget to ask —— —— when you see him if he remembers the night before Thanksgiving, 1861, when he was near the [illegible] of the Kennebec river at Augusta. Then the lady looked me in the eye without knowing smile and asked, "Was it the time you stole the pig?" At this question I was thunderstruck. Had I met Pinkerton in disguise, and had I been shadowed for three years and why should this particular question be put to me on [illegible] minutes acquaintance was my first thought, and then I resolved to find out with whom I had met and succeeded finally before we got to Bangor as she had a lady friend with her who was from the same place.

Some years after my wife and I were on a visit to Aroostook County when we met the lady in question, who had married one of the comrades mentioned above, and the comrade calls out, "Halt!" and I replied, "I'll dismount, advance and give the countersign." The First Maine comrade introduced his wife to me, and as we shook hands with her I asked, "Was it the time you stole the pig?" which question needed an explanation to her husband and my wife, and after they were fully initiated we had a good hearty laugh right then and there. So you see the old adage made true that "murder will out."

Chaplain Samuel A. Fuller was next called upon to speak but declined on account of indisposition.

Lieutenant Tobie read the following, prepared for the occasion:

THE FIRST MAINE BOY AT THE GATE.

BY EDWARD L. TOBIE.

Saint Peter, at the gate of Heaven,
  Beheld the soul of one
Who had with hope of entrance come —
  His earthly service done.

The spirit gave his name, and told
  Of what had been his lot
On earth, and what his life; alas!
  Saint Peter knew him not.

He'd been no saint — he'd simply tried
  To do his level best
Where he'd been placed, and now had come
  For his eternal rest.

'Twas all in vain. Saint Peter said,
  With pity in his face:
"I'm very sorry for you, but
  There's here for you no place."

The spirit turned — with head erect;
No fear had he; e'en hell
For him no terrors had, as once
We heard Kilpatrick tell.

But as he turned, Saint Peter saw,
Etched in by sun and rain,
Something upon his back which told
He had not lived in vain.

Then spoke the saint, "Your back gives proof
You've worn the Union blue,
And on the blue, in graceful curves,
Two stripes of yellow hue."

"Oh yes," the soul replied, "I served
In those grand, glorious years
When freedom won abiding place
Beyond all doubts and fears;

'Twas with the cavalry I fought —
Oft did my carbine crack;
And not a foeman ever saw
Those stripes upon my back."

"What army were you in?" inquired
Saint Peter, with a smile,
As if he wished to hold the soul
To chat with him a while.

"The grand Potomac Army," said
The soul in joyous tone —
"The best and bravest army, saint,
On which the sun e'er shone."

Saint Peter nodded, and replied:
"Your words are chosen well;
It was a glorious army — but
Your regiment please tell."

"The Old First Maine!" the soul sang out.
And o'er his face there spread
A pride and glory all his own.
Saint Peter quickly said:

"The Old First Maine! Come in, come in!
And be at home for aye;
Here's many a comrade, and the rest
Will rally here some day,

When all life's battles have been fought,
Its victories nobly won;
Then shall the Great Commander say,
'Brave Old First Maine, well done!'"

Gen. Cilley then addressed the comrades earnestly in support of the BUGLE, and Lieut. Tobie followed upon the same subject, the former asking support financially in behalf of the comrades not themselves able to pay for it, and the latter in behalf of letters and sketches of war reminiscences from every comrade. Comrades Sheahan and Clark then amused the comrades with more stories, each in his own peculiar way.

After music by the band, Lieut. Horatio S. Libby, of Melrose, Mass., read a poem entitled "The Regimental Reunion," from the Century Magazine, as follows:

REGIMENTAL REUNION.

It is twenty years, my comrades, twenty solid years to-day,
Since we were stripling captains, dapper youngsters slim and straight:
And now in portly manhood, wise and serious, we are met,
To gossip of the stirring times of sword and bayonet.

Our portly manhood, as above, our silvered heads and all,
May be respected, more or less, by circles large or small;
But my comrades, all the honors of our civil walks and ways
Seem but empty to the glory of the old heroic days.

Yet the martial pomp and grandeur, failing somehow to connect,
Were not always clearly present at the time, I recollect.
There were dusty, weary marches, not romantic in the least,
More especially if rations chanced to fail for man or beast.

There were times when human nature had to murmur just a bit;
There were seasons of bad language, yes, the truth I must admit;
There were bivouacs in the rain or snow, black darkness overhead,
The sodden ground beneath us, with a fence-rail for a bed.

But what appetites for lobscouse, and what dinners huge and free,
Supplemented by a canteen full of "Commissary B;"
With the haughty Southron's hoe-cake, and the colored mammy's pie,
And a streamlet for a finger-bowl, if one meandered by.

Do you remember, comrades, how we fought and overcame
Those guerilla ducks and turkeys, war-like pigs and other game?
And those savage rebel chickens, who would die, but never yield,
Whom we faced with deathless valor on so many a Southern field?

Though we murmured, though our language was at times a trifle queer,
Though we had but little reverence even for a brigadier,
Though we grumbled at the government with almost every breath,
Yet we faced the gray battalions, all undaunted to the death.

We fought them and we killed them, and they killed us in return;
But we never thought to hate them, and we never cared to learn.

We met them on the picket lines, with flags of truce between;
They were "Johnnies," we were "Yanks," and better friends were never seen.

What anomalies and contrasts! I recall a day in June,
When the world was warm with summer, and the birds were all in tune;
Peace and beauty all about us, death and danger just ahead,
On our faces careless courage, in our hearts a sober dread.

Then the skirmish line went forward, and the only sounds we heard
Were the hum of droning insects and the carol of a bird;
Till, far off, a flash of fire, and a little cloud went by,
Like an angel's mantle floating down from out the azure sky.

Then a shell went screaming o'er us, and the air at once was rife
With a million whispering hornets, swiftly searching for a life;
And the birds and insects died away before the "rebel yell,"
The thunder of the battle, and the furious flames of hell.

Other memories come thronging. When our shoulder straps were new
We were nearly all the world, but now, alas, we are so few;
Then we marched with ringing footsteps, looking gayly to the fore;
Now with wistful, dreamy glances we look back to days of yore.

If the spirits of the dead revisit earth for weal or woe,
We might fancy they would join us, those dear friends of long ago.
Hush, who knows what ghostly comrades may have come with noiseless feet,
In the old familiar friendliness, to make our band complete?

DAVID L. PROCTOR.

MORE ADDRESSES.

Comrade Charles E. Jacks, of Boston, was then called upon. He spoke earnestly and eloquently upon the feelings which the comrades had for each other, saying it surpasses the love of women, and closed with vivid descriptions of the charge of the regiment at Farmville, and the fight at Appomattox on the morning of Lee's surrender.

Dr. Theo. J. Batchelder spoke of the heroism of the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts, who sent their sons, husbands, brothers and lovers to the war with a "God bless you," and then waited patiently at home day after day and week after week to hear from the loved ones.

Capt. Cary then introduced Comrade Gilbert N. Harris, the newly elected president of the association, who spoke briefly, thanking the association for the honor conferred upon him by his election, and paying high tribute to Gen. Charles H. Smith, our old commander, and to Co. E, which went from this locality.

Capt. John W. Preble was next called upon. He responded briefly, saying: "It is said there is a pontoon bridge over the last river we have to cross. I came very near crossing that bridge a few months ago by a fall. I have lost my voice and cannot speak. I thank you cordially for this invitation, but it is impossible for me to speak."

Then there was music by the band, and then the ladies served the veterans and friends with ice cream, cake, etc., and the decidedly pleasant reunion of the First Maine Cavalry was over. The larger portion of the comrades and families departed for their homes Friday morning, but some remained a few days, having become so enamored of that part of the country that they wished to see more of it.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH.

A special meeting of the Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Cavalry Association was held Aug. 19th, 1891, to make arrangements for the comrades living in Boston and vicinity to attend this reunion. Comrades Gilbert N. Harris and Charles A. F. Emery were chosen a committee to make terms with the railroad companies and notify the comrades. The result of this was that the comrades from Boston and vicinity were enabled to procure tickets for Houlton and return for $10, by the Boston and Maine railroad.

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

NO. IV.—FORT DARLING.

BY MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.

In the eastern part of the county, bordering on the James river, about seven miles below Richmond, is a line of high hills rising abruptly in some places two hundred feet above the water, known as Drury's Bluffs. At our first visit here we met Major Drury, the proprietor of a large plantation lying along the river which includes these bluffs. At this time he was superintending his farming operations which were varied and extensive. He was a man then apparently about forty years of age and more than six feet in height, with a full, florid face, strong features and commanding presence, all indicating courage, will and energy sufficient to control a plantation of unruly darkies or to command an army corps if need be.

He had been an ardent rebel and had earnestly supported the confederacy that was, and he now reluctantly submitted to the inevitable. At first he seemed little inclined to engage us in conversation—only to briefly but kindly reply to our questions—but when he was informed as to our position in relation to the government of the county, and that we desired his suggestions and counsel and the aid and co-operation of all good citizens in our efforts to preserve order and to afford protection to persons and property, he seemed to half realize the fact that the government he had tried so hard and in vain to destroy was now offering him and his protection and security when the powers of the state and of the county had ceased with the confederacy, and the icy surface of his rigid features began to warm and break, and he soon became interested, social and friendly. He modestly and manfully expressed his gratitude for our call, and promised us any aid he could render in our new and peculiar duties. After a short discussion of the sub-

jects of our call, he volunteered to go with us to the summit of the bluffs, where he related and explained an incident of the war, that to my mind is without parallel in the history of that long and eventful struggle, and of which he was the hero on the confederate side. He said that he early recognized the importance and value of these bluffs in the defense of the confederate capitol if it should be threatened by a naval or marine force from below, and that he as early called the attention of the rebel government to the necessity of some defensive works along the river and particularly at these bluffs, but no heed was given to his warnings.

After the great naval engagement at Hampton Roads, in which the little Monitor disabled the rebel ram Merrimac, he was more solicitous than before, and again appealed to the confederate government to do something to save the capitol from impending danger, and especially from inviting attack from the "strange craft" below, for between these bluffs and Richmond there was not a gun nor any obstruction to prevent an unarmored vessel from steaming right up to the wharves of the rebel capitol; but for some cause or for no cause his pleadings were again unheeded. He had embarked in the new movement deliberately and from choice, and he resolved that no slight nor insult, however unjust and unmerited, should alienate him from his allegiance to the new government.

He accordingly set his slaves to work and in a short time he had quite a formidable earthwork laid out and erected on the highest and most commanding bluff, which he christened Fort Darling. With his own money he purchased three field pieces, two three-inch howitzers and one twelve pound Napoleon, and mounted them in his new fort to defend the new capitol and the honor of the stars and bars. He drilled and trained his men daily, taught them their places and how to handle the guns, and in a few weeks had quite an efficient battery of light artillery. While the men were engaged in the field he kept a sentinel posted with a tin horn on a commanding eminence to sound the alarm when the expected fleet should heave in sight. Days grew into weeks and weeks into months and the horn was still silent

The darkies at length began to think that they would never have a chance to "shoot off de big guns" they had kept so clean, new and nice; that the Yankees were too shrewd and wise to come in sight of such destructive pieces: but at last, on the 16th of May, 1862, early in the morning, the expectant horn sounded the dread alarm, when all excitedly hurried to the fort, where in a few moments they were gazing in breathless suspense at the black smoke of a steamer approaching in the distance. Soon another appeared and another. The river was full of them! Were they veritable Yankee gun boats, or were they a friendly fleet from below seeking safety in flight? A shot will tell! Bang! goes a gun to the great delight of the trembling darkies, and instantly an answering shot came screaming through the air, terrifying the darkies into a mob of senseless maniacs. The situation now was not only grave and critical, but it seemed absolutely hopeless. Before noon the confederate capitol will surely be in the hands of the abolition hordes of the North! For what could one man with three small field pieces and a few ignorant, unwilling slaves do against the heavy guns and experienced seamen of a formidable fleet of five victorious vessels, led by that naval wonder of wonders, the impenetrable monitor! Almost any other man in the world, when that fleet came to anchor, would have fled to Richmond to save himself and inform the city of the certain doom that shortly awaits it. But of better stuff—of heroic timber—was he made. He felt that the very existence of the confederacy was in his hands, and he resolved to save it or to sell his life most dearly in its defense.

By the application of vigorous physical persuasion some of the less frightend darkies were induced to return to the guns, and as their fright wore away they loaded and replaced the guns while the valliant master sighted and fired them. When the fire from the fleet was rapid he said it was impossible to keep a man at the guns or even in sight, but as soon as the fire slackened they would return again and work like trojans. At length the little monitor raised her anchor and steamed right up to the fort as though to run by. She was now harmless as she could

not elevate her guns to reach the summit. Major Drury observing this, hastily ran his guns to the water side of the fort and dropped solid shot down on to the back of the little monster, which rolled off as drops of water from the back of a duck. She quickly reversed her engines and took position as before. Firing continued at long range for some time but no further attempt was made to pass the fort and at noon firing ceased and the fleet withdrew.

I submit the following report and abstracts from the commanders in the Federal fleet :

REPORT OF COMMANDER JOHN RODGERS.

U. S. STEAMER GALENA.
OFF CITY POINT, JAMES RIVER.
MAY 16th, 1862.

SIR : I have the honor to report that this vessel, the Aroostook, the Monitor and Port Royal, with the Nangatuck, moved up the river, getting aground several times but meeting with no obstacle impediments until we arrived at Ward's Bluff, within about eight miles of Richmond, where we encountered a heavy battery and two separate barriers formed of piles and steamboats and sail vessels. The pilots both say they saw the Yorktown and Jamestown among the number. The banks of the river we found lined with rifle pits from which sharpshooters annoyed the men at the guns. These would hinder the removal of the obstructions unless driven away by a land force.

The Galena ran within about 600 yards of the battery as near the piles as it was deemed proper to go, let go her anchor and then at 7.15 A. M., opened fire upon the battery. The wooden vessels as directed anchored about 1300 yards below. The Monitor was near, and at 9 o'clock she passed just above the Galena but found that her guns could not be elevated enough to reach the battery. She then dropped a little below us and made her shots effective. At five minutes after 12 the Galena had expended nearly all her ammunition and I made a signal to discontinue the action. We had but six Parrot charges and not a single fifty 9-inch shell. We had 13 killed and 11 wounded. The rifled 100-pounder of the Nangatuck burst, half the gun flying the trunnions going overboard. She was therefore disabled.

Lieut. Newton, the executive officer, was conspicuous for his gallant and effective service. Mr. Washburn, acting master, behaved admirably. These are selections from among the number. The Aroostook, the Nangatuck and Port Royal took the stations previously assigned them and did everything that was possible. The Monitor could not have done better. The barrier is such that the boats of the enemy, even if they have any, cannot possibly pass out and ours cannot pass in.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

JOHN RODGERS,
Commander U. S. N.

Lieut. Wm. Jeffers, commanding the Monitor, reported. (Extract.) "At half [illegible] I discovered an extensive fortification on an elevation of about [illegible] feet, with several small batteries, all apparently mounting guns of the heaviest calibre. The fire of the enemy was remarkably well directed but mainly towards this vessel. She was struck three times. I am happy to report no casualties. In conclusion permit me to say the action was most gallantly fought against great odds and with the usual effect against earthworks. As long as our vessels kept up a rapid fire they rarely returned our fire, but the moment our fire slackened they remanned their guns. It is impossible to reduce such works except with the aid of a land force."

Commodore Goldsborough, flag officer, closes his report with the following: "The James river is now opened from its mouth to Ward's or Drury's Bluff, or in other words, up to 8 miles of Richmond, where, as you will perceive by Commander Rodgers' report of the fight, it is seriously obstructed."

The confederate authorities were now greatly alarmed and thoroughly aroused. They realized the great perils to which they had left themselves exposed, perils that had been bravely averted, and not by any means or measures of theirs, but by the intelligence and zeal of one courageous and devoted confederate whose early counsels and whose later appeals had been disregarded and unnoticed. But for the early action of Major Drury, Richmond must surely have been at the mercy of our guns that day. Indeed, as it was, Major Drury well said that had the Yankee commander of the fleet possessed persistence equal to his courage, he would have steamed past the fort with at least three of his vessels and tied up at the wharves of Richmond.

These bluffs and other advantageous positions between them and Richmond were now quickly seized by the confederate government and prepared to prevent any more "picnicing" by Yankee gun-boats so near the vitals of the new government, and they remained in the hands of the confederate forces until the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg in the spring of 1865. Major Drury became an officer of artillery in the military forces of the confederacy.

We left him with a high appreciation of his character as a man, of his valor and efficiency as a soldier and of his sterling worth as a citizen in those dark and sad days of the old Dominion.

BOWDOIN BOYS IN LABRADOR.

ON BOARD THE JULIA A. DEMERITT,
GUT OF CANSO.

Bowdoin pluck has overcome Bowdoin luck, and though they literally had to pass through fire and water, the Bowdoin men from the Bowdoin College Scientific Expedition to Labrador have done what Oxford failed to do, and what was declared well nigh impossible by those best acquainted with the circumstances and presumably best judges of the matter. Austin Clapp and Dennis Cole, Bowdoin '87 and '88, respectively, have proven themselves worthy to be ranked as explorers, and have demonstrated anew that energy and endurance are not wanting in college graduates of this generation.

A trip up a large and swift river, totally unknown to man in its upper portions, for three hundred miles, equal to the distance from Brunswick, Me., to New York City, in open fifteen-foot boats, is of itself an achievement worthy of remark. But when to this is added the discovery of Bowdoin Canon, one of the most remarkable features of North America, the settlement of the mystery of the Grand Falls, and the bringing to light of a navigable waterway extending for an unbroken ninety miles, and three hundred miles in the interior of an hitherto unknown country, something more than remark is merited.

July 26th the schooner hove to about four miles from the mouth of the Grand River, the shoals rendering a nearer approach dangerous, and the boats of the river detachment were sent over the side, taken in tow by the yawl, and the start made on what proved the most eventful part of the Labrador expedition. Cheers and good wishes followed the three boats till out of hearing, and then the Julia gathered way and headed for North West River, while the party in the yawl with the two Rushton

in tow put forth their best efforts to reach the mouth of the river and a lee before the approaching squall should strike them.

The squall came first, and as it blew heavily directly out of the river, we could simply lay to and wait for it to blow over. Then a calm followed and by the time the next squall struck we were in a comparative lee. After the heaviest of it had passed, the Grand River boys clambered into their boats and with a hearty "good by" pulled away for the opening close at hand. The yawl meantime had grounded on one of the shoals, but pushing off and carefully dodging the boulders that dot those shallow waters, she squared away for North West River, following around the shore, and with the aid of a fresh breeze reached the schooner shortly after 10 o'clock P. M.

The river party was made up of Austin Cary in charge, and W. R. Smith, '90, occupying one boat, and Dennis Cole and E. B. Young, '92, with the other, all strong, rugged fellows, more or less acquainted with boating in rapid water, and well equipped for all emergencies. Their outfit included provisions for four weeks, flour, meal, buckwheat flour, rice, coffee, tea, sugar, beef extract, tins of pea soup, beef tongue, and preserves. They were provided with revolvers, a shot gun and a rifle, and sufficient ammunition, intending to eke out the stores with whatever game came in their way, although the amount of time given them would not allow much hunting. All the supplies, including the surveying, measuring and meteorological instruments, were either in tins or in water-tight wrappings, while the bedding and clothing were protected by rubber blankets. The boats, made by Rushton, the Adirondack boat-builder, were of cedar, fifteen feet long, five feet wide, double-ended, and weighed eighty pounds apiece. A short deck at each end of the boats covered copper air-tanks, which made life-boats of them and added much to their safety. Each boat was equipped with a pair of oars, a paddle and about one hundred feet of small line for tracking purposes. Proceeding about three miles the first camp was made on the south shore of Goose Bay, amid an abundance of mosquitoes. The next day twenty-five miles were made through shoals that nearly close the river's mouth, leaving

but one good channel through which the water flows very swiftly by the house of Joe Michelin, the trapper, at which six weeks later two very gaunt and much used up men were most hospitably received. Here another night was spent almost without sleep, owing to the mosquitoes.

Tuesday a large Indian camp was passed, the big "pool" at the foot of the first falls and some three miles long, a mile across, and at noon the carry was begun. It was necessary to make seventeen trips and four and one half hours were used in the task. When the last load had been deposited at the upper end of the carry, the men threw themselves down on the bank utterly weary, and owing to the loss of sleep the two previous nights were soon all sound asleep. In consequence camp was made here, and the first comfortable night of the trip passed. Including the carry eight miles was the day's advance.

The twenty-five miles of the next day were made rowing and tracking up the Porcupine rapids through a series of small lakes, one with a little island in the centre deceiving our boys for awhile into thinking they had reached Gull Island Lake, and then up another short rapid at the head of which the party encamped.

Sixteen miles were made next day by alternate rowing and tracking, the foot of Gull Island Lake was reached, and after dinner it was crossed in one and a half hours. Then the heaviest work of the trip thus far was struck and camp was made about half way up Gull Lake rapid. Supper was made off a goose shot the previous day. It was necessary to double the crews in getting up the latter part of Gull Island rapids, and finally a short carry was made just at noon to get clear of them. From the fact that the light, beautifully modelled boats required four men to take them up the rapids we may get some idea of the swiftness of the river as well as the difficulties attending the mode of travelling. As the river in its swiftest parts is never less than half a mile wide, and averages a mile, it can readily be seen that it is a grand waterway, well deserving its name.

Nine miles were made this day and camp was reached at the beginning of rough water on the Horse Shoe Rapid. Here the

first evidence of shoes giving out was seen. Constant tramping over rough rocks while wet proved too much for even the strongest shoes, and when Cary and Cole returned there was not leather enough between them to make one decent shoe. Rain made the night uncomfortable, as the light shelter tent let the water through very easily and was then of little use. At other times the tents were very comfortable. Upon arriving at the spot selected two men would at once set about preparing the brush for beds, pitching the tent, etc., while the other provided wood for the camp and for the cook, in which capacity Cary officiated. I cannot do better than use Cary's own words in reference to his "humble but essential ministrations." "Camp cooking at best is rather a wearing process, but the agonies of a man whose hands are tangled up in dough and whom the flies becloud, competing for standing room on every exposed portion of his body, can be imagined only by the experienced."

The party believed that a good night's rest was indispensible where the day was filled with the hardest kind of labor, and spared no pains to secure them. Ever on the return Cary and Cole, when half starved, stuck to their practice of making comfortable camps, and it is probable that the wonderful way they held out under their privations was largely due to this. While many in their predicament would have thrown away their blankets, they kept them, and on every cold and stormy night congratulated themselves that they had done so.

On Saturday, Aug. 1st, the first accident happened. Tracking on the Horse Shoe Rapids was extremely difficult and dangerous. Shortly after dinner a carry was made, taking three and a half hours to track out a path up and along a terrace about fifty feet high. Shortly after this the boat used by Cary and Smith capsized, emptying its load into the river. The party were "tracking" at the time, Cole being nearly the length of the tow line ahead, tugging on it, while Cary was doing his best to keep the boat off the rocks. At the margin of the swift unbroken current there were strong eddies, and in hauling the boat around a bend her bow was pushed into one, her slight keel momentarily preventing her from heading up stream again.

and the rush of the water bore her under. At the same time Cary was carried from his footing and just managed to grasp the line as he came up and escape being borne down the stream. When things were collected and an inventory taken of the loss, it was found to include about one-fourth of the provisions, the barometer and chronometer rendered useless and practically lost, measuring chain, cooking utensils, rifles with much of the ammunition, axe and small stores, such as salt, sugar, coffee, etc. The loss was a severe one, and arose from failure to fasten the stores into the boats before starting, as had been ordered. The time given the party for the trip was so short, the distance so uncertain, and the things they desired to have an opportunity to do on the return that would require comparative leisure were so many, that they begrudged the few minutes necessary to properly lash the loads into the boats, each time they broke camp; and delay and disaster were the results. As the day was nearly spent, camp was made but about a mile from the last, and time used in repairing damages. A very ingenious baker for bread was contrived by Cole from an empty flour tin, a new paddle made to replace the one lost, and a redistribution of the baggage remaining effected.

In the following five days sixty-six miles were made with a few short carries, some rowing and a good deal of hard tracking. Having passed the Mininipi river and rapids, the latter being the worst on the river, the bank furnishing almost no foothold for tracking, the Mauni rapids were reached and finally at 5 P. M., Aug. 6th, the party emerged into Lake Wamisikapo. As Cary's journal puts it, here the party "first indulged in hilarity." The hardest part of the work was over and had been done in much less time than had been expected. According to all accounts the falls should be found only thirty miles beyond the head of the lake, which is forty miles long and good rowing water, and about three weeks time yet remained before they were due at Rigolette. Added to this a perfect summer afternoon, comparatively smooth water, running around the base of a magnificent cliff and opening out through a gorge with precipitous sides, showing a beautiful vista of lake and mountain, with the

knowledge of rapids behind and the object of the trip but a short way ahead and easy travelling most of that way, and we may readily understand why these tired and travel worn voyagers felt hilarious. Cary says of the scene: "As we gradually worked out of the swift water the terraces of sand and stones were seen to give way and the ridges beyond to approach one another and to erect themselves, until at the lake's mouth we entered a grand portal between cliffs on either hand towering for hundreds of feet straight into the air. And looking beyond and between the reaches of the lake was seen a ribbon of water lying between steep-sided ridges, over the face of which, as we pulled along, mountain streams came pouring."

One day was used in making the length of the lake, and at the camp at its head Young and Smith turned back. A very badly swelled hand and arm caused by jamming his thumb had prevented Young from getting any sleep and threatened speedily to become worse. This in connection with the loss of provisions in the upset made it expedient to send the two men back. The returning party was given the best boat, the best of the outfit and provisions for six days, in which time they could easily reach the mouth of the river. Meantime Cary and Cole pushed on into what was to prove the most eventful part of their journey.

The lake is simply the river valley with the terraces cleaned out, and was probably made when the river was much higher, at a time not far removed from the glacial period. The head of the lake is full of sand bars and shoals, much resembling the mouth of the river as it opens out into Goose bay. On both sides of the lake mountains rise steeply for one thousand or twelve hundred feet. Its average width is from two to three miles and it has three long bends or curves. Only one deep valley breaks the precipitous sides, but many streams flow in over the ridge, making beautiful waterfalls.

The river as it enters the lake is about half a mile wide, but soon increases to a mile. Twenty miles were made by the advance the day the parties separated, and at night, almost at the place where the falls were reported, nothing but smooth

water could be seen for a long stretch ahead. Sunday the 9th twenty-five miles were made, the good rowing continuing, by barren lands, and banks over which many cascades tumbled. Monday, the last day's advance in the boats was made, the water becoming too swift to be stemmed. This day Cary got the second ducking of the trip—a very good record in view of the roughness of the work and the smallness of the boats. During this and the day previous an otter, a crow and a robin were seen. As a rule the river was almost entirely deserted by animal life.

The next day the boat and the provisions, excepting a six days supply carried in the packs, were carefully cached, and at 10:45 camp was left and the memorable tramp begun. Each man carried about twenty-five pounds. The stream was followed a short distance, then the abrupt ascent to the plateau climbed, old river beaches being found all the way up. Ascending a birch knoll the river was in view for quite a long distance and a large branch seen making in from the west. To the north the highest mountain, in fact the only peak in the vicinity, was seen towering up above the level plateau. Towards this peak, christened Mt. Hyde, the party tramped, and arriving at the top saw the country around spread out like a map. Way off towards the northwest a large lake was seen from which Grand River probably flows, and nearer was a chain of small, shallow and rocky ponds. The country is rocky, covered with deep moss and fairly well wooded, with little underbrush. The wood is all spruce save in the river valleys where considerable birch is mixed in. The black flies were present in clouds, even in the strong wind blowing at the top of Mt. Hyde, and made halt for rest or any stop whatever intolerable. Leaving the mountain, after taking bearings of all the points to be seen, the party struck for the river and camped on the bank between the two branches coming in from the westward, several miles apart. The following day, with faces much swollen from fly bites of the day before, the line of march was along the banks till 2 P. M. when the upper fork was reached.

The course of the river is southeast. This branch course is from the northwest. The main stream turns off sharply to the

northeast and after a few miles passes into a deep canon, christened "Bowdoin Canon," between precipitous walls of archaic rock from six hundred to eight hundred feet high. This canon was afterward found to be about twenty-five miles long and winding in its course. In but few places is the slope such as to permit of descent to the river bank proper, and the canon is so narrow, and the walls of such perpendicular character, as to make the river invisible from a short distance. It might truly be said that the discovery of this canon, infinitely grander on account of its age than any other known to geology, and surpassed by few in size, is the most important result of the expedition. Several photographs of it were made, which were not injured by the exposure to wet and rough usage that the camera had to receive during the return journey, and alone convey an adequate idea of this most wonderful of nature's wonders.

At night the first camp away from the river was made, on the plateau. The two men felt that the next day must be their last of advance, so weakened were they by the terrible tramping over deep moss and the persistent bleeding by black flies. The stock of provisions, too, was running low, and with their diminishing strength was a warning to turn back that could not be neglected. A half dozen grouse, three Canada and three rough, had been added to their supplies, but even with full meals they could not long stand the double drain upon their strength.

In the morning a high hill was seen, for which they started, drawing slightly away from the river. Soon a roar from the direction of the river was noticed, which differed from the ordinary roar of the rapids. Altering their course it was found the roar "kept away," indicating an unusually heavy sound. Pushing forward, thinking it must be the desired falls, they soon came out upon the river bank, with the water at their head. This proved the falls to be below them, and looking down they could be seen "smoking" about a mile distant. A distinct pounding had also been felt for some time previous, which further assured them that the falls were at hand. The roar that had attracted their attention was of the river running at the plateau

level. At the point they came out upon it, it was nearly two hundred yards wide, a heavy boiling rapid. Walking down the great blocks of rock which form the shore, the river appeared to narrow and at 11.45 A. M., the Grand Falls were first seen.

After making pictures of the Falls a feeling of reaction manifested itself in Cary's physical condition, and he remarked, "I do not wish to go further, I need sleep." Cole, as assistant, had avoided the wear and anxiety of leadership. His athletic work at Bowdoin, in throwing the shot and hammer and running on the Topsham track, had given him stored energy of arm and leg. This reserve strength prompted him to press forward and see more of a region new to human eyes. Leaving his hatchet with Cary, now rolled up in his blanket, with the hope and expectation that on waking he would use the same in preparing fuel and cooking supper, Cole pressed forward into the strange and unknown country three or four miles, and then, for a final view of the location, climbed the highest tree he could find and from its top surveyed the waste of land and river. He stood thus exalted near the center of the vast peninsula of Labrador. Four hundred and fifty miles to the east lay the wide expanse of Hamilton Inlet. Four hundred and fifty miles to the north lay Cape Chudleigh, towards which he could imagine the Julia A. Decker, vainly as it proved, pointing her figure head through fog and ice. Only six hundred miles due south the granite chapel of Bowdoin College points heavenward both its uplifted hands. Four hundred and fifty miles to the west rolled the waves of that great inland ocean, Hudson's Bay, into whose depths, Henry Hudson, after his penetrations to northern waters above Spitzbergen, after his pushing along the eastern coast of Greenland, after his magnificent and successful exploration of the American coast from Maine to Virginia, penetrating Delaware Bay and River and sailing up that river crowned by the Palisades and the hights of the Catskills, honored with his name and whose waters bear the largest portion of the commercial wealth of our own country; still fascinated by the vision of a northwest passage, that intrepid explorer penetrated into the waters of the ex-

known sea whose waves unseen dash along the coasts of Labrador from its westward to its northern shores and Cape Chudleigh. All these explorations he accomplished in a sailing vessel about the size of the Julia A. Decker, the ship "Discovery" of seventy tons. He had wintered at the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay surrounded by a mutinous crew. In the hardships and suffering of the next season, after he had divided his last bread with his men, in the summer of 1611, while near the western coast of Labrabor, half way back to the Straits, by an ungrateful crew he was thrust into a sail boat with his son John and five sailors sick and blind with scurvy, and was left to perish in the great waste of waters, which, bearing his name, is "his tomb and his monument." Cole, with his mind and imagination filled with these facts, involuntarily took his knife and carved his name and the expedition on the upper part of the tree which formed his outlook. It might be his monument as the Inland Sea was that of Hudson. Then to have the tree marked and observable to other eyes, in case other eyes should see that country, he commenced to cut the branches from near the top of the tall spruce. He regretted much the leaving of the hatchet with Cary as he was obliged to do the work with his knife. It was a slow and laborious job. His imagination, as it roamed over the wide land, and his interest in his present efforts, had consumed time faster than he knew, and the slanting rays of the western sun started him with thoughts of Cary and supper. It was dark when he reached Cary and he was still asleep. The hatchet was idle, and he wished more than ever that his efforts on the branches of the marked Bowdoin Spruce had been rendered less laborious and more expeditious by the aid of this, to be hereafter his constant companion and source of safety along with another and more diminutive friend, a pocket pistol.

The falls proper are three hundred and sixteen feet high, and just above the river narrows from two hundred and fifty to fifty yards, the water shooting over a somewhat gradual downward course and then plunging straight down with terrific force the distance mentioned, and with an immense

volume. The river is much higher at times and the fall must be even grander, for while the party was there the ground quaked with the shock of the descending stream, and the river was nearly at its lowest point. At the bottom is a large pool made by the change of direction of the river from south above the falls to nearly east below. The canon begins at the pool and extends, as has been described, with many turns and windings, for twenty-five miles through archaic rock. Above the falls in the wide rapids, the bed was of the same rock, which seems to underlie the whole plateau. In 1839, the falls were first seen by a white man, John McLean, an officer of the Hudson Bay Co., while on an exploring expedition in that "great and terrible wilderness" known as Labrador. His description is very general, but he was greatly impressed with the stupendous height of the falls, and terms it one of the grandest spectacles of the world. Twenty years later, one Kennedy, also an employe of the Hudson Bay Co., persuaded an Iroquois Indian, who did not share the superstitious dread of these regions among the Labrador Indians, to guide him to the threshold of fall and misty chasm. He left no account of his visit, however, and in fact, though one other man reached them, and Dr. Holmes, an Englishman, made the attempt and failed, no full account of the falls has been given to the world until Low and Cole made their report. Above the falls as far as could be seen, all was white water, indicating a fall of about one hundred feet per mile. In the course of twenty-five or thirty miles there is a descent of twelve hundred feet, nearly equal to the altitude of the "Height of Land," as the interior plateau of Labrador is called, which has probably been previously overestimated. The next forenoon was spent in surveying and making such measurements could be made in the absence of the instruments lost in the upset. At noon, after having spent just twenty-four hours at Grand Falls, the party turned back. The weight of having succeeded, made distance shorter and fatigue more easily borne, so they travelled along at a rattling pace, camping at times and little thinking of the disaster that had befallen them. Camp was made on the river bank, beneath one of the terraces which lined both sides.

Saturday Aug. 15th, the march back to the boat cache was resumed. Towards night, as they approached the place, smoke was seen rising from the ground, and fearing evil, the men broke into a run during the last two miles. As Cary's journal puts it: "We arrived at our camp to find boat and stores burnt and the fire still smoking and spreading. Cole arrives first, and as I come thrashing through the bushes he sits on a rock munching some burnt flour. He announces with an unsteady voice: 'Well, she's gone.' We say not much, nothing that indicates poor courage, but go about to find what we can in the wreck, and pack up for a tramp down river. In an hour we have picked out everything useful, including my money, nails, thread and damaged provisions, and are on the way down river hoping to pass the rapids before dark, starting at 5."

Their position was certainly disheartening. They were one hundred and fifty miles from their nearest cache, and nearly three hundred from the nearest settlement, already greatly used up, needing rest and plenty of food; in a country that forbade any extended tramping inland to cut off corners, or a river in most places either too rough for a raft or with too sluggish a current to make rafting pay: and above all, left with a stock of food comprising, one quart of good rice, brought back with them, three quarts of mixed meal, burnt flour and burnt rice, a little tea, one can of badly dried tongue, and one can of baked beans that were really improved by the fire. Add to this some three dozen matches and twenty-five cartridges, blankets and what things they had on the tramp to the falls, and the list of their outfit, with which to cover the three hundred miles, is complete. There was no time to be wasted, and that same night six miles were made before camping. The next day the battle for life began. It was decided that any game or other supplies found on the way should be used liberally, while those with which they started were husbanded. This day several trout were caught, line and hooks being part of each man's outfit, and two square meals enjoyed, which proved the last for a week. A raft was made that would not float the men and baggage, and being somewhat discouraged

on the subject of rafting by the failure, another was not then attempted, and the men continued tramping. Following the river, they found its general course between the rapid and Lake Wanimikapo, S. S. E. During part of that day and of the next, they followed in the track of a large panther, but did not get in sight of him. Acting on the principle that they should save their strength as much as possible, camps were gone into fairly early and were well made; and this night, in spite of the desperate straits they were in, both men enjoyed a most delightful sleep.

After this some time every morning was usually occupied in mending shoes. All sorts of devices were resorted to to get the last bit of wear out of them, even to shifting from right to left, but finally Cole had to make a pair of the moccasins from the leather lining of his pack, which lasted him to the vessel. Cranberries were found during the day and at intervals during the tramp, and were always drawn upon for a meal. About two quarts were added to the stock of provision, and many a supper was made off a red squirrel and a pint of stewed cranberries.

Wednesday, the 19th, another raft was made, which took the party into the lake. This was more comfortable than tramping, yet they were in the water for several hours while on the raft, which was made by lashing two cross-pieces about four feet long on the ends of five or six logs laid beside each other and from twenty to thirty feet long, all fastened with roots, and having a small pile of brush to keep the baggage dry. The still water of the lake made the raft useless, even in a fresh, fair breeze, and so this one was abandoned two miles down, and the weary tramping again resumed. Fortunately the water was so low that advantage could be taken of the closely overgrown shore by walking on the lake bed, and far better progress was made owing to the firmer footing. Three days were used in getting down the lake, during which time but one fish, a pickerel, was caught, where they had expected to find an abundance.

At the foot of the lake tracks were seen, which it was thought might be those of hunters. It was learned later that they were

more probably tracks of Bryant's and Kenaston's party, who were following them up and probably had been passed on the opposite side of the lake, unnoticed in the heavy rain of the preceeding day. Some bits of meat that had been thrown away were picked up and helped to fill the gap, now becoming quite long, between square meals. Supper on this day is noted in Cary's journal because they "feasted on three squirrels." Having gotten out of the lake into rapid water, trout was once more caught, and as on the following day, Sunday, the 23d, a bear's heart, liver, etc., was found, and later several fish caught. The starvation period was over.

In the afternoon another raft was built and the next day carried them five miles down to the last cache. Though so terribly used up that the odd jobs connected with making and breaking camp dragged fearfully, and each day's advance had to be made by pure force of will, the men felt that the worst was over and their final getting out of the woods was a matter of time merely. At this cache, also, a note from Young and Smith was found announcing their passage to that point all right and in less time than expected, so they had drawn no supplies from the stock there.

Tuesday, the 25th.—The day, by the way, that the Julia Decker and party arrived at Rigolette according to plans, expecting to find the whole Grand River party, and instead found only Young and Smith, who had been waiting there about a week. Rafting was continued in a heavy rain down to the Mininipi Rapids over which the raft was nearly carried against the will of the occupants. At the foot of these rapids a thirty mile tramp was begun, the raft that had carried them so well for forty-five miles being abandoned, which took them past the Horse Shoe and Gull Island Rapids and occupied most of the two following days. The tracking was fair, and as starvation was over pretty good time was made.

Thursday, the 27th.—A raft was made early in the morning that took them by the Porcupine Rapids and landed them safely, though well soaked, at the head of the first falls. Camp was made that night at the first cache below the falls, forty miles having been covered during the day.

Friday, they fully expected to reach Joe Michelin's house and get the relief that was sadly needed, but as the necessity for keeping up became less imperative, their weakness began to tell on them more. Cary's shoes became so bad that going barefoot was preferable, except over the sharpest rocks, and Cole's feet had become so sore that as a last resort his coat sleeves were cut off and served as a cross between stockings and boots. They were doomed to disappointment, however, and compelled to camp at nightfall with four or five miles still travelling and the wide river between them and the house. Fires were made in hopes of attracting the trapper's attention and inducing him to cross the river in his boat, but as they learned the next day, though they were seen, the dark rainy night prevented his going over to find out what they meant. The last shot cartridge was used that night on a partridge, and the red squirrels went unmolested thereafter. This last shot deserves more than a passing notice. In one sense these shot cartridges for Cole's pistol were their salvation. Just before the expedition started from Rockland it was remarked in conversation that the boat crew under DeLong, in the ill-fated expedition of the "Jeannette", met their death by starvation in the delta of the Lena, with the exception of two, Naros and Nindemann, simply because their hunter, Naros, had only a rifle with ball cartridges, the shot guns having been left on board the "Jeannette;" that on the delta there was quite an abundance of small birds which it was almost impossible to kill by a bullet and even when killed by a lucky shot, little was left of the bird. Cole was impressed by these facts and upon inquiring, ascertained that the pistol shot cartridges ordered by the expedition had been overlooked. He energetically set about supplying the lack, and after persistent search, almost at the last hour, succeeded in finding a small stock in the city, which he bought out. To the remnant of this stock which escaped the fire at Bare Cache camp, as has been said, is the escape of Cary and Cole from starvation largely due.

The value of these cartridges had day by day, on the weary return from Grand Falls, become more and more apparent to

the owner. At the discharge of the last one, the partridge fell not to the ground, but flew to another and remote cluster of spruces. To this thicket Cole hastened and stood watching to discover his bird. Cary came up and after waiting a little while, said, "It is no use to delay longer, time is too precious." The value of this last cartridge forced Cole to linger. He was reluctant to admit it was wasted. In a few minutes he heard something fall to the ground, he knew not what it was, but with eager steps pressed towards the place, and when near it a slight flutter and rustling of wings led him to discover the partridge, uninjured except that one leg was broken; that by faintness or inability to hold its perch with one foot it had fallen to the ground. The darkness and rain of that night then closing around them were rendered less dark and disagreeable by the assurance that kind Providence showed its hand when the help of an unseen power was needed to deliver them from the perils of the unknown river. It rained hard all the next forenoon, and as the river was rough, the men stayed in camp, hoping Joe would come across, until noon, when a start was made for the house. A crazy raft took them across the river, the waves at times nearly washing over them, and landing on the other side, they started on the last tramp of the trip, which the rain and thick underbrush, together with their weakened condition, made the worst of the trip. About 3 P. M., they struck a path, and in a few minutes were once more under a roof and their perilous journey was practically done.

Seventeen days had been used in making the three hundred miles, all but about seventy-five of which were covered afoot. When they came in, besides the blankets, cooking tins and instruments, nothing remained of the outfit with which they started on the return except three matches and one ball cartridge for the revolver, which, in Cole's hands, had proved their main stay from absolute starvation. The following day, Sunday, after having had a night's rest in dry clothes and two civilized meals, Joe took them to Northwest River, where Mr. McLaren, the factor of the Hudson Bay Company's post, showed them every kindness till a boat was procured to take

them to Rigolette. A storm and rain, catching them on a lee shore and giving the already exhausted men one more task with fortune to get their small vessel into a position of safety, made a fitting end to their experiences.

Tuesday at 4 P. M., they reached the schooner and their journey was done. Amid the banging of guns and rifles, yells of delight and echoes of B-O-W-D-O-I-N flying over the hills, they clambered over the rail from the boat that had been sent to meet them and nearly had their arms wrung off in congratulations upon their success, about which the very first questions had been asked as soon as they came within hearing. They were nearly deafened with exclamations that their appearance called out, and by the questions that were showered on them. At last some order was restored, and after pictures had been made of them just as they came aboard, dressed in sealskin tassock, sealskin and deerskin boots and moccasins, with which they had provided themselves at Northwest River, ragged remnants of trousers and shirts, and the barest apologies for hats, they were given an opportunity to make themselves comfortable and eat supper, and then the professor took them into the cabin to give an account of themselves. It was many days before their haggard appearance, with sunken eyes and dark rings beneath them, and their extreme weakness disappeared.

The return trip of Young and Smith from Lake Waninikapo, who reached Rigolette Aug. 18th, was made in five days to Northwest River, and after resting two days, in two more to Rigolette. Their trip was comparatively uneventful. At the foot of Gull Island Lake they met Bryant and Kenaston, who with their party of Indians were proceeding very leisurely and apparently doing very little work themselves. At their rate of progress it seemed to our party very doubtful if they ever reached the falls. They had picked up, in the pool at the foot of the first falls, one of the cans of flour lost in the upset, some fifty or sixty miles up the river, with its contents all right, and strange to say, not a dent in it, and returned it to Smith and Young when they met them. That night, with the assistance of the officers and passengers of the mail steamer, which lay alongside of us, a

jollification was held. Our return race to Battle Harbor, the last concert of the Glee Club in Labrador waters, the exciting race over the gulf with the little Halifax trader, the tussle with the elements getting into Canso, the sensation of a return to civilization and hearty reception at Halifax, and greeting at Rockland, must remain for another letter.

JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.

The Bugler.

BY

HENRY T. BARTLETT.

BUGLER FIRST MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY AND HEADQUARTERS BUGLER TO GEN. HENRY E. DAVIES.

There was a time, way back in 'sixty-two,
When Johnny Rebs and even Boys in Blue
Objected to the notes the bugle sent
To 'wake each corps, brigade and regiment
Before day dawned,—then through the morning mist
The weary soldiers, roused from dreaming, hissed
Their words of wrath and vengeance on my head
With—"Damn that Bugler!" "Shoot the Bugler dead!"

But, since those days of war and war's alarms
That broke your rest while sleeping on your arms,—
The drum's tattoo, the bugle's blast you fear
No more. With willing hearts you come to hear
Those old notes sound again. You come to see
The bugle that rang out the "Reveille,"
"To Horse," the "Trot," the "Gallop" and the "Charge"
When clashing squadrons, fighting o'er the large
Virginia vales where placid waters ran,
Drove out the Rebel hordes, with gallant Sheridan.

The war has ceased; and now in peaceful halls
I'm called upon to sound the bugle calls.
I, too, shall cease; but not, I pray, until
Some veteran's son and grandson learns to trill
This bugle's call "To Arms," and "Boots and Saddles"—
'Till every foe to flag and peace "skedaddles"
To that "last ditch," designed of old by fate,
Where Gabriel's (resurrection) Trump shall never penetrate.

No more we answer "Surgeon's Call" for pills
And whiskey to keep out the ague's chills;
No more we fight for hard-tack and for glory;
No more the daily "Roll Call" inventory;
No weary, midnight picket path we walk;
No more the sergeant orders "No back talk!"
Each veteran now may have his own sweet way,
While captains listen, privates have their say
About the war. How General So-and-So
Was flanked or whipped for being much too slow,
When Southern troops came bounding through the pines
Like beasts of prey, and doubled up our lines.

No "Stables," "Guard Mount," "Drill" or "Dress Parade,"
Nor scout, nor sly guerrilla, nor the raid.
No "Fours Right Wheel," "March," "Forward," "Guide Left," "Trot!"
No hissing bullets, shells, nor screaming, shot,
Except in dreams now flying fast away,
Of bloody fields and mingling blue and grey.
But, while I live and strength of will remains
To give this bugle its accustomed strains,
Those strains that roused you veterans in the field,
To stand for equal rights a living shield —
Its echoing notes your memories shall renew
From sixty-one until the grand review,
Where elbows touched and troops rode boot to boot,
Triumphant 'neath the flag that South and North salute.

New York, May 25th, 1892.

The Country for Which You Fought.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—FROM RHODE ISLAND TO COLORADO.

DEAR COMRADES—Since the April Call left the hands of the printer it has been my good fortune to take a ride across this great and glorious country of ours, each way. Having enjoyed the journey I propose to give you some account of the scenes and pleasures incident to such a trip, as well as some idea, if I can, of the extent and greatness of this country for which you fought and for which our loved comrades gave their lives, that you may, perhaps, realize more than ever before something of how great and grand this country is, and how well worthy it is of the sacrifices made for it. In February last the Rhode Island Press Association did me the honor, to select me a delegate to the National Editorial Association, which held its annual meeting in San Francisco in May. At first I regarded their selection as an empty honor, as there then seemed about as much possibility of my flying as of my paying a visit to California; but fortunately matters personal took such a turn that it became possible for me to make the journey, and I did not deem it wise to let so favorable an opportunity pass by, especially as I was able to take with me my oldest son, Edward P. Tobie, Jr., President of the Sons of the First of Maine, the Pawtucket correspondent and agent of the Providence Evening News.

On the morning of the sixth of May we left our home in Pawtucket, and in the afternoon took passage in the Wagner sleeping car "Monmouth," at the Fitchburg depot in Boston, for Chicago, via the Boston and Fitchburg and Grand Trunk railroads. In this car were more than a score of other delegates from Massachusetts and Connecticut, with their wives, daugh-

ters and sons. And right here, before I forget it, I wish to heartily and sincerely thank R. S. Barrows of the Jamaica Plain News, Boston, for many favors by which the pleasures of the trip were greatly enhanced and which assisted materially in the work and details of preparation. I also wish to extend thanks to the Boston and Fitchburg, Grand Trunk, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, Southern Pacific, Rio Grande Western, Denver and Rio Grande, Manitou and Pike's Peak, and New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad companies, for courtesies tendered and for safely carrying us on our wonderful ride of some ten thousand miles. In due time I hope to give you some account of the ride over and the scenery along these railroads, as well as of the places visited. The Pullman and Wagner sleeping car companies, too, are deserving of thanks for courtesies. I also wish to thank the Union Pacific, Chicago and Northwestern, and Southern California railroads, for courtesies tendered, which I was unable to accept. But more than all, I wish to thank J. M. Page of Jerseyville, Ill., corresponding secretary of the National Editorial Association, for courtesies, for advice, and for his successful preparations for the trip, and I rejoice that his services in this line were recognized by his unanimous re-election to that office. Those who followed the instructions in his "little book" found themselves much better prepared for the pleasures of the journey and much less free from care, anxiety and "running around," than did those who thought they already "knew it all" and "took their chances."

J. M. PAGE.

The passengers in the "Monmouth" were all strangers to me, but I found some companionable spirits among them, and did not get very lonesome. One of the Connecticut men was an old army comrade, and we revived old memories for a while in the evening and again the next day. The old soldier you know is never lonesome when with a comrade, even though that comrade served with another army.

The first night in a sleeping car is not generally considered a good night for rest and sleep, and this one was no exception.

But we managed to get some sleep. We reached Niagara Falls in the morning, walked across the famous suspension bridge for the sake of a more satisfactory look at the falls and at the whirlpool rapids, and then stood on foreign soil. We had a sort of breakfast, or rather lunch, at the Canadian lunch counter, where were served the sickliest-looking baked beans ever seen by a New Englander—beans that would have made any of you comrades growl at the hungriest time you ever during the whole four years' service. We had to traverse one hundred and eighty-three miles of Her Majesty's dominions before we were again in our own country, and to me that seemed longer than the ride over the desert, as I felt further from home while out from under the stars and stripes. We obtained glances of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and felt the breezes from Lake Huron, but were glad when we crossed the line and were once more in the United States. We came through the tunnel under the river at Sarnia, as we had through the Hoosac mountain, and I was unable to realize any difference in the sensation of having a mountain on top, or a large river flowing over, me. At Port Huron most of the party set their watches back one hour to keep with the railroad time, having crossed one of the dividing lines, but I kept the eastern time, as I did through the whole trip, thus having to figure up what time it was every time I looked at the watch.

CHICAGO.

We arrived at Chicago in the evening and drove at once to the Auditorium Hotel, which was the headquarters of the association in that city. Chicago is a great city. There isn't any doubt of that. It is big enough to have the World's Fair and ought to have it. I am aware that such a statement is treason in the eastern States, but the fact remains the same. Ed. and I started out on that Sunday morning to look it over. During the forenoon Ed. thought it was quite a village, but somehow it did not seem like Chicago—not as he expected to find it from his ideas formed from reading and hearing about it—but before night it came nearer his expectations. We found good wide, level, straight streets, crossing each other at right

angles, and plenty of large and tall buildings, towering fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and even twenty stories high, so the famous Ames building in Boston, with its thirteen stories looked low, in the mind's eye, compared with them. We took cable cars with good service and enjoyed riding on them, always preferring the front seat as best for sight-seeing, although it was very windy and dusty, and I began to understand why Chicago is called the "windy city." We found immense Sunday papers—thirty-six, forty-four and forty-eight pages, and wondered if any one ever read them all. We didn't attempt to read them, or even to look over them—life is too short—but sent some to friends at home that they might read if they chose. We found that the people of Chicago understand the benefit of advertising, and know how to advertise to catch the eye and the pocket. Some of the dead walls and fences were covered with exceedingly catching ads. We found new buildings going up on which the work was in progress on the inside and outside at once—on the inside before even the walls of the first story were completed—and then thought we were beginning to understand how the city grows so fast and big buildings go up so quickly. We passed the building then in process of erection for the Democratic National Convention. While the walls of this building were but partially up, the floor and half the balcony well under way, and the platforms for the seats in place and partially completed. This was a new idea but I think we took in the lesson.

We visited the grounds where the World's Fair is to be and for the first time realized something of the immensity of the undertaking, for the first time had the thought that we wanted to go to the fair. Though the buildings for the various departments were by no means completed, enough had been done to show that the arrangement of the grounds, the size and construction of the buildings, everything, will make an exhibition that will be well worth a visit of any American citizen—well worthy of the city of Chicago, of the country, and of the event of which it is in commemoration. I had an unpleasant though funny experience here. At one point it was

necessary to cross a canal, over which a temporary bridge had been built by placing a single plank from one shore to a horse in the centre of the canal and another plank from there to the other shore. This horse rested on a flat boat, and the wind blew so strongly and the waves ran so high (it was close to the lake) that there was too much motion to the planks for my equilibrium. Ed. went across all right, but when I reached the centre and was standing directly over the boat, I found myself very dizzy—actually seasick: only think of it, seasick in the World's Fair grounds—and I was obliged to crawl to shore on my hands and knees, while Ed. stood and laughed at me. The waters of Lake Michigan beat against the shore as heavily as do the waters of the ocean at Portland, throwing the spray high in the air, and we watched the breakers for some time with a new idea of the force of the lake waters.

One thing surprised us in Chicago, viz., that the residents of the city know so little about it. We were in the vicinity of South Park and wished to make it a visit. Five different residents, whom we met at or near their homes, located it in as many directions, and yet it was only a very short distance away from where they then were. The only man who knew anything about it, or who could or would tell anything definite about it, was a cross-looking car conductor whom I had set down as a sort of gruff specimen of humanity but who's rough-looking exterior concealed some knowledge and gentlemanly courtesy. Again, we found during our travels a handsome large building. It was not until we inquired of the tenth man that we learned that it was the city and county building, known as "the twins," and yet all of whom we asked had the appearance of being residents of Chicago. Another large, handsome building, evidently a public building, we were unable to learn the name or use of until the next day, when we found it was the Post office.

Monday morning, we paid our first visit to an old friend, formerly of Lewiston—Duncan D. Gorecion—and after a season of questions and answers about friends, he took us over to the Board of Trade. We had heard this institution given all sorts

of names indicating turmoil and confusion, yet were not fully prepared for what we saw and heard there. In one portion of the room were seventy-five to a hundred men, mostly young men, shouting and gesticulating like so many mad men. But neither the shouts nor the gesticulations could we understand. It required but a few moments explanation by our friend, of the mysteries of one finger, two fingers, five fingers, ten fingers, etc., and of the palm of the hand turned outward or inward, to enable us to have some idea of what was going on, and we looked with astonishment to see ten, twenty-five and even fifty thousand bushels of wheat bought and sold by the wave of the hand. It was interesting to watch this proceeding, but at the same time we were inclined to feel somewhat overcome by the magnitude of the rapid transactions. We watched the "wheat" ring for some time—long enough to see more wheat bought and sold than there is in the whole country—and there was a strange fascination in it. It was noticeable that most of the men thus engaged were young men, and they purchased or disposed of thousands of bushels as nonchalantly as two boys would swap marbles. At times the price would take a sudden rise or fall, and then the excitement grew intense until we could understand the remark of a very much interested spectator, "I don't wonder that they are all young men—a man couldn't live long in that business—I don't want any of it." There were similar scenes in the corn and pork rings, but business was not as brisk there.

We also visited the top of the tower of the Auditorium Hotel—the highest tower in the city—and from there had a fine view of the city, which intensified the belief in the expression used once before, "Chicago is a big city." Both of us felt inclined to consider Chicago the one city in the country really worth living in. There was something about it which captivated us, and we were ready to settle down and remain there—after the journey was over.

LIBBY PRISON.

In the afternoon, by the courtesy of the managers, we visited the old "Libby Prison," which has been taken from Rich-

mond to Chicago and placed on exhibition. I visited this place hesitatingly. I was inclined to think it a mistake to preserve this relic of the war in this manner, as I thought it might "have a tendency to keep alive the memories and hatreds of the war," now so long gone by. This feeling fled entirely before the visit was over, and I felt that it was well to have it preserved as a testimony to the heroism, fidelity, patience and long-suffering of the brave men of the north, and as an incentive to patriotism to all, especially the young, who shall visit it. As for its "keeping alive the hatreds of the war," you know, comrades, that there was never any ill feeling between the brave boys in blue and the equally brave boys in gray; you remember our friendly confabs and our friendly trades with the "Johnnies" on picket; some of you will remember, as do I, that even when prisoners of war we were well treated as long as we were in the hands of the enemy's soldiers. There never was any hatred between the soldiers of the two armies and therefore none can be kept alive or resuscitated. We respected them for their bravery, their courage, their fidelity to what they firmly believed was right, and they respected us in like manner. Each knew, too well, alas! that the other was brave.

Some of you, perhaps, may fancy my feelings as I stood near the end of the building, and looking up, as I did in June, 1863, saw, as I did then, the sign, "S. Libby & Son, Grocers and Ship Chandlers." It looks just as it did then. Then I was wounded and lame and a prisoner about to be confined within the building's walls. I had been limping through the streets of Richmond, with my wounded comrades, with a sinking heart, and only realized that the prison was reached as we halted and I read the sign. How that sign stared at me as I stood there in pain and fear and dread. How my thoughts went back to that June day of 1863, as I again read the same sign on this lovely day of May, 1892, and how all the scenes of the old days came up before me. But I will not weary your patience by going over them now. We passed inside the building and registered. Do you, comrades, who visited the prison as involuntary guests during the war, remember how

you were there registered? The prison is full of war relics of every conceivable kind, which it would be worth a day of any one's time to examine, but I had no taste or time for them. There is a large picture portraying the tunnel by which some of our boys escaped from the prison, and one of the boys who then escaped was explaining it, but that was of no interest to me. Straight up stairs I went, interested to see if memory served me rightly as to the location of the room in which I was confined. If it did, I knew I should recognize as soon as I saw it, the very spot where I laid my head while sleeping in the prison in 1863, and that there would be no doubt about it. My memory did serve me rightly. Not in the first room, or the second, did I find anything that looked natural, but in the fourth—there was the place, with all the surroundings—the door, the window, the stairway, the hatchway (then used for sanitary purposes), everything just as I remembered it. For a moment it seemed as if I had been away from the room only long enough to have it cleaned up. Comrades, do you blame me that as I stood there, gazing upon the very place where my body lay so long ago and under such circumstances, the very place where my head lay upon the window sill, as the old memories came rushing back,—do you blame me that I was overcome by my emotions and my eyes filled with tears? Do you know that I am proud of those tears? Do you know at that moment, as the old scenes came up before me as vividly as they could under no other circumstances, that I was more than ever proud that I tried to do my whole duty, with you, in those stirring days? Do you wonder that as I stood there and thought of the comrades who were there with me so long ago, of the thousands of other comrades who were there, of all the comrades who bore a noble part for country's sake in that dark time, do you wonder that I experienced a change of heart, and believed that it is a good thing to have the old Libby Prison thus preserved, with all its unpleasant memories? I can not tell all my thoughts as I stood there in the old prison, but some of you at least will understand them. And I think Ed realized something of them, and obtained a clearer idea of

what war means than ever before. After my pilgrimage to this spot, I had no heart to gaze at the thousands of war relics stored in the prison, but we came away, each of us filled with new emotions—each of us, I trust, better citizens for this brief visit. And even now, as I write, though I have seen very many interesting things and strange scenes since this visit, I find my eyes again filling with tears as I think of it, and the visit to the old prison is among the most vivid recollections of the whole trip.

THE CRUISE OF THE ESSEX.

CHARLES A. LEE.

With letters from home and friends to cheer us on our way, we left Chicago at nightfall of Monday, May ninth, taking passage in Pullman car Essex, which car was destined to be our home for nearly three weeks, and three weeks of wondrous travel, sight seeing and enjoyment. It was not a handsome car; it had not the latest improvements; its accommodations were scanty; the only place that could be utilized for a smoking room was the small room where the porter slept, in which two could smoke comfortably and into which four might squeeze by bidding good bye to comfort; it was old and weather beaten and out of date; it rattled and shook so that writing was impossible and very few letters were written while it was in motion; it was an uncomfortable car, anyway, and the porter was as uncomfortable as the car; yet that car carried us safely for nearly three weeks, giving us a glorious ride, such as we never had before—probably never will have again—so I have only good words for the old rattletrap of a thing, and pleasant memories of the many days we shook and swayed and lurched and rocked over the country in it. The passengers on the Essex were as follows:

Mrs. E. Jeannette Abbott and husband, Chicago, Ill., *Elite News*.

Col. and Mrs. John C. Bundy, Chicago, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

John H. Campbell and wife, Phenix, R. I., *Pawtuxet Valley Gleaner.*

Miles B. Cook and wife, Sandwich, Ill., *Illinois Suffragist.*

Frances L. Dusenberry and brother, Chicago, *Chicago Woman's News.*

Irving A. Ewing, Monmouth, Ill., *Daily Review.*

J. Y. Gilmore and wife, New Orleans, La., *Sugar Bowl and Farm Journal.*

Ida A. Harper, Indianapolis, Ind., *News.*

B. B. Herbert and wife, Chicago, *National Journalist.*

Mrs. Addie E. Heron, Chicago, *Home Art.*

Caroline A. Huling, Chicago, *Justitia.*

Charles A. Lee, Pawtucket, R. I., *Gazette and Chronicle.*

Tom W. Neal and wife, Dyersburg, Tenn., *State Gazette.*

Mrs. Sarah Wilder Pratt, Chicago, *The Christian Science.*

George C. Rankin, Monmouth, Ill., *Republican.*

George A. Smith and wife, Woonsocket, R. I., *Evening Reporter.*

Cora L. Stockham and mother, Chicago, *Kindergarten Magazine.*

Edward P. Tobie and son, Pawtucket, R. I., *First Maine Bugle.*

Kate Will, Chicago, *Journal of Industrial Education.*

George O. Willard and daughter, Providence, R. I., *The Critic.*

W. Bent Wilson and wife, La Fayette, Ind., *Morning Journal.*

E. B. HERBERT.

These were our fellow passengers during the glorious ride, and a right jovial party it proved to be. Coming from several states though they did, and being to a large extent strangers to each other though they were, they got soon settled down into pleasant travelling companionship, and it is probable there was no other car in the three trains which carried the excursionists across the country in which the relations of the occupants were more pleasant, or in which there was more real enjoy-

W. BENT WILSON.

ment of the ride and real fun. Verily, it was a pleasant party the Essex carried. We were now on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, and in the immediate charge of Robert F. Breder, passenger agent of that company, who filled the bill to perfection. He was not only gentlemanly and courteous always, but efficient, and his presence as well as his supervision added greatly to the pleasure and success of the journey over this road.

FIRST DAY OF THE CRUISE.

We were barely outside of Chicago when the engine became derailed and we lost an hour or two. This accident, we found, was a precautionary measure. Ed, who was on the trip for what he could see and learn, and whose eyes were always open, promptly investigated the matter, and learned that we were near the grade crossing of another railroad, and that the switch was so constructed that when a train was going over the crossing on one road there was no possibility of a train on the other road attempting to do the same thing and thus colliding. The last train there, if the engineer didn't see the signal in time to stop it, must run off the track. That was our case exactly. By running off the track we had avoided a collision, with all the word means. I was somewhat amused a few days later at hearing the accident spoken of as a special interposition of Divine Providence in behalf of this party, when I knew that the Divine Providence part was in putting it into the minds of the railroad company to adopt this precaution, not in behalf of this particular party, but in behalf of all passengers on the road.

MRS. EVERANDTH ABBOTT.

The first night in the Essex was not a particularly comfortable one. We had not become used to our new quarters, and it was virtually the first night in the sleeper for all of us—really so for most of us. We got up Tuesday morning in not

MILES B. CASTLE.

the best of humor, and found we were four hours behind time, having had to run very carefully on account of a superabundance of rain, bringing a flood. And we dragged along all day for the same reason, finally being obliged to leave the road and take another one on account of a large rock having been washed down upon the track. All through the state of Missouri there were evidences of the heavy rains and of their effects upon the railroad and upon the country. In the morning we passed Medille, the scene of an accident the previous week. We saw the wrecked cars lying by the side of the road, and the debris generally. We crossed the repaired bridge, the unusual number of supports giving me a feeling of insecurity by their very number instead a sense of safety. We were perfectly content to lose time all day long in the interest of safety, and we could see the need of it. Being so much water there was little else to see. Being behind time we were late at the dining stations, and those of us who were not provided with lunch baskets had little to eat, and that at irregular times. In spite of all these discomforts the passengers on the Essex did not become down-hearted. We spent the time in getting acquainted with each other, and the time did not drag as did the train. Yet we were all happy when the train rolled into Kansas City nine or ten hours late.

IRVING A. EWING.

The first thought on arriving at Kansas City was a good square meal. This Ed and I found at a restaurant near the depot and I enjoyed it hugely—though perhaps not so much as I did a certain supper of fried ham and sweet potatoes once upon a time, the result of a foraging expedition while on one of Sheridan's raids. This attended to we had a bit of stroll around the city, to improve the little time we had there. We found Kansas City a wonderful place for "getting up stairs." It seemed as if we could get nowhere without climbing stairs, and remarkably long flights too. Ed and I took a cable car ride through

GEORGE O. WILLARD.

the city, sizing up the wide, straight streets and the substantial looking buildings, and becoming very well pleased with the city. But our pleasure was somewhat modified by finding ourselves on the wrong car, with scant time to get to the depot, having gone out of our way in our ignorance of the street car lines. Then we found that it was quite as hard to go down stairs in a hurry as to go up, and there seemed to be many more stairs to go down than we had climbed. And when we were not going down stairs we were tramping through much mud. We reached the depot in time, however, and had some to spare. Having acquired a little wisdom by experience, we procured a lunch basket and had it filled, determined to henceforth be independent of dining stations and lunch counters.

While performing my toilet this morning I was accosted by J. Y. Gilmore, of Louisiana, who, noticing the Grand Army button in the lappel of my coat, offered his hand and announced that he was a confederate soldier, having served in an Alabama regiment in the army of Northern Virginia, during the war. I took the proffered hand cordially, (yes, with the memory of my visit to Libby Prison only a few hours previous), the same as you would have done if you had met him, armed and ready to shoot, on picket, long years ago, and we had quite a pleasant conversation, the forerunner of several during the cruise of the Essex. He told me that he carried a Yankee bullet in his body as a memento of the war, and as I have carried a rebel bullet since Brandy Station I could sympathize with him. We had some chaff, of course, during which he said he did not know but the bullet he had carried so long was sent over by me. To this I replied that if he sent over the one I carry, I hoped he was carrying one from me. So between bullets and good square wholesome talk we had a pleasant season.

SECOND DAY OF THE CRUISE.

Wednesday morning, May eleventh, the passengers in the Essex found themselves feeling splendidly. We had become some-

GEORGE A. SMITH.

what used to life in a sleeping car and had had a good night's rest; the sun was shining brightly, which was something new; we were riding through a fine country—Kansas—with much to see in the way of scenery, perhaps, but a country it was good to see, with evidences of prosperity over the farms; and more than all we had an excellent breakfast, well served, in good season, at Kingsley. So the whole day was most enjoyable. Ed and I rode a good part of the day on the car platform, the better to see, a method which Ed followed for the greater portion of the journey. We were regaled during the ride with a brief glance at numberless prairie dogs—we were smart enough generally to see only the disappearance of the lively little creatures—as well as glances at fast disappearing jack rabbits. At Dodge City Ed had to set his watch back another hour, but mine kept right on, and my computation of time became more complex. It was now twelve o'clock with us when it was two o'clock at home.

MRS. SARAH [illegible] PERRY.

About noon the train arrived at La Junta, Colo., (pronounced by the residents as if spelled "La Hunter," with a long u), where a short stay was made. After a lunch, Ed and I took a stroll up town, visiting the office of the Otero County *Democrat*. We found the editor a genial customer, full of push and enterprise, and about to make his paper into a daily. In answer to questions he said, in his inimitable way, "I want a reporter who will hustle; there is no trouble to get news here; we've over four thousand inhabitants; a man can go out any evening and get local news enough to fill up the paper; you must remember we've got three saloons here; oh, no, this is not a bad place to live at all—there has not been more than seven or eight men killed here this year." H. was invited to join the excursion, but declined, saying, as he said every thing, "I cannot—my partner is in jail." One of the Rhode Island delegates, to let his new friend down easily

COL. JOHN C. BUSBEY.

remarked, "That's nothing—when I left here there were fifteen libel suits pending against my chief." "But," replied the La Junta editor, "My partner is not in jail for libel—he was too ready with his pen—he made a two dollar city warrant into a twenty dollar warrant: there were several things like that against him, but that was the only one that was proven; but it hurt me and it hurt the paper and he will have to leave the firm." The editor was proud of his city—as he had a right to be—proud of its enterprise, proud of its growth, proud of its streets, and more than all proud of the two large, fine-looking school houses, one of which had just been completed on money hired in Boston at six per cent., a rate of interest unprecedented in that country. We bade the La Junta editor good bye with a feeling that success would be his, for he deserves it.

At La Junta I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend, Manton H. Luther, a reporter with me on the Providence *Journal*, for several years, now one of the proprietors of the *National Journalist*, Chicago, also a delegate to the National Editorial Convention and the official stenographic reporter of the meetings. He is looking well—better than he ever did in Rhode Island, and it was good to see him in so good condition. We had a nice chat about old times and old incidents. I met him several times during the journey, for he accompanied the excursion though on another train, and we had several opportunities to revive old memories of newspaper life.

In the afternoon we arrived at Pueblo, Col., a city the name of which we had some difficulty in learning to pronounce. It seemed as though each citizen gave his tongue a different twist in calling the name until we were satisfied in giving the name a couple of convulsive twitches and saying "blow." But never mind about the difficulties in regard to the name, the city is all right every time. We here received a royal reception. The citizens were at the depot in crowds, and all appeared glad to see us. The famous Cow Boy Band, formerly of Dodge City,

and known throughout the country by that name, but none of Pueblo, was there, and the way that band rattled off patriotic stirring airs was enough to make the ordinary band of New England look to its laurels, with its high toned, and so far as the street and the parade are concerned, senseless music. When the band struck up "Dixie" I found my confederate friend, and grabbing him by the hand compelled him to dance with me to his great enjoyment, and a little later compelled him to dance to the tune of "Marching through Georgia" where my enjoyment was increased. We never stopped to consider what the good people of Pueblo might think to see these two gray-headed old duffers—we both wear the gray now—"kicking up" like two boys. The people here were glad to see us. There was no doubt about that, and they made us glad we came. The hour passed here was a decidedly pleasant one, and we left Pueblo with regret, even if we couldn't pronounce the name satisfactorily.

Early in the evening we rolled into Colorado Springs, about twelve hours later than we should have arrived there, but as already said, the delay was in the interest of safety, and there was no cause for complaint. This evening was passed by the greater portion of the excursionists very pleasantly at Broadmoor Casino, where a brilliant reception was held in honor of George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*.

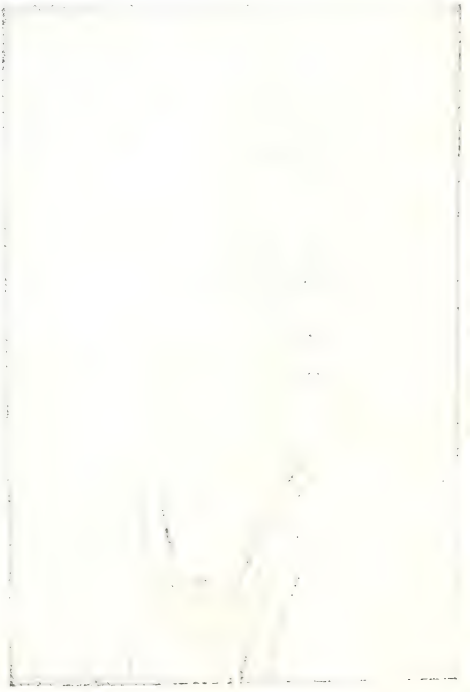
This morning I had another pleasant confab with my confederate friend, during which I told several of the old army stories which you have heard so often but which were new to him, and he told several which were new to me. In speaking of the friendly relations which existed between the pickets of the two armies, he related an incident that occurred in front of Petersburg. During one of the lulls in the firing, a party of the pickets of both sides, among which was my friend, met half way between the lines for a social chat. Naturally enough their conversation turned upon their rations, and there was the usual exchange of Union coffee and sugar for rebel tobacco when one of the Yanks happened to say something about the sutler and the good things he had for sale. This recital aroused the appetite

H. Campbell.

Tom. W. Neal.

M. H. [illegible]

Miss Cora L. Stockham.



Miss Caroline A. [illegible]

of one of the southern soldiers, a young recruit not long enough in the service to really enjoy the army fare, and he asked the Yank if he would not go and get him some of these good things if he gave him the money. The Yank promptly replied that he would, and the rebel as promptly took a ten dollar greenback from his pocket and gave it to the Yank. The latter disappeared over the breastworks, when northern and southern soldiers alike began to chaff the recruit and tell him that he was foolish to give his money to the Yank, that he would never see Yank nor money again, and as for the goodies, they were a myth. They succeeded in making the young soldier very uncomfortable, though none of the southern soldiers had the least doubt that the Yank would come back as agreed. In a short time the Yank reappeared with the goodies, and the young soldier was made happy. After that he never could be made to doubt the word of a Yankee soldier. At another time, my friend, in company with a rebel officer and two or three soldiers, accepted an invitation from the Union breastworks to "come over and see us." They were cordially received, and were chatting and looking over the fort, when the firing opened sharply from the southern side. The rebel officers promptly stepped upon the embankment, under the full fire, and ordered the firing to cease. This order was obeyed and the visitors returned safely to their own works.

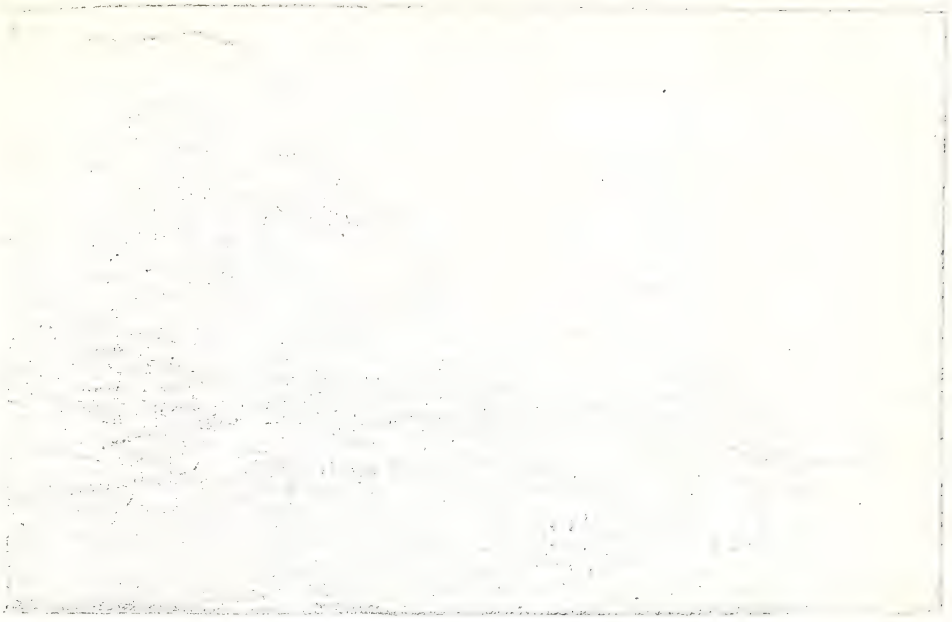
During the ride from Pueblo to Colorado Springs, the passengers in the Essex were entertained by the reading of the "Daily Essex" a paper published on the train by Misses Cora L. Stockham and Frances L. Dusenberry, with various contributors, and there was much fun at the reading thereof.

COLORADO SPRINGS AND PUEBLO.

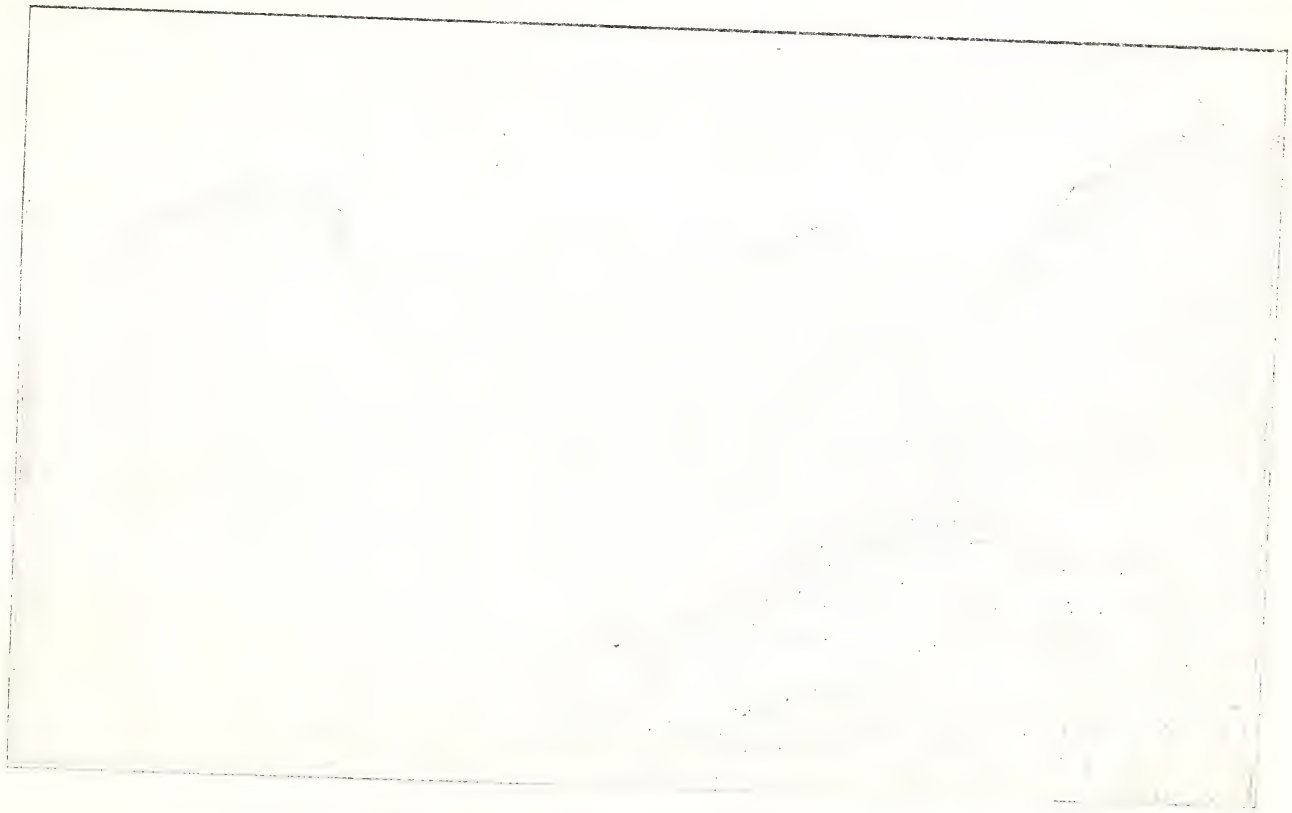
The greater part of Thursday, May twelfth, was spent at Colorado Springs and vicinity, the occasion being the formal dedication of the Childs-Drexel Printers' Home, very many of the excursionists attending the dedicatory exercises. Ed and I spent the morning in getting breakfast, attending to some matters of business, (being very courteously treated at the office of

the *Gazette*, and in writing letters, and then took the cars for Manitou. This ride was a very interesting one. This was an electric railroad, not merely rails laid in a street, and around an almost infinite variety of construction—over bridges and trestles, through cuts and between huge masses of rock—the foot hills around Pike's Peak. The scenery, virtually our first view of the mountains, was grand, and we vastly enjoyed the various curious formations of rock all around us. Ed, who has studied from his books than myself, enjoyed it doubly, for it gave him an opportunity to put to a practical test the theories of the books, and he was delighted to be able to prove them, and to explain to me the various formations and how they came to be. Pike's Peak, which was in our front, had a modest spell that morning, and remained for the most part veiled behind the clouds around its head, so that my view of this, the aim of my young ambition, though good, was not of the best, a brief glimpse now and then of its snow-clad upper regions being all that was vouchsafed to us. It was a great ride in every sense of the word. There happened to be on the car a colored gentleman who is employed at the top of the mountain, and he kindly answered all our questions, thus imparting much interesting information and adding to the pleasure of our ride. As he left us, on arriving at Manitou, after serving a while as guide, he invited us to visit him at the top on our return, which we promised to do if possible. In a spirit of fun I said to him, "I suppose you'll take all our money if we do," to which he replied, with a peculiar look, "That's what I'm there for." His honesty is to be commended at least.

We found much to interest us at Manitou, if we did not visit the Garden of the Gods. There were the springs to visit and sample, the bottling establishment to inspect, and the whole locality is well worth a visit. At the bottling establishment we spent some time and had a little experience of our own. We were watching the operations of filling the bottles with the soda water by machinery, and were querying among ourselves as to why the operator wore a fine but stout wire mask, when we were suddenly informed, without asking any questions, by the



MANITOU, COLORADO.



GATEWAY OF THE GARDEN OF THE GODS AND PIKE'S PEAK

explosion of a bottle, scattering the contents all over us. I shall have more to say about Manitou and Pike's Peak on the return journey.

The ride back to Colorado Springs was equally fine as with the ride out, as we gazed at the wonderful and ever-varying scenery from a different standpoint. In the afternoon the train took us back to Pueblo, where we enjoyed a ride around the beautiful city, admiring, as ever, her wide, straight, well kept streets, her large and substantial buildings, her handsome brick cottages, her magnificent school houses—everything about the city—and it seemed as if Pueblo would be a good city in which to live were it not for the difficulty of pronouncing her name. Nor must the visit to the beautiful Lake Minequaw be forgotten. In the evening the whole party visited the wonderful Mineral Palace, where was a concert by the famous Cow Boy Band and then a dance. The wonders of the Mineral Palace can never be told. One must visit it, must examine the collection of precious ores and minerals—all the products of Colorado—to get even an idea of it, and must study it with the eye of an architect and the taste of a student of mineralogy, to attempt to give a description of it, and then the chances are one hundred to one that he would fail. The building is grand in architecture and wonderful in decorations, and the display of specimens from the Colorado mineral world the largest and best to be seen in one collection. So I will simply say that the memory of the Mineral Palace is like the memory of a beautiful dream, which will ever hover about me, ever coming up before me as a shrine well worth a pilgrimage even across the continent.

[To be Continued.]

Beguiled by Chance.

A comrade of our regiment contributes the following interesting and semi-plaintive narrative:

In the fall of 1863 we were encamped near Morrisville, Va. Not far from us was a section of one of the United States horse batteries. One fine afternoon a squad of us had been watching an artillery drill. When the drill was finished and we turned toward the shelter tents that were sometimes dignified by the name of home, our attention was arrested by something a little unusual in a cavalry, camp located as it was several miles from the main army. It was only a couple of infantry men, but it was not often that they came to such flank outposts as that was. Arriving at the camp ground they halted and took a survey. We then discovered that only one was armed and that the unarmed man led the way to the colonel's tent. Just then the bugle sounded water-call and the order followed to fall in and water horses, and the circumstance was for the time forgotten.

After caring for my horse I went to my tent and threw myself on a lounge that, with ingenuity born of necessity, I had made of hickory poles and army blankets. For half an hour fancy had been reveling in the mazes of the past. Old scenes and old faces passed in rapid review, from the time when a boy I played on the wharves in a little seaport town in Maine till life's pleasant dream was broken by the thunder of Sumter's guns, revealing to every loyal American the startling necessity of flinging their lives upon the altar of liberty, or of surrendering to traitors the boon which their fathers had wrested from the old world tyrants, and become the by-word of nations. So real had these fancies seemed that I said aloud: "If we cannot conquer these rebels, we may as well lay our bones here." And in answer a pleasant voice replied: "You are right once if you never were before." Springing to my feet, I saw in the

entrance of the tent the lithe, muscular form and pleasant face of a comrade who had been absent since we broke camp in April at Belle Plain. I gave him a warm welcome for he was an unobtrusive, scholarly man, and to relieve the monotony of camp life we had studied the sciences together in our leisure moments and I was glad to have him back again. After the first greeting was over he said: "They tell me you are tenting alone and would possibly take me in." I replied: "My tent-mate was killed at Shepherdstown in July and since that time I have been alone. You may consider the matter settled and we will go on in the old way." That night after taps had sounded he told his story, which I will give in his own words.

"I was detailed to take charge of Gen. Gregg's pack mules and was captured by guerrillas at the commencement of Stoneman's raid, sent to Richmond, soon after paroled and sent to parole camp near Arlington, Va. A good natured major had charge of the camp and I tried to induce him to get me a furlough. He responded in a bantering manner that a paroled prisoner who could not get home without a furlough did not deserve to go. After several attempts, always receiving the same answer, I concluded to take him at his word. Near by was a camp of rebel prisoners who had been re-clothed. I picked out one of the discarded butternut suits, repaired and repaired it, replaced the confederate with citizens' buttons, and had for my pains a passable suit of citizens' clothes. I put them on and my own over them, went to the river, removed my army dress and threw it in, and was to all appearances a citizen. I crossed to Washington but, not daring to take the cars, walked to Baltimore. When near that city, I called at a farmhouse where I was kindly received and remained until morning. When leaving, the farmer, who had rebel proclivities, said: "If you attempt to cross that bridge into Baltimore with the same regular soldier-like step that brought you to my door last night the guard will put his hand on your shoulder, but I will give you a pass."

He then gave me a basket of strawberries and one to [illegible] to sell. The guard took no notice of me. I sold my fruit and

flowers, took the cars and went to Maine without mishap. After remaining at home as long as I dared to, I started to go back to parole camp, but was looking around in Portland, making the most of my stolen freedom, when a notice posted at the entrance of an office stating that high prices were paid for substitutes, caused me to go in and look the place over. On entering the agent urged me to enlist. Up to this time I had not entertained such an idea for a moment. The agent said that the teller of a bank had been drafted who would pay five hundred dollars. Thinking that I could give them the slip and get back to my regiment, I took the money but the amount of swearing that they put me through was appalling. From that moment no chance was permitted for escape. I was assigned to the Sixteenth Maine Infantry and sent to the front. A close watch was kept over the conscripts, as we were called, and escape was impossible; men often came to the Sixteenth from my own regiment and detection was only a question of time. Anything was better than detection and I wrote a letter to President Lincoln, telling him without reserve what I had done. After waiting till patience became hope deferred, I went to the colonel and told him my story. His first words were:

"Is your name —?"

On receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "The general commanding this brigade got a letter from Lincoln to-day on your case."

The colonel of the Sixteenth was fitted by nature for the place he had been called to fill, and he talked to me in a soldierly unimpassioned way that made me feel the littleness of my escapade very keenly and told me to go to my quarters and consider myself under arrest.

The captain who commanded the company to which I had been assigned had a different make-up, having less of kindness and forbearance in his nature and my position, to say the least, was unpleasant and hard to bear. At my own request I have been sent to my own regiment and here I am. What the end will be time only can determine.

The regiment went into winter camp near Warrenton and remained until spring, picketing, scouting, raiding and fighting.

guerillas at times but always returning to the same camp. Toward spring a court martial was held and his case came up but was not decided, for what reasons we never knew, only we surmised that a certain gallant officer who had commanded the company in the early part of the war, had testified, as he really believed, that injuries received in Banks' retreat had affected his mind, and that counted somewhat in his favor. However, he remained under arrest and when we entered on the campaign of 1864, the supply of horses was short and he went with the dismounted men. In some way in the transfer his arrest was lost sight of. A sick man threw away his arms and he picked them up and went on duty. In the course of the summer the enemy made a raid on Washington and the dismounted men, who belonged to a dozen or more regiments, were mounted, formed into one command and sent to repel the invaders. In the fall he came back to the company, mounted and armed, having been on duty since early in May. Not a commissioned officer was left in the company. Two gallant lieutenants and a host of brave men had lain down their lives for their country; their bones were moldering from Gettysburg to Hatcher's Run, and the captain was a prisoner. His term of service expired and he was mustered out and started for home. No word from him ever came back to us and I never saw him again.

Such, gentle reader, is a simple, truthful relation of the bounty jumper's experience, so far as I know it, of his one sad, disgraceful mistake and his almost incredible escape from punishment. I have given it without bias or coloring, though a tender regard lingers around the history of the brave men with whom I shared many a perilous midnight ride, whose devotion to each other is still fresh in memory while their faults are almost forgotten.

A Well-Written Sketch of Our Regiment.

The following sketch of our regiment is from the pen of George L. Kilmer, of the editorial staff of the American Press Association, and was published in the papers represented in that association :

HEROES IN THE SADDLE.

REMARKABLE STORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

TWICE IN THE BREACH TO SAVE THE DAY FOR KILPATRICK.—THEIR FLAG DECKED WITH BATTLE INSCRIPTIONS.

When the honors of war were distributed in March, 1865, and the First Maine Cavalry was authorized to inscribe on its regimental colors the names of twenty-nine battles in which it had "borne a meritorious part," most people in and out of the army believed that the limit of fighting had been reached, and that a bloodless campaign or perhaps one hard tussle would end it. But during the month succeeding, the regiment fought seven engagements, in one of which it lost more men killed than in any other of the thirty-six battles of its career. Thirty-six battles during three years of fighting! One battle for each month of the real work of the war; one battle a month where its services were meritorious and conspicuous.

The First Maine was recruited in six weeks' time in the fall of 1861, the whole State being the mustering field. The officers had their pick of recruits, because it was the first call for troopers and the quota allowed but one cavalry regiment, so they took "none but sound, able-bodied men in all respects, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years, of correct, moral and temperate habits, active, intelligent, vigorous and hardy, weighing not less than one hundred and twenty nor more than one hundred and sixty pounds."

The first man to enlist was Jonathan P. Gilley, and he was also the first man wounded. The surgeons announced his wound fatal, but he lived to be the last commander of the regiment and led it in the last ten battles on the list.

The troopers fleshed their maiden swords, but only figuratively, in the hide and seek campaign of the Shenandoah valley in the spring of 1862. They early met with one disaster that taught a useful lesson. In covering Banks' retreat down the valley in May, one battalion, galloping in columns of fours along a narrow pike, ran full tilt into a Confederate battery. The leaders reined up in surprise and the rear ranks rushed on like water over a milldam, men and horses becoming involved in a hopeless and appalling wreck.

The next experience of the regiment was at Cedar mountain, on the Rapidan, where it stood in line for some hours under fire from artillery and passed the ordeal without flinching. In the other battles of their first year, Second Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg, the regiment was often under fire with fatal results, and in the Chancellorsville campaign went with Gen. Stoneman on his famous ride around Lee's army, meeting with stirring adventures and a lively brush now and then, by squadrons, with the confederate troopers in pursuit. But all of this was only practice for the serious work ahead, and it was an ideal cavalry corps that Gen. Pleasonton led out on June 9th, 1863, to cross the Rappahannock river in the face of "Jeb" Stuart's gallant squadrons, and find out what Lee was doing with his idle army. The First Maine was in the division of Gen. Gregg, and had for its brigadier the dashing young Kilpatrick, a boy of twenty-two. No need to tell here how the men of Buford crossed the river, met and drove back Stuart's best brigades under Gens. Jones, Hampton and Lee. It was the first genuine horseback fight of the war.

Gregg's division forded the river and seized Stuart's bivouac, Brandy Station, headquarters and all, and Stuart, aroused in wrath, turned his whole power loose upon the daring brigade of Col. Percy Wyndham that had despoiled his camp. Gregg was in danger of losing the fruits of his charge when Kilpatrick

appeared, leading his command for the first time under fire. Coming to the field the brigade emerged from the woodlands open ground and charged in column of squadrons. A confederate battery, screened by shrubbery, welcomed the new arrival with shells, and a force of confederate cavalry [illegible] upon the leading regiment, capturing its colonel and hurling its line back. The second regiment fared even worse, and Kilpatrick rode to the First of Maine, shouting, "Men of Maine, you must save the day!"

COL. CALVIN S. DOUTY.
[Killed in a charge at Aldie.]

Making a slight detour to the right, the regiment struck the confederate lance in the flank, crushing all his squadrons; then swept on up the hill into and over the battery, shooting and slashing right and left. In the melee the ranks were broken and the leader waited a few minutes to rally the survivors, the enemy meantime rushing in to close the gap against their return. The column reformed and rode straight for the battery again, then with a sudden swerve the flank avoided it and galloped back to the brigade. Only one killed, nine wounded and thirty-five captured were the casualties, but Kilpatrick told the boys on the spot that it was "one of the best charges ever made," and that it saved the division from defeat. Kilpatrick got a star for the exploit, and thanked the First Maine for winning it.

Eight days later Kilpatrick, at the head of a new division, met Stuart in front of Aldie Gap, in the Blue Ridge, and was getting the worst of it when Gregg's column, with the First Maine leading, hastened to his aid. The confederates had the advantage, with a shelter of haystacks, a stone wall and a ditch, and several of Kilpatrick's regiments had been broken

up and driven back to their cannon. Kilpatrick looked to the rear in despair, and his eye caught sight of the First Maine. Galloping up to its colonel he shouted, "Men of Maine, you saved the day at Brandy Station; save it again at Aldie!"

There were two battalions present, and squadrons were hastily formed for the charge. Kilpatrick rode side by side with Col. Douty, and giving three rousing cheers, with waving sabre the cavalcade swept down an incline toward the victorious enemy. The field was cleared at the first dash and onward the Maine boys rode in excited pursuit until they struck a dismounted line behind a stone wall. At this point the Maine ranks suffered severely for a moment, but the impetus of the charge bore them through the confederate line, which was routed and driven from the field. Col. Douty fell at the stone wall, pierced with two bullets. This affair cost eight killed and seventeen wounded. Two days later, at Middleburg, the regiment charged a position screened by woods and a stone wall, and carried it, losing three officers and eight men killed and twenty-seven wounded.

In the Gettysburg battle the First Maine missed the heavy fighting of Gregg's division, the brigade changing places with Custer in the great combat of July 3d. On the return march, however, at Shepardstown on the Potomac, July 16th, it lost nine killed and seventeen wounded in an affair with the confederate rear guard.

The campaign of 1863 in the Army of the Potomac was out of warfare in the saddle for the cavalry. The mounted infantry phase came late in the following year, but before the romance period faded the First Maine had one more chance to win unique distinction for daring work. A detail of three hundred was chosen by Kilpatrick to ride on the famous raid to Richmond in February, 1864. Later, when Kilpatrick and the rash Dahlgren divided forces, five companies of the Maine boys headed the little column of five hundred which Dahlgren led with such fatal results against the works of the confederate capital. This ride of unexampled wildness and bravery cost the regiment seven deaths in battle and five wounded.

besides eighteen deaths in prison and eighteen [illegible] captives. Then followed the era of swift rides and sharp fights as dismounted cavalry.

On the 11th of May, 1864, in Sheridan's Richmond raid, the First Maine was rear guard when Stuart was defeated at Yellow Tavern. The Maine boys fought on foot and on horseback, and broke for the first time, under the pressure of a whole brigade. The loss was nine killed and twelve wounded.

The next fight of the regiment was as warm as any cavalry engagement on record, and Gregg's division again bore the brunt. This was at St. Mary's church, Va., June 24th, when Wade Hampton with a large mounted force attempted to cut off Grant's wagon train passing from the Pamunkey to the James river. The First Maine took the lead of the division, and when the troops saw that they cried out, "Fight to-day boys; the First Maine's in the advance."

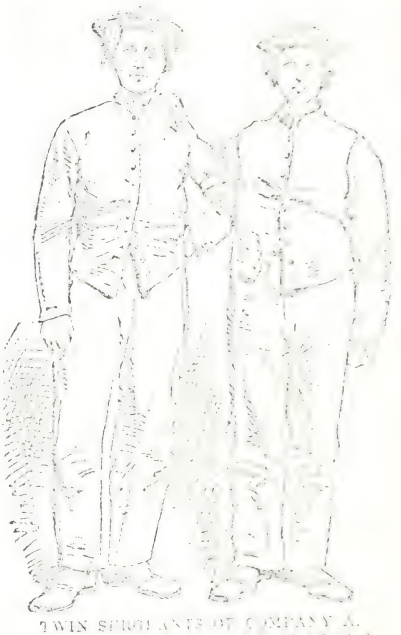
Gregg dismounted his men and built rude breastworks, and then the Maine men opened the fight and ended it, using both carbines and revolvers.

Though ordered to retire the men did so slowly, turning at every ridge and fence and clump of trees for one more volley. So they held on till a battery came to their aid, and they hedged to defend that when it ran out of ammunition. Of the two hundred and sixty men engaged seventeen were killed and twenty-nine wounded. Hampton was held up until the wagon train was beyond reach. Sheridan left the Army of the Potomac Aug. 1, 1864, but Gregg's division remained behind at Petersburg, followed the fortunes of Hancock in his expeditions on the confederate flanks. The regiment added two hundred to its list during August, and in September was re-enforced by eight companies of Maine troops transferred from the First District of Columbia Cavalry. The strength was about five hundred with this increase. On Oct. 27th at Boydton Road sixteen were killed and fifty-six wounded in a savage fight with Wade Hampton's mounted forces.

The First Maine at that time belonged to a brigade commanded by Col. C. H. Smith, its former leader, who was [illegible]

tain in the regiment in 1861. Cilley, the first recruit and the first man wounded, had gravitated to the top and led the regiment.

The highest casualty list of all was at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31st, 1865, the preliminary of Five Forks. Sheridan's cavalry was forced to give ground all day and at length Smith's brigade was called upon to defend a creek crossing against heavy odds. The First Maine dismounted and advanced in a deployed line to meet charging cavalry. They opened fire with Spencer and Henry rifles, seven and sixteen shooters, and the confederate column trembled, wavered and parted right and left, soon to melt away in a formless wreck of dead horses and men. In this fight the First Maine's loss was twenty-seven killed and sixty-six wounded.



TWIN SERGEANTS OF COMPANY A.
[The brothers S. W. and P. M. Card.]

At Appomattox, Smith's brigade was placed in the line that opened to Lee, the Lynchburg road. The fighting on Sunday, April 9th, that ended in Lee's surrender, began on the front of the First Maine, and its loss there was seven killed and thirteen wounded.

The total loss of the regiment killed and mortally wounded was fifteen officers and one hundred and fifty-nine men, the highest suffered by any cavalry regiment in the entire Union army. The First Maine was organized and led throughout by volunteer officers. It lost one colonel, two majors and six captains killed in action. At St. Mary's Church its colonel, lieutenant colonel and a major were wounded.

And all this noble record was made by average men. The twin sergeants, whose pictures from photographs taken during the war accompany this sketch, would not stand out on an artist's canvas so grandly as do some of the Uhlans and Hussoons that rode at Gravelotte and Sedan; but they are types of the First Maine troops, for whom there can be no prouder eulogy than the simple record of their persistent daring. As another thing, I have stated that the regiment was led by volunteers, early in its career a cast iron rule of anti-profanity and total abstinence was promulgated at headquarters. This may not signify anything, but some wags would have it that for troopers in the field there was no redeeming vice left except fighting, hence the thirty-six battles on the First Maine's flag.

A Night with Mosby.

The following sketch was written by C. W. Wiles, formerly of the Tenth New York Cavalry, now of Cleveland, N. Y.:

In August 1863, after our return from the Gettysburg campaign, many of our dismounted men were sent to Camp Sumner, near Washington, for horses. After being supplied with horses and equipments, they were sent out to the front, the main portion of the army now being near Culpeper Court House.

Maj. Cilley of the First Maine Cavalry, with some three hundred men, started from Washington as an escort to twelve or thirteen sutler wagons. Maj. Snyder of the Tenth New York Cavalry, with about the same number of men, was nearly ready to go. Having learned that Maj. Cilley had started the night before, Major Snyder sent Sergeant W. E. Phelps of our regiment on in advance of his party with orders to overtake Maj. Cilley at Annandale and request him to wait until Maj. Snyder and his party came up, as Mosby was reported to be in

the vicinity of Fairfax, and the rich plunder of a train of sutlers' wagons would tempt them to make an attack.

Sergeant Phelps, mounted on a fresh strong horse, pushed on rapidly, confident that at or near Annandale he would come up with Maj. Cilley and his men, but on arriving at that place no signs of his party were to be seen. Riding up to a house he enquired of a woman if she had seen a body of cavalrymen and some wagons pass. She replied that she had not, but that Mosby and his men were in that vicinity, and that they had had a fight the night before up the road, with some Union cavalrymen. The sergeant, not wishing to be frightened by reports of the enemy and hoping to overtake the party, pushed on. Keeping both eyes open, he soon saw a man's hat behind an old stump, over the top of which rested the barrel of a musket. Halting he attempted to open communications but receiving no reply cautiously approached, when he discovered a dummy fixed up behind the stump, with an old hat on, and a musket lay across the stump. Passing along he soon came to an old tavern, on the porch of which sat two men. He decided not to ask questions, but to push on rapidly, as he had strong suspicion Mosby's men might be in that vicinity.

Riding into a piece of woods that ran on either side of the broad Fairfax pike, he was startled by seeing a line of men [illegible] across the road just in front of him. Seeing no chance to escape, he pulled up his horse, when an officer that proved to be Col. Mosby, rode out toward him and said, "Good morning, what regiment do you belong to?" When Sergeant Phelps gave his regiment they laughed, and the officer inquired "who are you? and if any sutler wagons were coming," to all of which the sergeant refused to answer. Then his captors enquired if any cavalry were coming up the road, and he informed them that a large party, probably five or six thousand, were a little way back. He was then ordered to dismount, turn over his horse, arms and equipments, being allowed to retain his blanket, and was marched toward Fairfax a short distance. The party took a northerly direction, and after marching some miles they halted in the woods and prepared to camp for the night. [illegible]

divided his sugar and coffee with his guard, and all had supper. After supper one man was detailed to guard the prisoner and the others prepared their beds under the trees. The guard seemed a good natured man and he and his prisoner talked until the others were all asleep, then the sergeant asked permission to roll up in his blanket and sleep as he was very tired. The guard marched back and forth until he heard his prisoner snore, and believing him fast asleep, sat down to rest and was soon nodding, himself, when his gun fell out of his hands on the ground, waking him up; then he paced back and forth a few times when he sat down and was soon asleep again.

The sergeant with eyes far from sleep had quietly watched all his movements, now seeing his guard again asleep, coughed, then quietly unrolled from his blanket, but the guard was not aroused so he quietly slipped out of his blanket and slowly and carefully crawled toward a dark place in the woods. His heart beating as loud as a trip-hammer he thought, and expecting to hear the guard call for him to halt or send a bullet after him.

As soon as he reached a dark place in the woods, he started on a run, scared at every shadow, which seemed to him to be armed men. Running a long distance and hearing no alarm he then took his bearings as best he could and started toward Washington.

After traveling a long distance he come to a broad pike which he knew must be the Fairfax road; here he lay down and rested in the woods. Soon after light he heard the tramp of horses coming from toward Washington. Soon they come in sight. Seeing the riders wore blue uniforms he believed them Union cavalry, but fearful lest he might be deceived, he allowed them to pass, then he followed along keeping under cover of the woods. Finally he mustered courage to hail them and an officer rode into the woods and questioned him closely, then took him along. To his great joy he found they were Union cavalry going to Fairfax.

An extra horse was given him and when they reached Fairfax he found Maj. Snyder and his friends, who were pleased to see him as they supposed he must be on his way to Richmond.

One of Our Boys in the Sixth Massachusetts.

RICE LAKE, Wis., Feb. 14th, 1894.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Yours of the 6th duly received. I was very glad to receive the same, and in answer will say I think I can not write any thing that would interest the "boys." Yes, I was in the Sixth Massachusetts before going into the First Cavalry. I was in Lowell, Mass., when the President's call for three months troops was made. The proclamation was issued in the afternoon just at dusk on April 15th, 1861. I was on the street with a friend of mine, Martin Richards (Dick Martz), of Camden, Me., who belonged to Company A, Sixth, so I started for the armory with him and as soon as we got in I made application to the captain to go. He told the sergeant to have me sign my name. I did so, he saying, "You are the first man to enlist." I presume I was, although I once met Mr. Bush of New York, who claimed at the national encampment that he was the first to enlist and he owned I had enlisted several hours before he did, but I do not set up the claim, neither do I care to, unless it could be shown that the First Maine Cavalry had on its roster the first man who entered the volunteer army in 1861. In the mob at Baltimore I did not get hurt, but did get dreadfully scared and wished I were back in Lowell Armory. On the evening of the 19th of April at Washington we marched to the Capitol and camped in the Senate Chamber where we remained until May the 4th, when we went to the Relay House, nine miles out of Baltimore, being joined by the Eighth Massachusetts, Eighth New York, and Maj. Cook's battery. On the evening of May 13th or 14th we, under Butler, went into Baltimore again, where we operated up the city for the passage of troops, there having been none to pass through after us on the 19th of April until the

morning of the 12th, or 13th of May, the First Michigan [illegible] the first regiment to pass through. Soon after this we [illegible] ordered to arrest the police commissioners and City Marshal Keen, which we did, and after placing them in Fort McHenry we returned the next day to our camp at the Riley House, where we did picket and railroad duty, until our time was out, and then we volunteered to stay a few days longer on account of our defeat at Bull Run. On the 2d of August we were discharged at Boston.

About my service in the First Maine Cavalry. I was with the regiment from its going into camp at Augusta in 1861 until the 26th of June, 1864, when I was carried to the hospital at City Point the second day after the fight at St. Mary's Church. When we went into the Wilderness I weighed 180 pounds, the 26th of June I weighed 118. I was transferred from City Point to David's Island, N. Y., and from there to Augusta, Me., where I remained until the regiment came home, Nov. 3d, 1864, and I was furloughed home, mustered out and discharged with the regiment. I weighed at that time 124 pounds.

Since the war I first settled in Maine; in 1872 came west to Iowa, I remained about five years when my health entirely gave out, and I returned to Maine and was partially cured. I had [illegible] money, seven thousand dollars, and came back west in 1887, just in time to invest in property at Eau Claire, Wis., and in the fall, in September, I saw it all destroyed by the great flood. Soon after I came home worse off than nothing. I am now getting a living and a little better. My health is very poor at times. I was offered a pension by my officers, Capt. Cole and Dr. Stevens, when I was discharged, but I refused it. I thought I should be all right in a short time, but, alas! Many [illegible] years ago I made application for a pension and in a little over a year I got one at $12 a month.

There, I think this rambling letter has gone far enough, but when I get to talking or writing to any one about the old First Maine Cavalry and its officers and men, it seems as though I was wound up. You who live in the East do not half know

what is thought of the First Maine here in the West. To illustrate I will say that two years ago at the Minneapolis Exposition they had the chair that Gen. Grant sat in at the surrender of Lee, now belonging to Col. Broadhead. I wanted my little boy who was with me to sit in it, so I asked permission, and while he was sitting there the man in charge asked me my regiment. I told him the First Maine Cavalry. This man had been posted on the battles and he was the first one who told me that we were in more battles than any other regiment, and in 60 days here, if you are found to belong to the old regiment you must tell the story. I lived in Minneapolis a year. I found three of the First Maine Cavalry boys.

In the spring I am going to have the new history and pay for the BUGLES, and I will try during the summer to have my picture sent for insertion.

Remember me to all the "boys" and with the best wishes of

Yours in F. C. and L.

W. H. LEE.

[Hist. p. 475.]

THE

CAVALRY SOCIETY

OF THE

ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS,

AND

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MEETING HELD AT SCRANTON, PA.,

June 17, 1892.

Constitution.

I.—The name of this Association shall be "THE CAVALRY CORPS OF THE UNITED STATES."

II.—Any honorably discharged officer or soldier, who at any time [illegible] Cavalry Corps in the said Armies, shall be entitled to membership in the [illegible]

III.—The object of the Society shall be the promotion of [illegible] vival of old associations, and the collection and the preservation [illegible] services rendered by this Corps during the "War of the Rebellion."

IV.—The officers of the Society shall consist of a President, [illegible] Secretary, Treasurer and Historian, who shall be, with the exception of the [illegible] ian, elected at each annual meeting of the Society.

V.—The duties of the President shall be to preside at the annual meeting [illegible] extraordinary meetings of the Society in case of necessity, and to [illegible] such may be necessary for the good government and control of the Society.

VI.—The Vice-president shall exercise the powers of the President in [illegible] absence of that officer.

VII.—The Secretary shall keep a record of the doings of the Society, [illegible] Members, and perform all duties usually pertaining to an office of such [illegible]

VIII.—The Treasurer shall have control of all funds, to be expended only on [illegible] proval of the President, and shall render an account of all disbursements at [illegible] annual meeting of the Society.

IX.—The Historian shall prepare for the use of the Secretary a Histor[illegible] Cavalry Corps, and of all matters connected therewith of interest to this Society.

X.—There shall be a Standard Bearer, who shall be an officer of the Society, who shall be appointed at each annual meeting, by the President. The duties of the Standard Bearer shall be to have charge and custody of the flag of the Society, and carry it on all occasions of ceremony when the Society shall be present.

XI.—There shall be elected annually an Assistant Secretary, who shall perform the duties of the Secretary at the annual meetings of the Society, in case of the absence of that officer, and who shall perform such other services as pertain to the Secretary as may be required of him by that officer.

XII.—There shall be elected annually an Adjutant-General, whose duty it shall be to assist the President in all cases where the society is formed for parade, and to act as an Aide to the President and perform such services as that officer may direct.

By-Laws.

I.—The Entrance Fee of the Society shall be One Dollar.

II.—The Annual Dues shall be One Dollar.

III.—The President shall determine the time and place of each annual meeting, being governed in his selection thereof as far as practicable by the time and place of the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Officers of the Society for the Year 1892-93.

President:

COL. HENRY C. WEBB.

Vice-Presidents:

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,
COL. M. D. BIRGE,
COL. F. C. LOVELAND,
COL. L. PAINE,
MAJ. H. W. SAWYER.

Vice-President of the Society in the Army of the Potomac Society:

GEN C. H. SMITH.

Treasurer:

MAJOR GERRARD IRVINE WHITEHEAD.

Secretary:

GEN. L. G. ESTES.

Assistant Secretary:

LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM H. TURNER.

Adjutant-General:

GEN. HENRY C. TREMAINE.

Standard Bearer:

CAPT. P. M. POHIN.

Bugler:

HENRY T. BARTLETT.

Historian:

CAPT. E. A. PAUL.

Report of Proceedings.

Pursuant to the call of the President, the Society at 10:30 A. M., June 15th, 1892, followed the Cavalry Banner borne by Captain Boehm and marched, guided by the notes of the identical bugle used in the field by the Bugler of the organization, Henry T. Bartlett, to the Court House, arbitration room, and was called to order by the President, Gen. C. H. Smith, who in a few well chosen remarks greeted the members present and congratulated the Society upon the large attendance.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting held at Buffalo, N. Y., and upon motion the same was approved.

The Treasurer's report was presented showing receipts since last annual meeting of $12; disbursements $1; balance on hand $326.24; deposited in the Seaman's Saving Bank of New York City, drawing interest. On motion the President appointed General J. P. Cilley, Bugler Henry T. Bartlett, and Thomas E. Field as Auditing Committee on the Treasurer's account, who reported the same correct and upon motion report was accepted, approved and committee discharged.

On motion of Gen. S. C. Chamberlain a committee of three consisting of Gen. S. C. Chamberlain, Col. F. C. Loveland and Captain P. M. Boehm, was appointed by the President to nominate officers for the ensuing year; after consultation the committee reported as follows:

President—Col. Henry C. Wier.

Vice-Presidents—Gen. J. P. Cilley,
Col. M. D. Birge,
Col. F. C. Loveland,
Col. L. Paine,
Maj. H. W. Sawyer.

Vice-President of the Society in the Army of the Potomac Society—Gen. C. H. Smith.

Treasurer—Major Gerrard Irvine Whitehead.

Secretary—Gen. L. G. Estes.

Assistant Secretary—Lieut.-Col. William H. Turner.
Adjutant-General—Gen. Henry C. Tremaine.
Standard Bearer—Capt. P. M. Boehn.
Bugler—Henry T. Bartlett.
Historian—Capt. E. A. Paul.

The report of the committee was accepted and upon motion the Secretary of the Society was unanimously directed to cast a ballot for the officers presented by the report of the committee which was done. The President announced that the officers nominated had been elected for the ensuing year.

The President appointed General Chamberlain and Col. Loveland to conduct the newly elected President, Col. Henry C. Wier, to the chair, who in a few appropriate remarks thanked the Society for the honor conferred upon him.

On motion it was voted, that the FIRST MAINE BUGLE be made the organ of the Cavalry Society of the armies of the United States and that the annual proceedings of the meetings of the Society be published in that quarterly, provided that the same be printed and the issue containing such proceedings mailed to the members of the Society at no greater expense than it has cost the Society to print and deliver the same by mail heretofore, and provided further, that the columns of said quarterly shall be open to communications and papers from the members of the Cavalry Society that may contain material or facts valuable for completing a history of the Cavalry service of the war of the Rebellion or that may tend to secure the object of the organization as covenanted in article third of its constitution.

Upon motion it was voted, that the name of General D. McM. Gregg, be presented to the Society of the Army of the Potomac, as our candidate for the President of the Society for the ensuing year. Upon motion the Society adjourned.

L. G. JESTES, *Secretary*.

Next Meeting.

Place of meeting next year, as fixed by Society of the Army of the Potomac, Boston, Mass.; date not named.

Badge of the Society.

The Badge of the Society is a pair of crossed sabres, accurately copied from the Regulation Cavalry Sabre, and finely finished in gold, upon a boldly worked "sunburst" of silver. It is attached to the coat or the Ribbon of the Society by means of a brooch-pin at the back.

PRICE $5.00. Send money with order to Major G. Irvin Whitehead, Treasurer, 206 Broadway, New York.

List of Members.

? Means "present address unknown."

Adams, George H.	Captain	[illegible]
Alger, Russell A.	Brevet-Major General	[illegible]
Allen, J. R.	Captain	[illegible]
Allison, William F.	Private 2d U. S. Cavalry	[illegible]
Alvord, Henry E.	Major 2d Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Averill, W. W.	Brig.-Gen., Col. 3d Penn'a Cav.	Washington, D. C.
Allen, Vanderbilt	Bvt.-Maj., 1st Lt. Eng., U. S. A.	56 Broadway, New York City
Atkinson, Louis E.	Ass't Surgeon 1st Penn'a Cav.	Millbourne, Penn'a
Austin, Benjamin	Lieutenant 18th Penn'a Cavalry	Alexandria, Va. P. O. Box [illegible]
Abbott, M. A.	Private Co. M, 1st Mich. Cavalry	Casapolis, Michigan
Arrowsmith, Thos.	Major, A. D. C.	Soldiers' Home, Newark, N. J.
Allen, Samuel H.	Col. 1st Maine Cavalry	Thomaston, Maine
Baker, Allen	Captain 1st R. I. Cavalry	Providence, Rhode Island
Baker, C. C.	Major	Salem, Ohio
Barnitz, Albert	Colonel	1761 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O.
Bartlett, J. M.	Captain 5th Mass. Cavalry	Concord, Massachusetts
Barrett, James	Lieutenant 1st Vermont Cavalry	Clarendon, Vermont
Bell, James M.	Bvt. Maj., Capt. 7th U. S. Cavalry	Washington, D. C. (Care A. G. O.)
Bell, William	Lieut.-Col. 12th Penn'a Cavalry	Middletown, Penn'a
Benjamin, W. H.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 8th N. Y. Cav.	Rochester, New York
Benson, Andrew M.	Captain 1st Maine Cavalry	No. 1 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.
Betts, Charles M.	Lieut.-Col. 15th Penn'a Cavalry	Pier 42, No. Veterans, Phila. Pa.
Bibber, A. H.	Captain 1st Maine Cavalry	Orange, California
Bigelow, E. C.	Captain 1st Maine Cavalry	Boston, Massachusetts
Birdsall, John	Major	Glencoe, Long Island
Bishop, J. A.	Captain	Baltimore, Maryland
Blakeslee, Erastus	Colonel 1st Connecticut Cavalry,	New Haven, Connecticut
Blackmar, W. W.	Brigadier-General	Boston, Massachusetts
Bolene, M.	Major	St. Louis, Missouri
Boyd, R. N.	Major 1st New Jersey Cavalry	New Hope, Penn'a
Brackett, Joseph N.	R. Q. M. Sergt. 1st Mass. Cavalry	100 South St., Boston, Mass.
Brinton, R. M.	Brevet-Lt. Col. 2d Penn'a Cavalry	Philadelphia, Penn'a
Brown, Allen G. P.	Captain 24th N. Y. Cavalry	382 Lincoln St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bray, Joseph B.	Sergt. B. & L. H. Bat. 2d U. S. Art.	Orange, New Jersey
Britton, C. A.	Colonel 1st New York Cavalry	Trenton, New Jersey
Brewster, George H.	Captain 15th New York Cavalry	128 Broadway, New York City
Brown, F. C.	Brevet-Major, Captain	32 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
Burnham, A. V.	1st Lieutenant 1st Conn. Cavalry	Springfield, Massachusetts
Bristol, Jacob	Lieutenant 5th Michigan Cavalry	Detroit, Michigan
Barnard, John	Private Co. H, 8th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Bullong, J. C.	Surgeon 3d Rhode Island Cavalry	235 High St., Providence, R. I.
Bartram, A. B.	Sergeant	Meriden, Connecticut
Butts, Edward D.	Corporal Co. L, 2d U. S. Cavalry	Charlton Oak, Iowa
Bradshaw, W. T.	1st Sergt. Co. F, 9th N. Y. Cavalry	Jamestown, New York
Barnard, L. R.	1st Lieutenant 2d N. J. Cavalry	[illegible] Nassau, N. J.
Bishop, William G.	Private Co. I, 4th Penn'a Cavalry	Brookville, Denver
Bricker, Peter D.	Captain 1st Penn'a Cavalry	Jersey Shore, Penn'a
Bartlett, Henry T.	Bugler 1st Massachusetts Cavalry	200 Lewis St., New York City
Brewster, Charles	Lieutenant 16th New York Cavalry	New York City
Bosworth, George B.	Major	New York City

Birdseye, Mortimer B.	Lieut.-Col. 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Boyce, John M.	Corporal 1st Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Barker, William	Private Co. H, 1st Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Bartlett, Samuel W.	Sergeant Co. H, 1st Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Bolton, William J.	Private Co. A, 10th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Bowne, George A.	Captain 1st New Jersey Cavalry	[illegible]
Barney, L. L.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. 10th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Bixby, Augustus H.	Bvt. Maj., Capt. 1st R. I. Cavalry	[illegible]
Buckingham, C. M.	Private 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Brown, Jos. Mansfield	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., 1st Lt. 2d Mass. Cav.	[illegible]
Blackwell, Clayton E.	1st Sergeant Co. E, 2d N. J. Cavalry	[illegible]
Boehm, P. M.	Captain 4th United States Cavalry	[illegible]
Barker, E. J.	Major 5th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Bodenweiser, Jacob	Private Co. G, 1st N. J. Cavalry	Crown Point, New York
Bulluss, J. Morton	Bvt. Capt., 10th New York Cavalry	Orange, New Jersey
Bliss, Aaron T.	Captain 10th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Callanan, J. J.	Lieutenant 5th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Capehart, H.	Colonel 1st West Virginia Cavalry	[illegible]
Casse, J. A.	Captain	[illegible]
Castle, George J.	Captain 13th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Cauffman, E.	Lieutenant	[illegible]
Chamberlain, Sam. E.	Bvt. Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st Mass. Cav.	[illegible]
Cheeney, P. C. J.	Captain	[illegible]
Cilley, Jonathan P.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st Me. Cavalry	[illegible]
Clark, John E.	Major 5th Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Clark, S. R.	Colonel	[illegible]
Cline, William A.	Colonel	Orville, Ohio
Cole, Edmund L.	Major 21st New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Conroy, George T.	Major	[illegible]
Crabtree, Edward	Private 1st Massachusetts Cavalry	[illegible]
Crocker, George A.	Captain 6th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Cromelien, Alfred	1st Lieutenant 5th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Crosslinite, C. F.	Captain 1st New Jersey Cavalry	[illegible]
Crowninshield, Caspar	Brig.-Gen., Major 2d Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Curtis, Joseph R.	Corporal Co. I, 1st Maine Cavalry	[illegible]
Coleriek, William	Captain 1st Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Chappell, Augustus F.	Corporal 6th Ohio Cavalry	[illegible]
Creery, William	Captain 6th Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Carpenter, L. H.	Bvt. Col., Lt.-Col. 1st U. S. Cavalry	[illegible]
Corliss, George W.	Brevet Major U. S. Volunteers	[illegible]
Christiancy, J. C.	Captain 9th Mich. Cav. & A. D. C.	[illegible]
Clark, Augustus M.	Bvt. Lieut.-Col. U. S. Volunteers	[illegible]
Corliss, Jacob V.	Sergeant Co. G, 1st N. J. Cavalry	[illegible]
Crooks, Samuel J.	Colonel 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Clarkson, Floyd	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Maj. 6th and 13th Cav.	[illegible]
Claggett, Dorsey	1st Lieut. 1st Maryland Cavalry	Washington, D. C.
Chamberlain, Simon E.	Bvt. Lt.-Col. 25th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Clark, Charles L.	Corporal 7th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Campbell, John W.	1st Lieutenant 2d New York Cav.	[illegible]
Cheney, Newell	Captain 9th New York Cavalry	Poland Centre, N. Y.
Chapman, John K.	Corporal Co. D, 9th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Davies, Henry E.	Major-General	[illegible]
Denison, Frederick	Chaplain 1st Rhode Island Cavalry	[illegible]
Detritt, F. N.	Surgeon	St. George's, [illegible]
Dumott, Thomas J.	Surgeon	Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Dunbar, G. Edwin	Colonel	[illegible]

Deems, James M.	Bvt.-Brig. Gen., U. S. Volunteers	[illegible]
Doty, David R.	Private 6th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Davis, Charles G.	Major 1st Massachusetts Cavalry	[illegible]
Doolittle, Leland L.	Major 24th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Darling, J. G.	Bugler 1st Massachusetts Cavalry	[illegible]
Day, John	Private 10th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Duryea, Henry T.	Private 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Dunn, Edmund	1st Lieutenant 15th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Denworth, James B.	Sergeant Co. K, 5th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Dam, Charles F.	Bugler Co. F, 1st Maine Cavalry	[illegible]
Dodge, Rudolph L.	Private, Co. F, 1st Maine Cavalry	[illegible]
Edson, P. O'Meara	Major, Surgeon 17th Vermont Vols.	[illegible]
Edwards, William	Major 6th New York Cavalry	New York City
Elliott, R. C.	Captain	[illegible]
Eaton, George M.	Private 1st Connecticut Cavalry	[illegible]
Erhardt, Joel B.	Captain 1st Vermont Cavalry	[illegible]
Edwards, Ellis B.	Bvt.-Major, Captain 1st Vt. Cavalry	[illegible]
Everson, James	Sergeant 1st Vermont Cavalry	[illegible]
Edwards, Robert W.	Bugler 5th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Estes, L. G.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Lt.-Col. A. A. G.	Washington, D. C.
Emery, G. M.	Sergeant 1st Maine Cavalry	Portland, Maine
Foote, E. C.	Captain 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Forbes, W. H.	Lieut.-Col. 2d Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Fitzhugh, Charles L.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 3d N. Y. Cav.	[illegible]
Forsyth, George A.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Lt.-Col. 4th U. S. Cav.	[illegible]
Fox, Reuben L.	Captain 2d New York	[illegible]
Foley, John P.	Private 5th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Fraser, Douglas	Brevet-Brigadier-General	[illegible]
Fenton, A. Ward	Captain 6th Ohio Cavalry	Cleveland, Ohio
Feyerabend, Otto	Corporal 1st Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Ford, Charles A.	Sergeant 5th Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], G. M.	Captain 1st Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], William E.	1st Lt. Adj. 1st Penn'a Res. Cav.	[illegible]
[illegible], Theodore	Private 8th Illinois Cavalry	[illegible]
Ford, Thomas E.	Private Co. B, 1st Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Grason, Horatio G.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st U. S. Art.	Washington, D. C.
Gleason, D. H. S.	Captain 1st Massachusetts Cavalry	[illegible]
Gould, J. E.	Major 1st Vermont Cavalry	[illegible]
Goodrich, Edwin	Captain 9th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Gretz, William L.	1st Lieutenant 1st Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Gordon, Henry	Sergeant, Bvt.-Lt. 2d Ohio Cavalry	[illegible]
Green, Augustus P.	Bvt.-Col. & Maj. 15th New York Cav.	[illegible]
Gregg, D. McM.	Bvt.-Maj.-Gen., Brig.-Gen. U. S. V.	[illegible]
Green, Jacob L.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Major A. A. G.	[illegible]
Gorman, David	Captain 16th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Gould, Edwin C.	Private 1st Colorado Cavalry	[illegible]
Gore, E. B.	Captain 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Galbraith, John	Captain 2d Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Gibson, Charles H.	Major	[illegible]
Greenleaf, Wm. L.	1st Lieut. 1st Vermont Cavalry	[illegible]
Haight, William J.	1st Lieut. 15th New York Cavalry	Pawlskill, New York
Halsey, H. M.	1st Lieut. 15th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Hatch, M. F.	Captain 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Hartland, Francis	Captain 4th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]

Hawkins, J. M.	Captain 13th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Haseltine, John W.	Captain 2d Penn'a Cavalry	201 So. 11th [illegible]
Hedden, R. E.	Captain	[illegible]
Hegeman, Elbert	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. 13th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Hill, John F.	Captain	[illegible]
Hunter, George M.	Captain	[illegible]
Hyndman, William	Bvt. Maj., Capt. 4th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Hughson, H. W.	Private 5th Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Harmon, John	Bugler 24th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Harrington, D. W.	Private 1st New York Dragoons	[illegible]
Hill, John	Private 1st Michigan Cavalry	[illegible], N. Y.
Hannan, John	Private 24th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Hibbard, W. H.	Captain	[illegible]
Hawley, John C.	Private 8th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Hunt, James A.	Private	Wash., D. C. [illegible]
Haley, W. D.	Q. M. Sergt. 25th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Hick, William H.	Bvt.-Col., Major 1st N. J. Cavalry	[illegible]
Hills, William G.	Private Co. E, 6th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Hicks, Frederick M.	Private 5th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Horn, John E.	Private Co. I, 6th Penn'a Cavalry	Orange, [illegible]
Harrison, W. H.	Captain 3d United States Cavalry	Philadelphia
Ives, Philo L.	Major 2d New York Cavalry	New Haven, Ct. P. O. [illegible]
Jenkins, W. S.	Colonel	[illegible]
Jackson, Walter H.	Sergt. 1st New York Dragoons	Ann Arbor, Michigan
Keer, Edward C.	Captain 1st New Jersey Cavalry	[illegible]
Kenney, Charles B.	Bugler 1st Maine Cavalry	Portland, Maine
Knauff, A. L.	Captain, A. D. C.	[illegible]
Lacey, A. H.	Major, A. Q. M.	Detroit, Michigan
Lane, Julius M.	Captain	Chicago, [illegible]
Lancey, M. A.	Captain	Boston, [illegible]
Lansing, E. Y.	Bvt.-Maj., 1st Lt. 13th N. Y. Cavalry	Albany, [illegible]
Lee, J. G. C.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Major, A. Q. M.	[illegible]
Lenning, Thompson	Captain 6th Penn'a Cavalry	Phila., [illegible]
Lester, E.	Surgeon	Seneca [illegible]
Libby, H. S.	Captain 1st Maine Cavalry	Am. [illegible]
Lightner, N. F.	Captain	[illegible]
Lord, F. C.	Captain	Virginia City, [illegible]
Lucas, R. A.	Captain	Harrisburg, Penn'a
Lynch, D.	Captain	Washington, D. C.
Lee, E. M.	Lt.-Col. 5th Michigan Cavalry	New York City
Lyman, Joel H.	Sergeant Co. B, 8th N. Y. Cavalry	Randolph, New York
Mann, Hobart D.	Major 8th New York Cavalry	Leadville, Colorado
Martin, A. L.	Captain	Philadelphia, Penn'a
Martin, George E.	Sergeant 1st Connecticut Cavalry	Camden, New Jersey
Mason, F. H.	Captain	Cleveland, Ohio
Mayell, Henry	Brevet-Major	New York
McFarland, James E.	Major 11th Penn'a Cavalry	West Chester, Penn'a
McCook, E. M.	Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers	Washington, D. C.
McGilney, James A.	Lieutenant	Springfield, Massachusetts
McKilvey, Samuel	Colonel	[illegible]
McMakin, Louis	Captain	Philadelphia, Penn'a
McMillan, Charles	Lieutenant-Colonel and Surgeon	Rome, New York
McReynolds, B. F.	1st Lieut. 1st New York Cavalry	Grand Rapids, Michigan

[illegible], C. B.	1st Lieut. 2d New Jersey Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], Henry C.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. 24th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], G.	Brevet Brigadier-General	Philadelphia, [illegible]
[illegible], John F. D.	Captain 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], C. W.	Surgeon	[illegible]
[illegible], J. F.	1st Lieut. 1st Penn'a Cavalry	New York
[illegible], Thomas	Private Co. D, 5th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], G. L.	Sergeant	
[illegible], A. J.	Colonel 2d New Jersey Cavalry	Troy, New York
[illegible], Philip	Major 5th Michigan Cavalry	Detroit, Michigan
[illegible], Louis	Captain	New York City
[illegible], William E.	Captain 3d Penn'a Cavalry	Carlisle, Penn'a
[illegible], Felix	Private Co. E, 6th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], Chas. N.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., Major 2d R. I. Cav.	[illegible]
[illegible], John J.	Captain A. D. C., U. S. Volunteers	120 Broadway, New York City
[illegible], Andrew J.	Sergeant 1st U. S. Dragoons	Goshen, New York
[illegible], John	Captain 1st U. S. Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], A. B.	Sergeant 8th Illinois Cavalry	Creston, Illinois
[illegible], John J.	Sergt. Co. F, 5th U. S. Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], Wallace	Sergt. Battery B, 1st U. S. Art.	[illegible]
McKinney, Edw. P.	Bvt.-Major, Captain C. S.	[illegible]
Miller, Warner	Harris Light Cavalry	Herkimer, New York
Mead, Isaac N.	Assistant Surgeon 5th N. Y. Cav.	[illegible]
Matson, Morris M.,	Private Co. D, 1st Penn'a Cavalry	Elizabeth, New Jersey
Myers, Michael	Private Co. G, 13th Penn'a Cavalry	Williamsport, Penn'a
Newton, John W.	Captain 1st Vermont Cavalry	Boston, Massachusetts
Nichols, George S.,	Bvt.-Brig. Gen., Col. 6th N. Y. Cav.	Auburn, New York
Newman, George W.,	Sergeant 5th Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Nugent, Edward D.	Major 5th Michigan Cavalry	Bay City, Michigan
[illegible], Henry M.	Major 25th New York Cavalry	Red Bank, New York
Nephew, Lewis F.	Private 1st Connecticut Cavalry	New York
[illegible], Charles G.	Colonel 21st New York Cavalry	102 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Page, J. P.	1st Lieutenant U. S. Cavalry	New York
Palmer, Wm. M.,	Surgeon	Camden, New Jersey
Patton, A. G.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col. 1st U. S. Cavalry	United States Army
Powell, W. P.	Lt.-Col. 1st New York Mtd. Rifles	Columbus, Ohio
Pyne, James T.	Bvt. Lt.-Col., Major 5th Pa. Cavalry	Washington, D. C.
Pebble, W. E.	Captain	Cleveland, Ohio
Pleasonton, Alfred	Major-General U. S. Volunteers	Washington, D. C.
Phelps, N. B.	Private	[illegible]
Platt, P. A.	Captain	Chicago, Illinois
Pomroy, Edwin C.	Major 3d Rhode Island Cavalry	Providence, Rhode Island
Pierson, J. L.	Major 2d New Jersey Cavalry	Painesville, Ohio
Perkins, Wm. H.	Captain 1st Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Pedrasco, Jacob O.	Captain 6th Michigan Cavalry	Detroit, Michigan
Parker, Myron M.	Sergeant 1st Vermont Cavalry	Washington, D. C.
Peck, Theodore S.,	Capt., A. Q. M. 1st Vermont Cavalry	Burlington, Vermont
Peal, John C.	Major 4th Penn'a Cavalry	115 Broadway, New York
Page, Myers	Bvt.-Col., Lt.-Col. A. Q. M.	Salt Lake City
[illegible], George L.	Bvt.-Maj., Asst. Surg. 5th U. S. C.	[illegible]
[illegible], James A.	Major 6th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
[illegible], Chas. M.	Captain 9th New York Cavalry	Crown Point, New York
[illegible], Arthur S.	1st Lieut. 1st Virginia Cavalry	Boston, Mass.
[illegible], Alfred W.	Commissary, 5th Penn'a Cavalry	Williamsport, Penn'a

Rec, John P.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Reed, J. C.	1st [illegible]	[illegible]
Reeder, Frank	Brig[illegible]	[illegible]
Reeves, Furman	Captain	[illegible]
Reno, Marcus A.	Major, 7th U. S. Cavalry	[illegible]
Richards, Lucius J.	Captain	[illegible]
Richardson, John C.	Captain	[illegible]
Robinson, O. O. G.	Major 1st Maine Cavalry	[illegible]
Roberts, James H.	Captain 1st Maine Cavalry	[illegible]
Rawle, Wm. Brooke	1st Lieut. 6th, Capt. 3d Penn'a Cav.	[illegible]
Rittenhouse, N. M.	Captain 3d Co., 62d Penn'a Infantry	[illegible]
Richards, John T.	Major 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry	[illegible]
Rogers, James,	Surgeon, Maj. 1st U. S. Volunteers	[illegible]
Roberts, C. S.	Captain A. D. C., U. S. A.	Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming
Rice, William	Surgeon 3d Penn'a Cavalry	Rosary, [illegible]

Safford, Charles H.	Captain	[illegible]
Sargent, Horace B.	Brig. Gen., Asst., Col. 1st Mass. Cav.	Worcester, Mass.
Sayles, Willard,	Colonel 1st Infantry, John D. Cleveland's	Los Angeles, California
Schimel, Oleh,	Private 3d Penn'a Cavalry	Philadelphia, [illegible]
Seinfeld, James A.		Newport, [illegible]
Semmes, William H.	Captain	Boston, Massachusetts
See, Clement R.	Captain 3d Penn'a Cavalry	Youngstown, [illegible]
Sheffield, A. A.	Captain	Pottsville, [illegible]
Sheppard, J. Henry	Captain 1st New York Cavalry	Glenville, [illegible]
Shorer, Samuel B.	Major	New York City
Shelmire, W. H.	Captain	Chicago, Illinois
Sherman, George A.	Surgeon	Philadelphia, [illegible]
Sherdi, S. C.	Major	[illegible]
Smith, Dana,	Captain	[illegible]
Smith, Erwin H.	Sergt. Co. C, 1st N. H. Cavalry	Boston, Massachusetts
Smith, Norman M.	Colonel	[illegible]
Stevenson, James H.	Major	Philadelphia, Penn'a
Strobhar, F. S.	1st Lieut. 1st Vermont Cavalry	Mt. Airy, [illegible]
Stiles, A. W.	Captain	[illegible]
Strong, H. B.	Captain 3d Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Schwarz, Andrew	Captain 1st United States Cavalry	Washington, D. C.
Sullivan, M. D.	Brother Co. B, 7th Ind. Vol. Cav.	[illegible]
Smith, Howard M.	Brevet Lieut. Col. 1st N. Y. L.	[illegible]
Sayles, A. W.	Sergeant 1st Ohio Cavalry	[illegible]
Sisty, P. L.	Engineer 1st New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Shattuck, Fred R.	Brevet Maj. 1st Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Spencer, Fred. A.	1st Lieut. 1st Connecticut Cavalry	[illegible]
Stahr, C. H.	Brevet Major, Col. 14th O. V. I.	Newark, O.
Stevens, W. E.	Capt. 1st New Jersey Cavalry	[illegible]
Sawtelle, C. G.,	Brig. Gen. Quartermaster General	Washington, D. C.
Smith, James A.	Captain 1st New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Smith, W. Niles	Captain 1st New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Shaw, James H.	Private Co. E, 1st Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Sawyer, Henry W.	Major 1st Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Sipe, Albert N.	Captain 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry	[illegible]
Schoonmaker, Jas. M.	Col. 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry	Pittsburgh, Penn'a

Taylor, Alfred	Major	New York City
Taylor, E. W.	Colonel	Washington, D. C.
Taylor, John P.	Brig. Maj. Gen., 1st Pa. [illegible]	[illegible]
Tinkler, S. W.	Major 1st [illegible] Cavalry	[illegible]
Thomas, H. S.	Col. 1st Penn'a Cavalry	West [illegible], Penn'a

Thomson, Clifford	Major 1st N.Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Thornton, James A.	Lieutenant 1st R. I. Cavalry	[illegible]
Tobie, Edward P.	Lieutenant 5th Artillery	[illegible]
Tremaine, Henry E.	Bvt. Brig.-Gen. and A. D. C.	[illegible]
Trobert, Charles,	Bvt. Lt.-Col., Maj. 2d Pa. Cavalry	[illegible]
Tuck, Matthew	Captain	[illegible]
Turner, William H.	Lieut.-Col. 1st Rhode Island Cavalry	[illegible]
Tyler, G. F.	Captain	[illegible]
Trowbridge, L. S.	Bvt. Maj.-Gen., Maj. 5th Mich. C.	[illegible]
Towers, Alonzo E.	Captain 5th Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Taylor, Oscar	Captain 5th New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Taylor, Woodbury M.	Bvt.-Major, Capt. 5th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Turk, M. V. B.	Sergeant Co. G, 10th N. Y. Cavalry	[illegible]
Tibbalis, John G.	Sergeant 1st Maryland Cavalry	[illegible]
Tree, Theodore T.	Surgeon 3d Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Van Clef, A.	Colonel	Harrisburg, Penn'a
Van Slyck, D. B.	Major 2d New York Cavalry	[illegible]
Vernon, George W.	Lt.-Col. Cole's Cavalry, Maryland	Baltimore, Maryland
Wade, J. F.	Lt.-Col. 20th U. S. Cavalry	Washington, D. C.
Wagner, S. C.	Captain 3d Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Warner, Homer H.	Surgeon 1st Massachusetts Cavalry	[illegible]
Wenke, G.	Colonel	Washington, D. C.
Werkheiser, Charles	Bvt. Lt.-Col. 2d New York Cavalry	Easton, Penn'a
Weston, Henry C.	Private Co. B, 1st Mass. Cavalry	Chicago, Illinois
Wier, H. C.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., A. A. G.	[illegible]
Wells, C. A.	Major 1st N. Y. Vet. Cavalry	[illegible]
Wells, William	Bvt.-Major-Gen., Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.	[illegible]
White, A. H.	Colonel 3rd New York Cavalry	[illegible]
White, D. M.	Colonel	[illegible]
Whitaker, E. M.	Bvt.-Brig.-Gen., Col. 1st Conn. Cav.	Washington, D. C.
Whitehead, G. I.	Maj. Judge Adv. 1st Lt. 6th Pa. Cav.	[illegible]
Wister, Jno., Chas. I.	Lt.-Col. 5th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Wilson, C. L.	Major Paymaster	[illegible]
Wilson, S. H.	Colonel	[illegible]
Wilson, Thomas	Captain	[illegible]
Winsor, Henry, Jr.	Captain 6th Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Wood, A.	Asst. Surgeon 1st Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Wood, S. H.	Surgeon 1st Vermont Cavalry	[illegible]
White, H. K.	Captain 1st Michigan Cavalry	[illegible]
Watkins, E. C.	Bvt.-Maj., Capt. & A. A. G.	[illegible]
Wood, Oliver E.	Lieutenant 5th U. S. Artillery	[illegible]
Weller, Thomas G.	Private Co. L, 1st South. Cavalry	[illegible]
Woodruff, Carl A.	Bvt.-Lt.-Col., U. S. A.	[illegible]
Ward, G. S. L.	Captain 3d Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Wetherill, F. D.	Captain 3d Penn'a Cavalry	[illegible]
Whitney, W. Scott	2d Lt. 2d New York Vet. Cavalry	[illegible]
Walsh, James T.	Border Co. G, 1st Mass. Cavalry	[illegible]
Yorke, F. Jones	Bvt.-Col., Lt.-Col. 2d N. Y. Cavalry	Pilchers Pt., Carroll County, [illegible]

DECEASED MEMBERS.

Col. Myer [illegible],
Capt. Augustus Bacon,
Col. T. C. Baker,
Col. J. S. Baell,
Col. M. H. Beaumont,
Capt. Joseph Bodfish,
Col. Wm. H. Boyd,
Lieut. William P. [illegible],
Gen. George A. Custer,
Gen. George H. Chapman,
Lt. Col. Wm. H. [illegible],
Lieut. John H. Clayson,
Col. J. Hinckley Clark,
Sergt. James P. [illegible],
Lieut. Butler Coles,
Sergt. Martin V. [illegible],
Capt. J. Newton Dickson,
Capt. John Dolan,
Capt. Gustave Fyffe,
Major Henry J. Farnsworth,
Col. William Fry,
Capt. Walbro Frazier,
Col. P. Lally Gooding,
Major Charles H. Hyde,
Col. Hiram Hilliard,
Capt. John Hall,

[illegible] John [illegible],
Major E. L. [illegible],
Capt. [illegible] W. [illegible],
[illegible],
Sergt. [illegible] W. [illegible],
Capt. J. [illegible],
Capt. W. E. [illegible],
Col. [illegible],
[illegible],
Lieut. J. [illegible],
Col. S. [illegible] W. [illegible],
Capt. B. C. [illegible],
Capt. E. F. [illegible],
Col. James [illegible],
Capt. E. [illegible],
Cap[illegible] P. [illegible],
Col. Chas. H. [illegible],
Sergt. L. W. [illegible],
Gen. B. S. [illegible],
Sergt. W. P. [illegible],
Major O. G. [illegible],
Lieut. Jno. H. [illegible],
Gen. Philip [illegible],
Sergt. John P. [illegible],
Gen. A. T. A. [illegible],
Capt. [illegible],

THE ASSEMBLY.

Yes, we'll rally round the Flag, boys, rally once again.

Since the comrades received the April Call it has been our good fortune to make a trip to the Pacific coast and return. We have ridden in the vicinity of ten thousand miles—by steam, electricity, cable, horses, and mules; in cars, steamboats, wagons, carriages, and the saddle; we have been over mountains, under mountains, and through mountains, and over rivers, under rivers and through rivers; we have swam in the Pacific ocean, bathed in hot springs, and floated on Salt Lake; we have lunched more than fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and been entertained more than a thousand feet below the surface of the earth; we have ridden through miles of orange groves and vineyards, and over miles of desert; we have met old comrades and schoolmates, and have made new acquaintances; we have exchanged war stories with the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray; we have marched behind the banner, "Down with tyrants and bosses" and cheered speeches of indignation, and we have attended service in the Mormon Assembly rooms; we have visited gold mines and tin mines; we have sweltered under a heat of more than one hundred degrees, and we have enjoyed the fun of snow balling; we have ridden through piles of rock hundreds of feet in height and through cuts in solid snow; we have—well, we have had a great trip, and now have something of a realizing sense of the extent and grandeur of this great and glorious country of ours. We propose to try and give a description of the scenes visited and the incidents of the trip for the in-

terest and benefit of the comrades and their families and friends, and present the first instalment in this Call under the title "The country for which you fought." We promise the comrades that they will find a goodly quantity of army rations in the sketches.

Gen. Cilley delivered a memorial address at Oakland, Me., last Memorial Day. On his return he met Comrade William M. Herbert at Waterville, one of the United States mail route agents on the Maine Central railroad. The matter of his "lonely all night ride" was referred to, and comrade Herbert remarked that the story of Chaplain Fuller was correct and well told, and added very seriously, "As for being afraid, I attribute the loss of my hair to the ride of that night."

We cordially invite cavalry men who wore gray, and who fought against us on many a field, to send communications to the BUGLE. We are composed of that sort of stuff which always likes to hear both sides, and battles and skirmishes in which one regiment bore a part will be the better understood if we have the story of those whom we drove or who drove us. Such communications will be doubly interesting. So send along your letters, Johnnies. We have been soldiers and know how to give soldierly treatment.

The bright poem of Comrade Bartlett, "The Bugler," will well repay a second and third perusal. Its ringing echoes will remain in memory for days. At the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Scranton, Pa., June 15th and 16th, the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States was the only corps organization that marched under its own flag to the sound of its own music. That music was from the old army bugle carried during the war by Comrade Bartlett of one arm, and was blown by him with all his war time vigor and power.

We had the pleasure of meeting Comrade George J. Jumper at San Francisco, during our recent trip to the Pa-

cific coast, and of having a nice chat with him. The comrades, especially those of old Co. G, will be pleased to know that he is well, has a nice family consisting of a wife and two boys, is prospering fairly well, and is looking well, though of course is older than when we were comrades together. We shall have something to say about this visit in the sketch of our trip. We also heard favorable reports of Comrades Evans S. Pillsbury, John Wharff and John S. French.

Special attention is called to the sketch by Maj. Hall entitled "Fort Darling," in this Call. It gives the two sides of an affair which made but little noise at the time, but which proved to have been of great importance, and the discrepancy between the facts in the case and the reports of the Federal officers is so great as to be decidedly amusing. This is probably the first time that the correct account has been published, which makes it valuable as a matter of history. We are pleased to announce that Maj. Hall is preparing another sketch for the October Call.

The proceedings of the Cavalry Society have been printed in almost the identical form in which they have appeared heretofore. The list of new members who joined at Buffalo in 1891 and at Scranton in 1892 have not been received and hence do not appear in this issue. It is our intention to have them appear with the list of new members who may join next year at Boston.

Comrade Daniel W. Davis has been confirmed as Postmaster of Amesbury, Mass.

Dr. John P. Sheahan, of Dennysville, delivered a memorial address at Raymond, N. H., on last Memorial Day.

A set of the reports of the Adjutant General of Maine, 1861-1865—the most complete reports prepared by any State Adjutant General during the war—may be procured by addressing Edward P. Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.

J. P. Gilley, Jr., of Harvard Law school, left for Europe June 25th, on a bicycle trip up the Rhine, across to Vienna and then north to Berlin and

through the Harts mountain to Holland, covering some forty miles a day for sixty days and having twenty days rest for visiting galleries and places of interest.

Our thanks are due to Comrade Charles E. Jacks for a copy of the *Journal of the United States Cavalry Association* for March, in which are several articles of interest to old cavalry men. We hope to be able to present portions of some of them in future Calls, and then the thanks of the comrades will be due to Comrade Jacks.

The letter from a comrade of the First Massachusetts Cavalry in the "Echoes" is one of interest to every comrade of our regiment. Although it contradicts our regimental history and is against all memories and stories of the fight at Ground Squirrel Church, it is none the less welcome. We gladly give the letter space, and will be glad to give space to others of a similar nature, for we are all seeking after truth. It is such letters as this, and the discussion they bring out, which will enable the future historian to obtain the facts from which to write a complete and correct history of the war. The [illegible] is only too happy to [illegible] benefit in this direction, and at the same time its pages are made more valuable.

The Reunion of the Regiment.

Sept. 20th to Sept. [illegible], 1892, at Washington, D. C., will be held in a tent on the White House lot. The plan is to have tents arranged so that the cavalry regiments of our brigade and division shall be in close proximity to each other, with opportunities for exchange of courtesies and renewal of acquaintance. Excursions will be arranged among the comrades present for visits to the various battle fields and points of interest.

Genealogical.

For this department of our Quarterly we have in hand accounts of the families of George D. Frost, Charles E. Marston, Howard M. Dayton, Batiste LeSault, Albert A. Robinson, Edward E. Proctor, Joseph M. Hutchinson, Edmund W. Whitney, John C. Adams, Simon Gurvin, Abner D. Grant, Gardiner A. Sawyer, Wm. A. Vinal, Gardiner Staw-

art. Nathaniel L. Owen, Samuel A. Fuller, Eben L. Shackford and Henry L. Patch, which we are obliged to hold as there is no space for them in the present Call.

Comrade Melville B. Cook.

The following is from the Rockland *Tribune* and explains itself:

CAPTAIN M. B. COOK'S RECORD.

Friendship, for the first time in the history of the county, presents a candidate for one of the county commissioners. It is certainly proper that the southwestern section of our county should be represented on the board. It is a fortunate thing for Friendship that the man whose name she presents is one well known, and whose career during the war and since has been everything one could commend. He served for four years and during all the war, having re-enlisted as a veteran and won a reputation for bravery in his company, K, First Maine Cavalry, that was second to none in a regiment well known in the State and nation. He led the first squad of men, twenty-six in number, that arrived in Augusta to form the regiment. He was wounded and had his horse shot under him in a most daring charge at Louisa Court House, May 24, 1863. At Trevillian Station, June 11th, 1864, he was knocked down and his horse killed by the explosion of a shell. During the campaign of Lee's surrender he rendered most distinguished and gallant services.

Since the war he has shown eminent qualities of a good business man and citizen, and for years commanded the best ships of Chapman & Flint's fleets employed in the China and Japan trade. In addition to all [illegible] on land and sea, he has won a good name as an author. John R. Alden, publisher, of New York, brought out his work in a neatly bound volume of some one hundred and forty pages entitled, "Japan; a sailor's visit to the Island Empire." This has run through two editions, and has reached a total of eighteen hundred copies. It has received many tributes of praise and is a well written and most interesting book. It is seldom that Knox County has had presented for its suffrages a man who has won a better name or possesses more excellent traits of character. Capt. Melville B. Cook is as modest as he is brave, and his success in the various occupations he has pursued is due to his excellent judgment and his ability to do well and thoroughly whatever he attempts to perform.

It is pleasant to record the fact that Comrade Cook received the nomination, and his comrades, one and all, will rejoice to see him elected to the position.

A Sunset

On Great Salt Lake is [illegible] of the natchless spectacles to [illegible] in Utah. The new book, "Utah, a peep into a mountain-walled treasure of the gods," is now issued and can be had postpaid by sending 25 cents to J. H. Hamsel, Salt Lake City. It is expected that the Knights Templar and others visiting Colorado this season will extend their trip to Utah, via the Rio Grande Western Railway in both directions. That road affords choice of three distinct routes and the most magnificent scenery in the world. Equipment unequaled in the west. Two trains daily across the continent.

Lieut. Col. Boothby.

The following from the *Boston Globe*, will be of interest to every comrade:

The question of who was the first soldier killed in action to be brought home to Lewiston or Auburn to be buried, is a difficult one to answer. There are no records to show it, and the memory of those who were living there at that time is not active enough to recall it. It is certain, however, that no such burial occurred in the early years of the war, for a careful search of the files of the local paper of the years 1861-2 fails to show any such, though there are numerous reports of soldiers being killed and buried on the field of battle. It is probable, however, that among the first, was that of Lieut. Col. Stephen Boothby. It is quite certain that this was the first which was made of enough importance to be remembered at this time. Col. Boothby's sister, Mrs. I. F. Stanford, is now living, and from her the following facts in regard to her brother's death and burial were obtained:

Stephen Boothby was the son of the late Rev. Samuel Boothby of Lewiston. He graduated at Waterville College in 1857; subsequently taught in the Bangor High school; studied law and began practice with Hon. Mark H. Dunnell at Portland. He enlisted from that city in 1861 as first lieutenant of Company F, First Maine Cavalry. He was rapidly promoted to the rank of captain, major and lieutenant-colonel. He died June 5, 1864, from the effects of a wound received at Beaver Dam station on the 10th of May previous. A comrade who was with him thus describes the manner in which he met his death wound:

"The regiment had been aroused early in the morning by the booming of [illegible] ment advanced [illegible] upon the [illegible] of the [illegible] Lieut.-Col. [illegible] us to charge [illegible] the four men in rear [illegible] Rebels on the [illegible] do so, driving them away. [illegible] the top of the hill where they [illegible] see, about a half mile [illegible] of hundred yards away, [illegible] them, evidently taking [illegible] forces as they [illegible] Lieut. Col. Boothby again [illegible] charge, but we [illegible] perhaps he [illegible] the situation. Impetuously he [illegible] 'Charge!' and [illegible] We never see him again. He [illegible] the wound that proved fatal [illegible] ordered the charge. His last [illegible] the last words I ever heard him [illegible] are still ringing in my ears."

He was brought home [illegible] and received a military burial. [illegible] vices were conducted by Rev. [illegible] well of Portland, and Hon. [illegible] Lewiston with [illegible] eloquent [illegible] land county bar, of which [illegible] member, was present, and a [illegible] tary escort followed the [illegible] grave and fired the last [illegible] Before he had fallen in the [illegible] led in the procession. He was [illegible] years of age at the time of [illegible]

The soldier's monument in Lewiston stands in the northeasterly corner [illegible] park. It was designed and [illegible] Maine's famous sculptor, Franklin [illegible] imme. At the upper [illegible] of the tablets is an inscription, the four [illegible]:

"We die here in defence of [illegible] liberty."

"Let the dead [illegible] bury their dead. We [illegible] have work to do."

"In our death is the country's [illegible]."

"The Republic's the debt of [illegible] ers."

[illegible] are the names of those who [illegible] their lives for their country. The [illegible] was unveiled by the sculptor, ac[illegible]ed by the Mayor, George H. Pilts[illegible], Feb. 28, 1888.

Grand Army of the Republic.

The History of the Grand Army of the Republic, by Robert B. Beath, is a very attractive volume of some hundred and twenty pages royal octavo. It gives a full history of the organization from its beginning. Each National encampment is fully reported and a complete roster given of every State Department. All this is supplemented with a very excellent index, so that any name mentioned in the book or the work of any department may be easily referred to and found. It abounds in numerous pictures of comrades, officers, monuments and places of interest to Grand Army men. It is of great interest to all members of that organization and contains valuable facts worthy of preservation. If all the old soldiers do not forthwith hie to purchase they ought to and should take measures to have [illegible] to which they belong own a copy. The price is three dollars and fifty cents and it can be obtained from the publishers, Ryan, Taylor & Co., of New York City.

The Creede Camp Excitement.

Creede Camp promises to become a second Leadville. The number of people going into this wonderful camp is unprecedented in the history of Colorado camps, only during the Leadville excitement. It is estimated, now the snow is leaving, that there will be [illegible] people in the camp by June 1st. The discovery is only twenty miles from Lawson and Rio Grande railroads and there is no staging.

The Somerset Association.

The second annual reunion of the Somerset Association of the Hoosier Cavalry was held at Odd Fellows' Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., on [illegible] last. A good number of the old cavalry "boys" [illegible] banquet, ladies and invited guests. Gen. Gresham [illegible], the honored guest of the occasion. He was warmly greeted by numerous comrades who had enlisted, which was a great pleasure in gathering around him and giving him the cordial grip of the days and at Hotel Hayden where [illegible] dispatched early in the morning, [illegible] nine o'clock. Interviews were had and the members with regret, separated by [illegible] to meet on [illegible] the heavily laden and elegantly [illegible] able of "mine host" Hayden. [illegible] ornamental plants adorned the [illegible] elegantly appointed [illegible] a bottomless [illegible] was found at its [illegible]. Everything [illegible] by polite and prompt [illegible]

[illegible]

Fruit. [illegible]

Coffee.

When [illegible] order Executive Secretary S. de Peyster, President, made [illegible] in a few [illegible] manner.

[illegible] Gen. Gresham was [illegible] said, for [illegible] purpose, that [illegible]

have a page in the next issue of the First Maine Bugle adorned with pictures of seven of the Somerset veterans of the old regiment, or their sons. Gen. Cilley, among his comrades and friends, was in a happy frame of mind and related incidents of life in the field, pathetic as well as humorous and patriotic, exhibiting the multifarious phases of army life as experienced and observed by him during his long service in that grand body of Maine cavalrymen of whom the State is, and well may be proud.

George B. Safford answered to the detail by relating some incidents of life in the camp, on the journey to the front, particularly the breaking of camp at Augusta and the marching to take the train with the band playing, "The girl I left behind me," closing with warm commendation of the veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic.

Comrade F. J. Savage, of Fairfield, gave a brief but graphic account of the experience of the regiment upon the Belfield raid. He stated that the First Maine always expected to be assigned to the front in an advance movement and in the rear on retreat, and generally their expectations were realized. While on this raid of five days in November they swam three rivers and stood by their horses one whole night in a driving storm of sleet and rain.

Comrade A. F. Bickford was glad the ladies were invited to grace the occasion with their presence and he moved that they be invited to attend the next one. This motion prevailed unanimously and with enthusiasm.

Comrade B. D. Savage gave a very entertaining account of some of his experiences in the army.

Comrade F. R. Buck said that to the people generally the war appears simply as a matter of history, to veterans it was fact. It was no picnic. Patriotism took men to [illegible] there. [illegible] stay [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] tribute to Gen. Cilley, [illegible] gallantry as [illegible] and spoke of the [illegible] and [illegible] resulting from the [illegible] 1801-5 and the [illegible] over those of [illegible]

Gen. Isaac Dyer gave an [illegible] synopsis of the [illegible] of his [illegible] the Fifteenth Maine Infantry, in [illegible] and Virginia, [illegible] of Gen. Butler's [illegible] citizens at New Orleans.

Capt. Zenas Vaughan graphically related some of his [illegible] while a prisoner in [illegible] town and Macon. The days of [illegible] '65 seem like a dream to him.

Mr. C. F. Ward said he had [illegible] realized when at [illegible] he was born too late [illegible] of regret to him [illegible] his privilege to participate in the [illegible] war. Messrs. Sewall [illegible] Charles Smith, [illegible] Smith asked to be excused from [illegible] ing to the detail [illegible] of the [illegible] ness of the hour, and the exercises closed by the company arising and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Those in attendance were: Gen. J. P. Cilley, guest; Mr. and Mrs. Gen. B. Safford, Mr. and Mrs. Sewall W. [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Lewis [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Dooley, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Savage of Fairfield, [illegible] Miss Alta Savage, Miss [illegible] win, Gen. Isaac Dyer, Dr. S. A. [illegible] Capt. Zenas Vaughan, Messrs. [illegible] Goodwin, Chas. Smith, C. F. Ward, [illegible] T. Allen, H. J. [illegible] Forrest Goodwin, W. J. Spear, [illegible] Moor.

The Titan of Chasms.

[illegible] DEEP, 13 MILES WIDE, 217 MILES [illegible], AND PAINTED LIKE A FLOWER.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, is now for the first time easily accessible to tourists. A regular stage line has been established from Flagstaff, Arizona, on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, making the trip from Flagstaff to the most imposing part of the Canon in less than 12 hours. The stage fare for the round trip is only [illegible], and meals and comfortable lodgings are provided throughout the trip at reasonable price. The view of the Grand Canon afforded at the terminus of the stage route is the [illegible] panorama [illegible]. There is also a trail at this point leading down the Canon wall, more than [illegible] vertically, to the river below. The descent of the trail is a grandly [illegible] than climbing the Alpine [illegible] bottom of this terrific and sublime [illegible] are hundreds of mountains greater than any of the Alpine range.

A book describing the trip to the Grand Canon, illustrated by many [illegible] page engravings from special photographs, and furnishing all [illegible] information, may be obtained free upon application to Jno. J. Bryan, [illegible] Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

BUGLE ECHOES.

He the fighter and life of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

Natick, Mass., June 4th, 189[illegible].

Gen. J. P. Cilley:

Dear Sir,—In returning, as requested, copy of the First Maine Bugle, I may be pardoned for calling to your attention a statement made in your regimental history which gives credit to a regiment not entitled to the same. I refer to the account of the fight at, or near, Ground Squirrel Bridge, Va., May 11th, 1864, page 261, and of Col. Smith, page 2[illegible]. Both accounts give the credit of covering your retreat to the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. This duty was not performed by them, but by a small force of about eighty-four men and two officers, who had been on picket all night of the tenth, under orders from Gen. Sheridan. On their return they were ordered to take position in column between the Tenth New York and another regiment, the Tenth Pennsylvania I think. This order was promptly obeyed, and the march taken up towards Richmond. When just beyond, south of Ground Squirrel church and near the First Brigade bivouac of the night before, an orderly from Gen. Gregg rode up and asked, "Is this Capt. [illegible] of the First Massachusetts Cavalry?" I replied "Yes." He said, "The First Maine Cavalry are rear guard; they have been attacked and are being driven; you are ordered to go back and cover them." The road following, I [illegible] the left, broke [illegible] to rear. The road [illegible] jammed that it was impossible [illegible] and we at [illegible] the troops [illegible] let go by. I saw Col. Smith, [illegible] was trying to [illegible] the pressure, and [illegible] passed me, "For God's sake, [illegible] retreat." I saw Maj. [illegible] [illegible] Libby, who had been wounded [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] then the [illegible] we charged and [illegible] back, and held them [illegible] the [illegible] before. The [illegible] formed a line across the road. [illegible] [illegible] a spot [illegible] in sight when they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] First [illegible] First Massachusetts [illegible] [illegible] as he passed. He [illegible] it was the First Maine Cavalry though he [illegible]

[illegible]er" but he remembered what the [illegible]er said, viz.: "Steady, [illegible] steady men, wait till these men get by, then give them hell," which was exactly what was said. Now, I know I was there and in command of what was a battalion; I know I was wounded in knee and hip, also had a valuable horse killed. I stayed till all firing had ceased and not a rebel in sight, when I turned over the command to Lieut. Herrick, the only officer present. My man mounted me on a captured horse and I went for my regiment, which belonged to the First Brigade, and had been to Ashland that morning. Gen. D. McM. Gregg stopped me on the way and asked how matters stood, complimented and bewetted me major. Dr. Moore of his staff gave a drink of brandy and I went my way, joining my regiment about one mile farther on. There was not a vestige of organization in sight of the road between my squad and Gen. Gregg, though they were rapidly getting together. I have talked this over with Libby often and promised to write an account. Still I hated to do so and should not at this time, only it seems a favorable opportunity. The facts are as I state them. The First Massachusetts Cavalry and not the Sixteenth Pennsylvania or any other regiment of the Second Brigade covered your retreat that morning, and if the force, Gordon's Brigade, was overwhelming, the more reason for pride on our part for stopping them.

Yours very truly

D. H. L. [illegible],

Late First Massachusetts Cavalry.

See Hist. First Massachusetts Cavalry, pp. [illegible] and his report [illegible]. It is a [illegible] to do this partial justice to Capt. [illegible], and for this certificate to Capt. [illegible] and his portion of the gallant First Massachusetts Cavalry.)

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 8th, 1902.

GEN. J. F. [illegible].

MY DEAR SIR:—While I plead guilty to that subtle charmer, flattery, I am afraid [illegible] [illegible] dim [illegible] delight to honor, the [illegible]. Yet if you will [illegible] while, I will avail myself of [illegible] reading since the [illegible] through your regiment [illegible] Stevenson, to whom I [illegible] the figures that I give [illegible]. In [illegible] 1862, Gen. Hunter succeeded Gen. [illegible] to the command of the [illegible] in the Shenandoah Valley and [illegible] to carry out the campaign [illegible] Lynchburg, Va., as outlined by Gen. [illegible]. About five o'clock on the [illegible] of June 21, three companies of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry [illegible] in the advance, [illegible] and were repulsed with [illegible] thirty [illegible] killed. Our boys [illegible] charged into [illegible] whole brigade. Thus these companies were reenforced by the [illegible] of their regiment, and the Twenty-first New York Cavalry and charged again, this time driving the enemy [illegible]. This charge [illegible] the [illegible] confederates had a strong [illegible] position near the village of [illegible]. The battle continued from this time [illegible] [illegible] was well [illegible] the enemy advanced from behind their breastworks and tried to [illegible] our flank. Three regiments of [illegible] were [illegible] mounted and sent into the woods to fight as infantry. The enemy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] waving backwards and forwards [illegible] the waving [illegible] in the [illegible] day sun. Late in the day Gen. [illegible] was wounded [illegible] the Fourth [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] infantry and artillery holding the [illegible]

and ordered a concert of charge. The enemy could not withstand the onslaught, gave way and retreated. The results of the battle were some one thousand five hundred prisoners (over one hundred officers among them), a number killed (among them Gen. Jones, who commanded the confederate forces and his adjutant-general), the capture of three brigade commanders and arms and accoutrements (three thousand stand of small arms and all of their artillery,) consequent upon such a victory. Gen. Jones seemed too brave a man to kill but the bullet had been moulded to end his mortal career. His body was found near the front and when Col. McReynolds viewed his remains he noticed a masonic emblem upon his person, ordered a coffin made and that he be given a Christian burial. About this time one of our generals happened along and said, "Col., you seem to have a damned sight of sympathy for a dead rebel." The Col. answered, "General, he was a brave man; he is dead now and can hurt no one." So that if not re-interred the remains of Gen. Jones will be found near the foot of a tree not far from the village of Piedmont, Va. To be brief, Col. McReynolds announced the victory to Gen. Hunter and asked the privilege of sending his cavalry after the retreating enemy. Gen. Hunter's reply was, "Glory enough for one day—glory enough for one day—rest your men." Poor Hunter, a campaign that opened with such bright promise ended in disappointment and vexation of spirit. When Lynchburg was reached we found the enemy strongly reinforced from Gen. Lee's main army, so after nearly two day's fighting we commenced a retreat through a hostile country, harassed by the enemy upon every occasion offered. One day they attacked our advance, hit us in the side, placing several pieces of artillery "[illegible]" and [illegible] and [illegible] horses and [illegible] commandment [illegible] the hands of the [illegible] [illegible] never to get up again, [illegible] It was currently [illegible] try officer offered a [illegible] at one hundred [illegible] piece of hard-tack no larger than a [illegible] hand. Your humble servant, [illegible] contrary to orders, [illegible] struck out over the [illegible] to meet by the way [illegible] rations. After a long and [illegible] he did see a pile of hard tack [illegible] road and seated upon it his [illegible] who was guarding his [illegible] gold miner guards his claim.

Poor old soldiers, when I [illegible] me and see so many whose lives [illegible] an existence without ambition, [illegible] the company of those who [illegible] pathway sweet, with simply a [illegible] their heads and a [illegible] who in their declining years [illegible] their graves without [illegible] solace of loving [illegible] "Swing low, sweet chariot," [illegible] when they shall have [illegible] last roll call you may gather them [illegible] and take them to that [illegible] Dove of Peace whose every thought [illegible] of love and commiseration for the [illegible] and suffering ones of this world. The very stars that shine like diamonds [illegible] the skies are as the crystalized tears of Him who said, "Come unto me, [illegible] weary ones and I will give you rest."

Very truly yours,

B. F. McREYNOLDS,

Lieut. First New York Cavalry.

[illegible], [illegible] Mich.

April 17th, [illegible]

GEN. CILLEY:—Enclosed find [illegible] lar for which please give me [illegible]

BUGLE. Please excuse me for not remitting sooner. I have received them all so far and hope I shall be able to get them while I live. As I have not been able to attend any of the reunions, the BUGLE is a great comfort to me. I am in hopes the reunion of 1893 will be held in Chicago, and if I am able to get out of the house I will be there.

Yours in F. C. & L.,

ALVIN HUNTER, Co. F.

[Hist. p. 550.]

---

28 CENTRAL SQUARE, E. BOSTON, Mass.
May 12th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY.

DEAR SIR:—Not receiving the BUGLE of late, I began to think I must be in arrears and had better march up to the front and settle. I believe I have not seen you or received a letter from you since I saw you at the reunion at the Lancers' Armory in 1890. I was at the banquet, and while you were speaking, was called away on important business. I intended to go back, or at least see you again before you returned home. I could hardly realize that it was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago that I had seen you and you kindly furnished me with a horse and man to go over the mountain from Bath, Berkely Springs, Va., to take the cars home. I remember a day or two before I left, you noticed the shabby condition of my pants and gave me a pair of yours. I never shall forget what you said when I put the pants on. I noticed the gold stripes on the legs, and I said to you, "Capt., shall I remove the stripes on the legs?" and you said, "No, unless you are ashamed to wear them." I kept the stripes on until I arrived in Boston, and kept them for years afterwards as a relic, and to-day I can assure you I am proud to say that I have worn a pair of General's pants, and wish I had preserved them until the present day. Undoubtedly you cannot recall the above, but it is far freshed in my memory than anything that happened a few years ago, and, as I have said before, your kindness in many other ways, such as [illegible] me an [illegible], and a [illegible] Augusta, I shall never forget. Perhaps you may remember after we left Baltimore, I was in the car with your [illegible] and Lieut. Coleman's [illegible], and the others I do not remember but we had lain down on the [illegible] one of the horses stepped on, or rowed my face and nose, and made the [illegible] freely over my coat cape, and I went into the car where you and the rest of the officers were, and had my nose patched up. Now as to the BUGLE. I wish to continue it and give all the assistance that circumstances will permit to push the good cause you have [illegible] so hard to establish. I intended to be at the reunion in Houlton, Me., but circumstances were such that I could not leave my business. I hope I shall be able to attend the next one.

[illegible] D. [illegible].

[Call 7, p. [illegible].]

NEW YORK, May 21st, 1892.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Your history is a marvel to me, and the enterprise in sustaining a quarterly publication commenced with your association impresses me. We have [illegible] monthly meetings of our regimental association since 1881; but have never attempted any publication though I have frequently wished I had the time and ability to start one. I have [illegible] ed much material as historian of the association. Have you seen the History of the Tenth New York Cavalry? It is a superior book—something of same character as First Massachusetts Cavalry.

Yours fraternally,

WM. J. CARLTON.

Capt. Co. D, 48th, N. Y. S. Vols. and Bvt. Major U. S. A.

CHICAGO, May 16th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—I am to-day in receipt of the April number of the First Maine BUGLE. I enclose $2 for same. I am always pleased to receive the BUGLE, and although my connections with the First Maine Cavalry was brief, my recollections are very pleasant ones. I feel honored to have been a member of a regiment whose record is so grand and good as that of the First Maine Cavalry. The late lamented Lincoln said to me in 1864, "It is honor enough to any man to have belonged to the First Maine Cavalry." I hope to have the pleasure of shaking hands with many of my late comrades-in-arms of the First Maine Cavalry at the Grand Army Encampment at Washington, in September next. I also hope for the pleasure of seeing many of them in our city during the coming World's Fair.

Fraternally yours,

A. J. BURBANK.

[Hist. p. 558.]

TUCKERTON, N. J., May 17th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Thanks for your kindness in sending me a specimen of the BUGLE, which I shall keep as a personal memento of your well-earned laurel self, and I enclose payment. But I am positively so overwhelmed with literature that one of the hardest trials of life is to deny myself the impulse to add to what I already receive—and a small part of which relates to the dear, good old campaigning days. Were I brave enough to venture further I would be very glad to become a subscriber to the First Maine BUGLE, whose music is exceedingly sweet to my ears—but, I cannot, I cannot!

Very truly yours in F. C. & L.,

JOSEPH H. [illegible],

Chaplain 11th N. Y. Cav.

OLD LADY, Me., May 21st, 1892.

COMRADE CILLEY, I think it is time for me to fall in to answer to my name. I was a private. I suppose. I remember the first battle I was in was Cedar Mountain. I remember the burning of our tents at Culpeper, Va., and the first ball fired. I was shot through there and came home. I should like to say with my comrades on the battle just down the rebellion, but I could not. My memory is not very good in my old age. You say that you want my picture. I have not a one for sale but I will have one taken so you can have it in July. My wife wants the history. I tell her she can have it as soon as I can get the money to spare. I am much pleased with the history. also all the family. I will pay it in a few weeks for the BUGLE.

JAMES E. SMITH.

[Hist. p. 636.]

LAFAYETTE, Me., May 23d, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—I was greatly interested in the BUGLE and most gladly subscribe for it, but my circumstances unfortunately are at present so straitened on account of my wound and ill health, that I cannot afford it. With Highest appreciation of your [illegible] regardant in memory wrought, I am yours truly,

H. F. THOMPSON,

Late 1st Lieut. Co. H, 11th N. Y. Cav.

NEWBURY, Vt., May 30th, 1892.

DEAR COMRADE:

I received the BUGLE all right and please find two dollars enclosed to square my account for the two years. Everyone says the History is the best ever seen, and those who have read the [illegible] like and will their [illegible] would get up something like it.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

HARRISON GOULD.

[Vol. 7, p. 42.]

PORTLAND, Me., June 29th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear Sir,—A short time ago I noticed in Riverside Cemetery, Lewiston, a beautiful monument to the memory of Daniel G. Irish, died Dec. 17th, 1891, aged 47. He was a member of Company G, First Maine Cavalry. I had not heard of his death and thought perhaps you might not know of it and would like the information for the "Roll of honor."

I was thinking to-day of a little incident that pleased me very much, and I thought possibly it might please you and some of the boys. At any rate here it is: In the summer of '89 I was stopping at Laconia, N. H., for a short time, and it happened during my stay there that the New Hampshire Veterans held their annual reunion at Weirs (a few miles from Laconia) where they have nice grounds on the shore of the lake, and many of the regiments own nice cottages. They generally go into camp for a week, and one day of the week is made a regular holiday in all of the surrounding towns. So, as I couldn't do any business on that day I took the little steamer and went over to the grounds for the day. There were several thousand people there and among them all I did not see one that I had ever seen before. They have a large dining-room that will seat about a thousand, and serve a good dinner for twenty-five cents. At dinner, after eating my fill of good old-fashioned "bean hole" baked beans, etc., I asked the comrade at my side to pass the watermelon as it was beyond my reach. He passed it, and at the same time helped himself. I made the remark that it didn't taste as good as it used to in "Old Virginny." "No," he says, "nor we don't get them so cheap as we used to there, either." "How cheap did you get them there?" says I. "Oh, we used to get [illegible] of them for ten or twelve [illegible]," says he. "We used to get them cheaper than that." "How [illegible]?" says I. "Why, we used to steal [illegible]," says I. "We'll we never had [illegible] to do that, for that damned [illegible] Cavalry was always [illegible] of us and stole [illegible] in the country," says he. [illegible] up, reached out my hand [illegible] partner, I belonged to the First Maine Cavalry." You can perhaps [illegible] what a shout went up from all those within hearing.

Very truly yours,

L. H. TO[illegible].

[Hist. p. [illegible].]

MORENO, Cal. May 31st, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear General,—At your request I forward to you answer to the [illegible] propounded in circular. [illegible] if the comrades all realize the [illegible] that you are doing for them. [illegible] I am astonished at the [illegible] work that you have [illegible] for the First Maine Cavalry and that which you propose doing. It must be simply a "[illegible] of love" and ought to [illegible] very near to the hearts of us [illegible] that you will be given [illegible] carry on what you propose. If I can aid you further, in any way, you have only to command and I will show you that I have not forgotten how to [illegible].

Yours in F. C. & L.,

A. A. [illegible].

[Hist. p. [illegible].]

P. S. Capt. T. C. Webber was a clerk in the [illegible] ago, where he had been for many years, and I presume is there yet. [illegible] in the last Roll Cal. his address is not given.

A. A. R.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

196 to 200 Lewis St., New York,
May 28th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—Referring to yours of recent date in which you suggest that I might have something to contribute to the pages of the "BUGLE," I enclose some lines entitled "The Bugler," which I wrote as an introduction to a sketch illustrated with the bugle calls to be given at an entertainment of veterans this spring. It was not written with a view to publication, but I send it without revision, and if you find it suitable for your purpose, please accept it with my compliments. I still retain my old copper bugle in "C" which I bought in the summer of '64, when detailed as Bugler to Gen. H. E. Davies Headquarters First Brigade, also Headquarters Second Division and Headquarters Cavalry Corps. It is only within a few years that I have resumed practice on the bugle, in order to take part in flag presentations with a "Salute to the Color," public entertainments, Post musters, parades, ceremonies, etc. Yours truly,

HENRY T. BARTLETT,

PORTLAND, Me., June 5th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I enclose two dollars in payment for the BUGLE. Please accept it. Will try and do better soon. I am out of work and as my wife is out of health I have not been able to do much for the BUGLE, but as I read the pages over I cannot help doing my duty. Will send for a badge as soon as I get work again, and I will take more interest in the association as I feel it my duty more and more every year. Yours with respect,

HIRAM T. COOK,
191 York St., Portland, Me.

[Hist. p. 617.]

[illegible]

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Commander,—I enclose [illegible] find five dollars to pay [illegible] BUGLE and [illegible] cents to pay for the [illegible] badge. Please send it [illegible] also [illegible] is paid for up to 1893, for [illegible] coe R. Bangs paid one dollar [illegible] and may God bless him for it. I paid one dollar last year and [illegible] another, I consider myself [illegible] April 1893. My pension [illegible] to me. I could not live without it [illegible] cannot work, my leg troubles [illegible] God only knows what I [illegible] year before I got my pension, both [illegible] hunger and sickness, and not a [illegible] help myself. May the good Potomac [illegible] bless and prosper the [illegible] old regiment.

With love and respect,

HENRY T. [illegible]

[Hist. p. [illegible]]

DAVENPORT, IOWA, July 1st, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Commander,—I enclose please and one dollar for the [illegible] BUGLE, one year. Shall be pleased to see some "Squibs" from the [illegible] of cavalry that ever charged one [illegible] and that was the Cavalry Corps [illegible] the Potomac. It will be refreshing [illegible] here where the war is supposed to have been settled by "The March Through Georgia."

Yours fraternally,

L. P. [illegible]
Mai. 5th, N. Y. Cav.

GENEALOGICAL.

"There is no honor in rank or title or official station, no pride of family or wealth, like the honor and pride which belong to the survivors of that great strong which preserved constitutional liberty on the face of the earth."

ABBREVIATIONS.—b., born; d., died; dau., daughter; disch., discharged; en., enlisted; Hist., History; m. married, p., page; res., resided.

CHARLES S. BROWN.

Charles S. Brown, (Hist. p. 489); res. Lincolnville, Me.; m. Anna M. Richards, July 14, 1860; found dead in his bed—cause probably heart disease.

CHILDREN.

Fred I., b. Jan. 29, 1867.
Mary E., b. May 1st, 1870.
Frank H., b. May 19, 1875.

SETH C. BROWN.

Seth C. Brown, (Hist. p. 489); b. in Levant; en. at Carmel; m. Miss Laura Downing, Feb. 28, 1870.

CHILDREN.

Walter E., b. Feb. 21, 1871.
Arthur I., b. Oct. 10, 1873.
Oc. farming; res. Iowa, Kansas, and Colorado; Republican; United Brethren.

JOHN O. BRUCE.

John O. Bruce, (Hist. p. 489); b. in Corinna, July 8, 1832; res. at en., Belmont; m. Rebecca A. Knowlton, in Swanville, Aug. 14, 1851.

CHILDREN.

Abbie M., b. Dec. 19, 1852.
Georgie A., b. Aug. 4, 1853.
Mariner, b. March [illegible], 1855.
Susie N., b. Feb. 27, 1857.
Frank W., b. May 1, 1859.
Ruth E., b. May 10, 1862.

Res. since disch., Belfast; an invalid ever since discharge; Republican; attend the Methodist church.

MOSES R. BUCKLIN.

Moses R. Bucklin, (Hist. p. [illegible]); b. July 25, 1827, at Warren; m. Martha A. Vinal, Jan. 25, 1851.

CHILDREN.

Otis G., b. Dec. [illegible], 1854.
En. from Thomaston; res. since [illegible] Thomaston and Warren; no [illegible] disch.; Democrat; Methodist.

WILLIAM Y. CLEMENTS.

William Y. Clements, (Hist. p. 4[illegible]); b. in Frankfort, Jan. 10, 1840; m. [illegible]meda Bemis, of Levant, March 3, 18[illegible].

CHILDREN.

Lester A., b. June [illegible], 1868.
Merton Y., b. Feb. 21, 1870.
Alfred B., b. June 19, 1872.
Res. Kenduskeag; farmer; d. Nov. 2, 1873.

ADNAH GILMORE.

Adnah Gilmore, (Hist. p. 50[illegible]); [illegible]ronously "Aldrich" in index; b. [illegible] 29, 1829; m. March 10, 1852, [illegible] Jenkins, dau. of Beni. and Abby Jenkins, b. Nov. 30, 1832.

CHILDREN.

I. C. Gilmore, b. Aug. 15, 1866.

Res. Jacksonville, Fla.; occ. with sawyer. His father, Adnah P. Gilmore, res., Turner; b. Feb. 15, 1733. His mother, Betsey Keen, was b. Sept. 29, 1709, and was dau. of Snow and Sallie Keen.

CHARLES B. GILMAN.

Charles B. Gilman, (Hist. p. 491;) b. in Bingham, April 18, 1837; res. at ch., Southport; m. Oct. 19, 1856, Lucinda B. Bennett, who d. Jan. 24, 1875.

CHILDREN.

Daniel W., b. Aug. 21, 1858.

Junah E., b. Oct. 20, 1860.

Sarah P., b. Sept. 20, 1862.

Alonzo B., b. June 20, 1866.

George G., b. May 10, 1868.

Farmer; rep., Bingham since disch.; Republican; attends and prefers the Freewill Baptist denomination.

SAMUEL M. HOLDEN.

Samuel M. Holden, (Hist. p. 487;) b. in Casco, March 26, 1830; res. present, Casco; m. Harriet E. Sawyer, in Iowa, Oct. 23, 1867.

CHILDREN.

Abby Eldora, b. Jan., 1869.

Willie McLellie, b. Jan., 1871.

Nellie C., b. Sept., 1873.

Ernest Lee, b. Dec., 1875.

Frank Carter, b. Jan., 1881.

Res. since disch., Iowa three years, and since that Nebraska; occ. farming and stock raising; Democrat; Congregationalist.

After Mr. Holden's transfer to the navy he went on board the receiving ship Princeton, at Philadelphia harbor, and was held there nine months, during, which time he was sick in the hospital at Philadelphia. At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln an order came to send a tug boat down to the breakwater, about a hundred miles from Philadelphia, to take a [illegible] engineer and [illegible] back to Philadelphia; it was ran [illegible] of her. This proved to be [illegible] port. Holden [illegible] as one of the crew of the [illegible] served on her until his [illegible] Aug. 27, 1865.

JOHN F. LORD.

John F. Lord, (Hist. p. [illegible] gust 20, 1837; m. May 8, Mills, Jan. 2, 1864. She was b. Oct. 19, 1846, and was the dau. of Charles B. and Sally C. (Knights) Mills.

CHILDREN.

Charles L., b. March 1, 1865.

Willis A., b. Nov. 18, 1868; d. Dec. 10, 1870.

Willis A., b. July 3, 1871.

Millard L., b. Oct. 6, 1880.

Res. Lindgrove [illegible]; although disabled by a [illegible] in his left eye and temple, causing paralysis, he has endeavored to keep his well side from inactivity by attending the various pursuits of [illegible] and farmer.

His father, James M. Lord, was b. Jan. 10, 1810; res. Limington, Waterborough and Boston; m. Sept. 18, 1838, Sarah P. Stevens, who was b. June 11, 1817. His grandparents were Daniel Lord, who m. Hannah Harrill, and Theodore Stevens, whose Mary Bagley. His great-grandfather was Abner Lord, a revolutionary soldier who served [illegible] years and received [illegible] he died at Albany, N. Y., soon after [illegible] such pen. Abigail Mary Knights

ASA FREDERIC STANDISH.

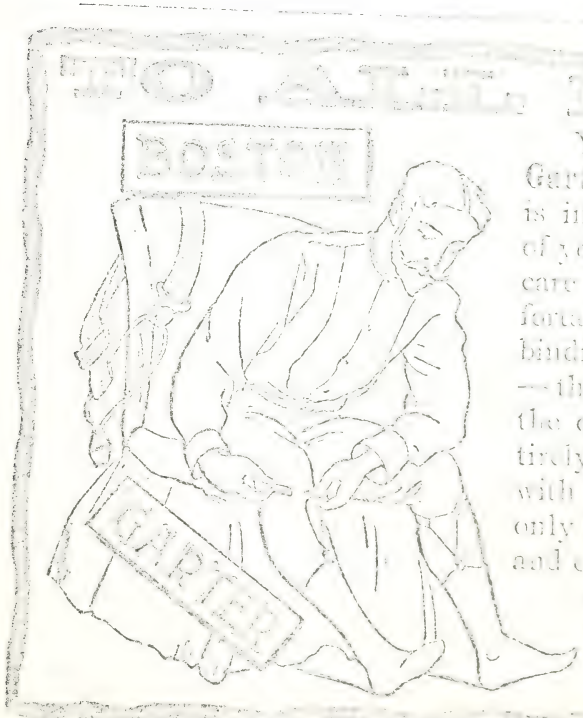
Asa Frederic Standish, (Hist. p. [illegible]) b. April 18, 1842, at [illegible]; enl. Co. H, 29th Me. Inf., [illegible] Sept. 16, 1862; [illegible] Gilman; promoted [illegible] for the years alternately [illegible] Republican; Universalist.

REVERE HOUSE.

BOWDOIN SQUARE, BOSTON.

European Plan. *Central Station.*

J. B. Merrow & Co., Proprietors.



You wear Boston Garters—your sock is in place—the shape of your drawers is taken care of—you are comfortable—there is no binding upon your leg—the Boston Garter—the only garter not entirely encircling the leg with elastic band—the only true garter of style and comfort—all first-class outfitters sell it—George Frost Co., Boston, make it.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

EXTRA.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II. JULY, 1892. CALL 9.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO ALL ITS MEMBERS.

IT IS ALSO THE ORGAN OF THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND WILL CONTAIN THE YEARLY PROCEEDINGS OF THAT SOCIETY AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTED REGIMENTS WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

COMMENDATIONS

OF THE

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

EDITED BY EDWARD B. TOBIE, PEWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. F. CILLEY, TREASURER, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

A Well-Written Sketch of the Regiment.

The following sketch of the regiment was compiled from the history, by George L. Kilmer, of the editorial staff of the American Press Association.

HEROES IN THE SADDLE.

REMARKABLE STORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

TWICE IN THE BREACH TO SAVE THE DAY FOR KILPATRICK.—THEIR FLAG COVERED WITH BATTLE INSCRIPTIONS.

When the honors of war were distributed in March, 1865, and the First Maine Cavalry was authorized to inscribe on its regimental colors the names of twenty-nine battles in which it had "borne a meritorious part," most people in and out of the army believed that the limit of fighting had been reached, and that a bloodless campaign or perhaps one hard tussle would end it. But during the month succeeding, the regiment fought seven engagements, in one of which it lost more men killed than in any other of the thirty-six battles of its career. Thirty-six battles during three years of fighting! One battle for each month of the real work of the war; one battle a month where its services were meritorious and conspicuous.

The First Maine was recruited in six weeks' time in the fall of 1861, the whole State being the mustering field. The officers had their pick of recruits, because it was the first call for troopers and the quota allowed but one cavalry regiment, so they took "none but sound, able-bodied men in all respects, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years, of correct, moral and temperate habits, active, intelligent, vigorous and hardy, weighing not less than one hundred and twenty-five nor more than one hundred and sixty pounds."

The first man to enlist was Jonathan P. Cilley, and he was also the first man wounded. The surgeon pronounced his wound fatal, but he lived to be the last commander of the regiment and led it in the last ten battles on the list.

The troopers fleshed their maiden swords, but only figuratively, in the hide and seek campaign of the Shenandoah valley in the spring of 1862. They early met with one disaster that taught a useful lesson. In covering Banks' retreat up the valley in May, one battalion, galloping in columns of fours along a narrow pike, ran full tilt into a Confederate battery. The leaders reined up in surprise and the rear ranks rushed on like water over a millidam, men and horses becoming involved in a hopeless and appalling wreck.

The next experience of the regiment was at Cedar mountain, on the Rapidan, where it stood in line for some hours under fire from artillery and passed the ordeal without flinching. In the other battles of their first year, Second Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg, the regiment was often under fire with fatal results, and in the Chancellorsville campaign went with Gen. Stoneman on his famous ride around Lee's army, meeting with stirring adventures and a lively brush now and then with squadrons, with the confederate troopers in pursuit. But all of this was only practice for the serious work ahead, and it was an ideal cavalry corps that Gen. Pleasonton led out on June 9th, 1863, to cross the Rappahannock river in the face of Jeb Stuart's gallant squadrons, and find out what Lee was doing with his idle army. The First Maine was in the division of Gen. Gregg, and had for its brigadier the dashing young Kilpatrick, a boy of twenty-two. No need to tell here how the men of Buford crossed the river, met and drove back Stuart's best brigades under Gens. Jones, Hampton and Lee. It was the first genuine horseback fight of the war.

Gregg's division forded the river and seized Stuart's bivouac, Brandy Station, headquarters and all, and Stuart, aroused in wrath, turned his whole power loose upon the daring brigade of Col. Percy Wyndham that had despoiled his camp. Gregg was in danger of losing the fruits of his charge when Kilpatrick

appeared, leading his command for the first time under fire. Coming to the field the brigade emerged from the wood on open ground and charged in column of squadrons. A confederate battery, screened by shrubbery, welcomed the new arrival with shells, and a force of confederate cavalry dashed upon the leading regiment, capturing its colonel and hurling its line back. The second regiment fared even worse, and Kilpatrick rode to the First of Maine, shouting, "Men of Maine, you must save the day!"

COL. CALVIN S. HOUTY.
(Killed in a charge at Aldie.)

Making a slight detour to the right, the regiment struck the confederate horse in the flank, crushing all its squadrons; then swept on up the hill into and over the battery, shooting and slashing right and left. In the melee the ranks were broken and the leader waited a few minutes to rally the survivors, the enemy meantime rushing in to close the gap against their return. The column reformed and rode straight for the battery again, then with a sudden swerve the flank avoided it and galloped back to the brigade. Only one killed, nine wounded and thirty-five captured were the casualties, but Kilpatrick told the boys on the spot that it was "one of the best charges ever made," and that it saved the division from defeat. Kilpatrick got a star for the exploit, and thanked the First Maine for winning it.

Eight days later Kilpatrick, at the head of a new division, met Stuart in front of Aldie Gap, in the Blue Ridge, and was getting the worst of it when Gregg's column, with the First Maine leading, hastened to his aid. The confederates had the advantage, with a shelter of haystacks, a stone wall and a ditch, and several of Kilpatrick's regiments had been broken

up and driven back to their cannon. Kilpatrick looked to the rear in despair, and his eye caught sight of the First Maine. Galloping up to its colonel he shouted, "Men of Maine, you saved the day at Brandy Station; save it again at Aldie!"

There were two battalions present, and squadrons were hastily formed for the charge. Kilpatrick rode side by side with Col. Douty, and giving three rousing cheers, with waving [illegible] the calvacade swept down an incline toward the [illegible] enemy. The field was cleared at the first dash and [illegible] Maine boys rode in excited pursuit until they struck a [illegible] mounted line behind a stone wall. At this point the [illegible] ranks suffered severely for a moment, but the impetus of the charge bore them through the confederate line, which was routed and driven from the field. Col. Douty fell at the [illegible] wall, pierced with two bullets. This affair cost eight [illegible] seventeen wounded. Two days later, at Middleburg, the regiment charged a position screened by woods and a stone wall and carried it, losing three officers and eight men killed, and twenty-seven wounded.

In the Gettysburg battle the First Maine missed the heavy fighting of Gregg's division, the brigade changing places with Custer in the great combat of July 3d. On the return [illegible] however, at Shepardstown on the Potomac, July 16th, it had nine killed and seventeen wounded in an affair with the [illegible] federate rear guard.

The campaign of 1863 in the Army of the Potomac was [illegible] of warfare in the saddle for the cavalry. The mounted [illegible] try phase came late in the following year, but before the [illegible] mance period faded the First Maine had one more chance to win unique distinction for daring work. A detail of three hundred was chosen by Kilpatrick to ride on the famous raid to Richmond in February, 1864. Later, when Kilpatrick and the rash Dahlgren divided forces, five companies of the Maine boys headed the little column of five hundred which Dahlgren led with such fatal results against the works of the confederate capital. This ride of unexampled wildness and bravery cost the regiment seven deaths in battle and five wounded.

besides eighteen deaths in prison and eighteen lingering captives. Then followed the era of swift rides and short [illegible] dismounted cavalry.

On the 11th of May, 1864, in Sheridan's Richmond raid, the First Maine was rear guard when Stuart was defeated at Yellow Tavern. The Maine boys fought on foot and on horseback and broke for the first time, under the pressure of a whole brigade. The loss was nine killed and twelve wounded.

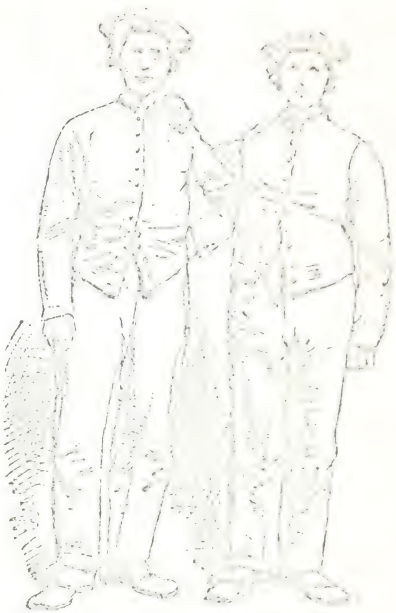
The next fight of the regiment was as warm as any cavalry engagement on record, and Gregg's division again bore the brunt. This was at St. Mary's church, Va., June 24th, when Wade Hampton with a large mounted force attempted to cut off Grant's wagon train passing from the Pamunkey to the James river. The First Maine took the lead of the division, and when the troops saw that they cried out, "Fight to-day, boys; the First Maine's in the advance."

Gregg dismounted his men and built rude breastworks, and then the Maine men opened the fight and ended it, using both carbines and revolvers.

Though ordered to retire the men did so slowly, turning at every ridge and fence and clump of trees for one more volley. So they held on till a battery came to their aid, and they helped to defend that when it ran out of ammunition. Of the two hundred and sixty men engaged seventeen were killed and twenty-nine wounded. Hampton was held up until the wagon train was beyond reach. Sheridan left the Army of the Potomac Aug. 1, 1864, but Gregg's division remained behind at Petersburg, followed the fortunes of Hancock in his expedition on the confederate flanks. The regiment added two battles to its list during August, and in September was re-enforced by eight companies of Maine troops transferred from the First District of Columbia Cavalry. The strength was almost five hundred with this increase. On Oct. 27th at Boydton Road sixteen were killed and fifty-six wounded in a savage fight with Wade Hampton's mounted forces.

The First Maine at that time belonged to a brigade commanded by Col. C. H. Smith, its former leader, who was [illegible]

tain in the regiment in 1861. Gilley, the first recruit, and the first man wounded, had gravitated to the top and led the regiment.



TWIN SERGEANTS OF COMPANY A.
[The brothers S. W. and P. M. Clark.]

The highest casualty list of all was at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31st, 1865, the preliminary of Five Forks. Sheridan's cavalry was forced to give ground all day and at length Smith's brigade was called upon to defend a creek crossing against heavy odds. The First Maine dismounted and advanced in a deployed line to meet charging cavalry. They opened fire with Spencer and Henry rifles, seven and sixteen shooters, and the confederate column trembled, wavered and parted right and left, soon to melt away in a formless wreck of dead horses and men. In this fight the First Maine's loss was twenty-seven killed and sixty-six wounded.

At Appomattox, Smith's brigade was placed in the last gap opened to Lee, the Lynchburg road. The fighting on Sunday, April 9th, that ended in Lee's surrender, began on the front of the First Maine, and its loss there was seven killed and thirteen wounded.

The total loss of the regiment killed and mortally wounded was fifteen officers and one hundred and fifty-nine men, the highest suffered by any cavalry regiment in the entire Union army. The First Maine was organized and led throughout by volunteer officers. It lost one colonel, one lieutenant colonel, and one chaplain killed in action. At St. Mary's Church its colonel, lieutenant colonel and a major were wounded.

And all this noble record was made by average men. The twin sergeants, whose pictures from photographs taken during the war accompany this sketch, would not stand out on an artist's canvas so grandly as do some of the Uhlans and Dragoons that rode at Gravellotte and Sedan, but they are types of the First Maine troops, for whom there can be no grander eulogy than the simple record of their persistent daring. Another thing, I have stated that the regiment was led by volunteers, early in its career a cast iron rule of anti-profanity and total abstinence was promulgated at headquarters. This may not signify anything, but some wags would have it that for troopers in the field there was no redeeming vice left except fighting, hence the thirty-six battles on the First Maine's flag.

HISTORY FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

1861—1865.

BY EDWARD P. TOBIE.

Your attention is called to the History of the First Maine Cavalry, and to the fact that such works are necessary to do justice to the men and officers of each regiment, and that it is a duty as well as a pleasure to patronize other regimental and promote such efforts.

The history of the First Maine Cavalry has attempted and accomplished what no other regiment, to this date, has dared to do, viz: present steel plate engravings and photo gelatine portraits of men and officers to the extent of 307 faces and places. These pictures alone costing $2500 for an edition of 1000 copies. It contains 827 pages, 8vo. and is bound in half morocco.

The price per copy, with full illustrations is $5, with 35 cents for postage or express; without pictures, or rather with nine pages of pictures, $5, with 25 cents for postage or express, both editions bound in half morocco.

The following commendations are given with the hope of encouraging other associations in their efforts to perpetuate their services and record, and with the trust that your interest in the history will be aroused enough to induce you to send for a copy.

Address,

J. P. CILLEY,

Treasurer First Maine Cavalry Association,

Rockland, Maine.

Commendations.

General David McM. Gregg, of Reading, Penn., who commanded the Second Division, Cavalry Corps, A. P., in which the regiment served for more than two years, thus writes concerning this history :

MR. E. P. TOLLE,

My Dear Sir: I have just finished reading the History of the First Maine Cavalry, and quit the book for the present, feeling that the author is entitled to my fullest commendation from every reader who has aught to do with the regiment during the War of the Rebellion. Notwithstanding the confines [illegible] the limits of the single volume, our old battles and skirmishes are graphically and [illegible] fully described. You may well be proud of your work, as it is accomplished you have placed under obligations to you, all the survivors of your regiment and the friends of the deceased. Indeed, your associates in the Second Cavalry Division gladly accept the obligation resting upon them that you have so fairly [illegible] the campaigns of the Division.

Col. Charles H. Smith, commanding Ninetieth United States Infantry, formerly Colonel Commanding First Maine Cavalry and Third Brigade, Second Division, Cavalry Corps, A. P., writes :

My Dear Tollie: I have the history, have read it, and am well satisfied. I admire the tone and independence of the book. It shows on every page that it was not written in the interest of, nor to the prejudice of any one. It manifests a [illegible] to treat every one, in every place, fairly. I like it in all its details. The illustrations are admirable. The company rosters are a most valuable feature, and I [illegible] I thought you could do for them. Even the indexes are perfect. Publishing [illegible] Orders No. 10 in full was a happy thought. The book is [illegible] I expected to find it.

The associate editor of the Century Magazine, in charge of the war articles, writes :

EDWARD P. TOLLE,

Dear Sir: Your volume strikes us on first inspection as being a model regimental history in its arrangement and materials.

E. A. Paul, Mt. Pleasant, D. C., historian of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, writes :

EDWARD P. TOLLE,

Dear Sir: I think your history of the First Maine Cavalry the most interesting of any work of the kind I have yet read, and I have read [illegible] many histories pertaining to the war.

Major John M. Gould, Portland, Me., historian of the Fifth, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth Maine Regiments, writes :

My Dear Tobie: You have certainly got the best [illegible] yet, and I have a goodly number, you know. All I have [illegible] great interest in it, too. You may [illegible] with pride [illegible] You have built a monument for the Old First Maine Cavalry that will [illegible] all these granite affairs have crumbled.

General and ex-president Rutherford B. Hayes writes:

"I recall no regimental history that is equal to it. The [illegible] portraits is especially noticeable and to be commended. Maine seems to [illegible] if we may judge by Major Gould's First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Infantry and [illegible] volume."

Col. J. Albert Monroe, civil engineer, formerly Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, writes:

My Dear Tobie: I have seen and read many histories of the War of the [illegible] general and special, political and military, of corps, regiments, [illegible] and [illegible] Of them all I have seen none so complete in its particular [illegible] as is this work of [illegible] and the committee of which you were the moving spirit and the worthy [illegible] have become charmed with the excellent idea of presenting so many [illegible] old comrades as they appeared in the field. These portraits of the old [illegible] and sabres, as well as the faces above them, must awaken in the minds of [illegible] comrades memories of more than an ordinary nature, and bring to them a [illegible] retrospect of 1861-65.

Lieutenant Benjamin A. Osborn, Watsonville, Cal., writes:

I am delighted with the history and the numerous pictures, and can [illegible] strain myself from adding my voice to that grand cheer like that of old when [illegible] above the thunder of hoofs and clang of sabres."

N. B. Webb of Boulder City, Col., writes:

"I think it a remarkable book. Odds ends forgotten revived, but I was not prepared to have the old feelings so vividly resurrected."

Following are extracts from a few of the notices received from the press:

A great many regimental histories have come under our observation during the last fifteen or twenty years, but we do not remember one in the long list which is superior in literary or mechanical workmanship, more [illegible] or more interesting, than that of the First Maine Cavalry. The author was a sharer in all the experiences of the regiment from the enlistment to the mustering out after the war was over. His account of the battles in which the regiment was engaged is [illegible] and vivid. He has enlivened and diversified the history by narratives of personal experience or episodes of life in camp or in the field, contributed by comrades. The roster has been prepared with great care, and [illegible] records are given concerning most of the members of the regiment who are dead. As a [illegible] book not only reflects credit upon all concerned in its preparation, and upon the regiment whose experiences it chronicles, but it has a [illegible] interest from the [illegible]

light which it throws upon the military movement in which the regiment took part, and from this point of view, is to be reckoned an addition to the literature of the war.—*Boston Journal, February 10, 1888.*

Lieut. Tobie has done an admirable piece of work in writing the history, and he has enjoyed the advantage of tapping sources of information more generous than those within reach of most such historians. This volume is far ahead of any other of its kind in the feature of portraits. An excellent portrait of Gen. C. H. Smith stands for the frontispiece, and there are 69 pages of pictures a large proportion of them being of the best sort for such a work, *i. e.*, showing the officers and men as they looked when in the service. Unstinted praise is due to this happy course to immortalize the soldier countenances of this command.—*Boston Herald, December 13, 1887.*

It is the finest regimental history that ever came to our notice. Comrade Tobie and his comrades of the regiment may well feel proud of it.—*Veteran's Advocate, Concord, N. H.*

It is a book that will be especially valuable to the members of the association, and a valuable addition to the history of the Rebellion.—*Central Falls Visitor, December 30, 1887.*

At the annual reunion of 1886 of the First Maine Cavalry, a committee was appointed on the publication of the history of this famous Maine regiment, which took part in the largest number of engagements of any regiment in the service during the war. How well the committee performed this duty is shown in the handsome volume of 765 pages just issued. The compilation and editing of the work was a labor of love by the historian, being Comrade Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I. Three hundred and seven portraits of comrades, a complete roster and list of engagements, aside from the narrative of the regiment's eventful history, make it a valuable souvenir of the war to the veterans of the First Maine.—*Boston Daily Chronicle.*

It is a model as a regimental history. But in the account of the famous Dahlgren raid, for example, it is substantially the history of all the troops engaged or in anywise related. So, also, of the "Wilson Raid," "Brandy Station," and all the various campaigns, forced marches, skirmishes and battles—they all have their close relations to the movements of the entire army and the great work of the Army of the Potomac will be better understood by reading such detailed and exact accounts. You find an almost indispensible side light upon the Gettysburg campaign, "The Wilderness," the campaign around Petersburg and even Appomattox and Lee's surrender. Some of the accounts of participants in various engagements are [illegible] and are wonderfully clear and vivid. Every veteran of whatever State who is desirous of having a clear and interesting and reliable record of the old campaign cannot go amiss in sending for this handsome volume.—*[illegible] Chicago, Dec. 21st, 1889.*

J. S. Pierson, New York, writes:

"I must express in a line my admiration for the [illegible] Maine Cavalry just received. I get every regimental history that appears [illegible] recall none quite its equal in print, illustrations, and general getting up."

N. M. Rittenhouse, late of the 16th Pa. Cavalry, of Baltimore, Md., Terra Cotta Works, writes:

"The book is better than anything of the kind I have [illegible], and I am very much pleased with it and would not be without it."

C. M. Wiles, secretary of 10th New York Cavalry Association, Cortland, N. Y., writes:

It is one of the best regimental histories that I ever saw. True, your gallant regiment *made history* for itself, but your author has admirably collected and placed it in form.

"I only wish that our old regiment could have as good a record of their service."

Mrs. Charles A. Coleman, of Benton Falls, Maine, writes:

"My husband says it surpasses his expectations in every way. Our son [illegible] very proud of it, but a shade of disappointment passes over his face when he does not see his father's picture there. It is as you said it would be: the ungilded frame of regret."

E. O. Van Brocklin, late Bugler Co. L, 10th New York Cavalry, writes;

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear General: Your circular calling my attention to the history of your old regiment is at hand. I have just finished reading it, and do not hesitate to say that it is without any exception the most interesting, best prepared, and most [illegible] any regimental organization that I have had the pleasure to read. Again thanking you, the committee and Mr. Tobie, also members of your veteran organization for having such an excellent historian, being permitted to read such a truthful history of this most superb cavalry regiment.

The National Tribune of March 1, 1888, speaks thus:

"No cavalry regiment in the army which crushed the Rebellion played a more conspicuous part than the First Maine. It was organized in the fall of [illegible] good material as could be found in that grand old state, and served until the surrender of Appomattox, doing splendid work on every field on which it was engaged."

"The story of these momentous four years has been most [illegible] book of 827 pages, gotten up in the best style of typography [illegible] & Hughes, Boston, and illustrated by 307 portraits and other pictures. No amount of expense or care has been spared in making this book worthy of the regiment and its history. It is as fine a volume as is turned out by any publishing house, and the matter in it is well written, well compiled and well presented. The book is a model for all other regimental histories."

Maj. Robert Bell, Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, Girard Hill, Pa., writes:

"You can scarcely imagine the amount of good it did me to have an opportunity to read up that grand old regiment, the First Maine Cavalry, the finest Cavalry regiment of the war."

Monroe Daggett, of Coeur d'Alene, Dakota Territory, writes:

The history is supremely grand. It must certainly fulfil the most extravagant desires of all."

Rev. W. F. Bickford, of Berkely, Cal., writes:

"It is a marvellous production and a beautiful volume. The historian and others of the committee have pluck, patience, and perseverance, to say nothing of other qualities."

Horace S. Cole, of Fergus Falls, Minn., writes:

"The history is a book I shall prize above all others, and I think the comrades are deeply indebted to the committee for the manner in which it has been brought out."

James V. Wood of David City, Neb., writes:

"I am much pleased with the History and such a feast as I have had reading it. It is much better in every respect than I expected. The pictures taken while in the service were so good that I could name all those I was acquainted with."

Dr. Chas. B. Kenney, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"I have finished reading the History of the First Maine Cavalry for the fourth time. It is a book that every member of the Regiment ought to be proud of."

A Comrade's wife, writes thus from East Boston, Mass.:

"I can never write words to express what joy it gives me to read the Bosom and all the comrades letters, and the noble deeds done by the First Maine Cavalry."

W. A. Collingwood, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

"It is a History you may well be proud of; not only you and your comrades, but all who formed the old Second Brigade, Second Division, Cavalry Corps. I have read and re-read this very interesting work and very often used the same as a reference book in looking up matters pertaining to my own regiment, for to a certain extent, your history is ours."

Lieut. Mark Brownell, late of 10th N. Y. Cavalry, 58 Greenbush St., Cortland, N. Y., writes as follows:

J. P. Cilley,

Dear Comrade: The history is in hand and I have sat here since I had my tea at 6 and it is now 11, devouring its contents.

It is grand, magnificent, and the deeds it records fills me with pride that I had indirectly associated with such a grand regiment. Please convey to the author my hearty thanks, and assure him of my thorough appreciation of his work. It is a monument to every man in the command.

First Maine Bugle.

I will send you, if desired, on receipt of price, a copy of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE, in hopes that the quarterly may interest you, and that your desire to promote the object of such publication will prompt you to subscribe for the same. Its purpose and contents are set forth on the title page, and its object is to encourage an "esprit de corps" in all Cavalry Regimental Associations, and increase the honor and loyalty due the multitude of such regiments taking pride in their record. Among other things, the design of the quarterly is to publish a page of portraits of comrades in each issue, portraits accurate and the best produced in this state of the art. These portraits are of great value and will increase in value in coming years. It contains some 112 pages, 6 1-2 x 9 1-2.

If the above commend itself to your approval, I desire much, in behalf of the Association to receive your subscription.

Very truly yours,

J. F. CILLEY,

Treasurer First Maine Cavalry Association.

General Order No. 10.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, March 7, 1865.

This order is the only authority for the various regiments in the Army of the Potomac, to inscribe or bear on their colors the names of battles.

It contains the names of two hundred and sixty-three Regiments, and is a most valuable and interesting record.

The original order was never circulated in any wider manner than through the regular army channels, and hence is entirely out of print and cannot be obtained.

To meet the general demand for copies of this order from G. A. R. Posts, and old comrades from every part of our land, it has been reprinted by the First Maine Cavalry Association, and is offered through the Treasurer of that organization, at a price that will only cover the cost of reprinting and distribution. It is in pamphlet form, making 24 Pages, 6x9 inches.

Price 10 cents.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

Entered at the Post Office, Rockland, Me., as Second Class Matter.

CAMPAIGN II. OCTOBER, 1892. CALL 10.

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast."

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO ALL ITS MEMBERS.

IT IS ALSO THE ORGAN OF THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND WILL CONTAIN THE YEARLY PROCEEDINGS OF SAID SOCIETY AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS REGIMENTS WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

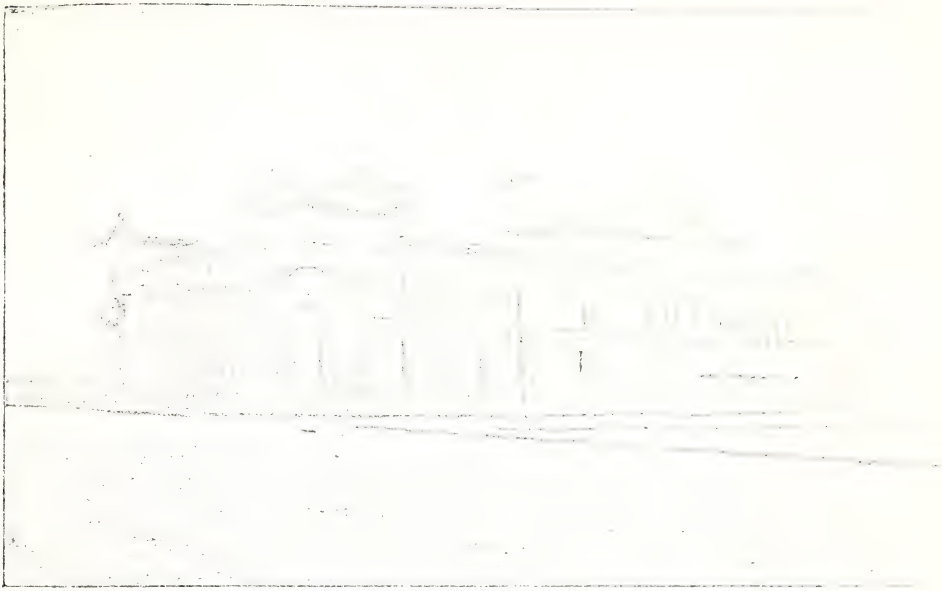
REUNION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 22nd, 1892.

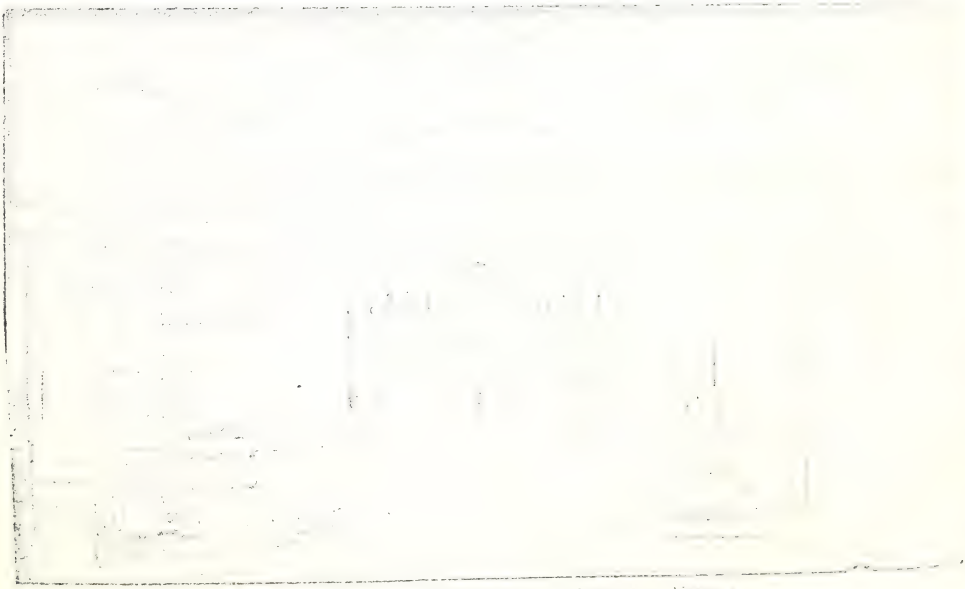
EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOLL, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

ADDRESS, J. P. CILLEY, TREASURER, ROCKLAND, MAINE.



Mineral Palace, Pueblo, Col.



Mineral Palace, Pueblo, Col. (Interior View.)

The Country for Which You Fought.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY THE PENS.

II.—FROM COLORADO TO SAN FRANCISCO.

FOURTH DAY OF THE CRUISE OF THE *Pullman*.

Upon leaving the mineral palace at Pueblo, with all its grandeur and all its beauty, we again boarded the *Pullman*, ready for more riding over the country, and by ten o'clock were up and away. Before five o'clock the morning of Friday, May thirteenth, I was awake and enjoying the scenery around the Raton mountains from the window of the upper berth, but my view was soon cut short by the train entering the Raton tunnel. We became better acquainted with tunnels before the journey was over. That early morning ride was a grand one, with ever varying scenery, and I was glad I was awakened so early and was thus able to enjoy it. We stopped at Las Vegas for breakfast, having left Colorado in the night and entered upon the domain of New Mexico. During the forenoon we met troops of the regular army—cavalry and infantry—on their way from stations in New Mexico and Arizona, to stations further east. The cavalry was portion of a colored regiment, and the troopers seemed to be free and easy, much as we were when in the field. But I could not fancy the uniform—it didn't strike me so favorably as the uniform which we wore, and I suppose nothing else will seem quite so appropriate for troopers as did that old army uniform. At the same time, the sight of these soldiers sent our thoughts back to the old army days, and for a season I again reveled in the old reminiscences.

The ride this day was a grand one. It was our first day's ride in the mountain country, and as all was new, all was interesting. We saw higher mountains, deeper canyons and wilder

scenery, perhaps, before the journey was completed but none made a deeper impression upon us than we made on this first experience. We were among the Glorietta mountains [illegible] or nearly so, and enjoyed every moment of the ride. Hills, hills everywhere, and canyons, and as we wound in and out among them, ever seeing new and curious formations, ever meeting new forms and finding ourselves in new and startling positions, the ride was one of continually new sensations. There was little time for chat or books, or anything but looking. The number who rode on the platform that day was greatly increased, so eager were the passengers to see all they could of this exceedingly strange country. Now we were rolling along between mountains whose tops we could not see from the car windows, and barely see from the platform; now along the side of a mountain with the top far above us on the one side while on the other side we could look down into what seemed almost unfathomable depths; now along a little stretch of plain, with the mountains [illegible] us and there further away — ever changing, ever grand mountain scenery, on which we did not grow weary of looking.

During one of the halts this day we got our first sight of real Indians, and found them to be as poor specimens of humanity as they have ever been written down. They said they were Pueblos — and, by the way, from them we learned how the natives pronounce the word. Their pronunciation, and of course they ought to know how to pronounce their own name, is as though it were spelled "Pweblo;" so we felt as though we had arrived at the right pronunciation of the name of the pretty city we had visited the day before, and found it not so hard to get our tongues around after all. But the Indians! Words would hardly do justice in describing them. They did not really seem much like human beings. But we soon discovered that they had learned one thing, if nothing else, and that was the value of money. They owned for sale specimens of their own pottery at curiosity prices, and they knew how to hold on to a price. There were several kodaks in the party which had been pretty busy all day in capturing views of [illegible]

scenery whenever the train stopped. These were brought out hurriedly when the Indians were seen, but the Indians went out of sight as hurriedly and more quickly when they saw a kodak pointed at them. They seemed to know what the little machine was for, and men, women and children ran from it as if it were a deadly weapon. But we soon found that they were not afraid of it—they had learned its use, and did not propose to sell to the value of the collection of any amateur photographer without compensation. However, for a nickel some pictures were obtained. Some of the party engaged a boy in conversation in regard to some pottery he had for sale, and by keeping his attention attracted, enabled a lady to get a snap-shot at him without his knowing it. She was much pleased with the success of the experiment, and so were those who assisted her, but their joy at having outwitted the barbarian was short lived, for no sooner was the kodak snapped than a "big injun" came up with much jabber and something of a threatening attitude and demanded a nickel "for taking picture of my brother." The nickel was forthcoming for the sake of keeping peace in the family. So I do not think any of the "leaders of thought" got any the better of the untutored red man. But the experience was an interesting and amusing one. If there were any of the lovers of Cooper's Indians or of the Hiawatha variety they had the romance dissipated very quickly when they saw and tried to talk with these Pueblos.

Some of the party "learned a thing or two" during the day. In some way, in talking with one of the Indians at the station, the question of the price of a small daily paper—five cents—was brought under discussion, when the red man replied with something of a curl to his lip, "O, we don't split a nickel in this country." This became quite a favorite expression and the party found that it applied to every point they visited after they had again reached this side of the Mississippi River. They don't "split a nickel" in that country, anyhow. Nothing is less in price than a nickel, unless it be two cent postage stamps, but in order to purchase one of these one must have the exact change, or take the full value of the money offered. Pennies

are unknown there, except, perhaps, at [illegible] and the younger portion of the communities would not know what one was if shown to them. But we soon got used to this, and often paid a nickel for a newspaper on which the price was plainly printed, "two cents."

In the afternoon I met my confederate friend on the platform enjoying the scenery, when, without any warning, I threw at him,

> "We have no hate for those in the east,
> Our foemen in the field—
> We know they fight as well as we,
> That they conceive the right,
> And we'd respect for any man
> Who'd risk his right his life,
> E'en though he stood in arms arrayed
> Against us in the strife."

This pleased him very much. He said that agreed with his sentiments, and he was glad to meet a Union soldier who could quote those lines. One thing brought on another, and we had another "good square talk," out there on the platform, amid the grand scenery through which we were sailing, and no one who saw us would have supposed that in the seemingly not very far distant past he and I were shooting at each other, or that there is a possibility that the foeman's bullet which each of us carries in his body might have been fired by the other. But the spirit of the lines given above is the spirit of every comrade, just the same.

During this afternoon, also, the passengers of the Pullman had the pleasure of seeing one of the young ladies of the car outstrip a young lady from another car, in a foot race, and there was raised the war cry, "Essex forever."

The train rolled into the city of Albuquerque about [illegible] and the passengers proceeded to get supper. Ed and I, not caring for the meal in the dining station, went to a restaurant. Here we enjoyed a new sensation—that of seeing the food cooked for us. The cooking range was behind the lunch counter, in plain sight of all the customers, and each one could watch the manipulation of his order to his heart's content.

And it did not lessen our appetites in the least. Everything was clean and neat, and the cooks looked clean and neat, so that watching the supper cooking was a pleasure rather than otherwise. And it must be said that everything tasted good. While we were eating we had heard a strange clicking in a different room, and the meal over, we proceeded to investigate. We had passed through a nicely fitted bar room in order to get into the restaurant; we now passed back into the bar room, and following the sound of the clicking, turned to the left, and there found a well fitted gambling room, with faro, roulette and poker all going, and quite a number of men there, some putting down their money and others watching them. Everyone, gamblers and spectators, seemed to be perfectly unconcerned, as if this were an every day occurrence, as, indeed, it is. We watched the game a short time, and then departed, pondering somewhat over this strange combination—bar room, restaurant and gambling saloon all in one. But we got used to such things before we again breathed Rhode Island air. It may be said that the price of the supper was as reasonable as it was good. Then I looked over the town a bit; I had a pleasant chat with a Grand Army comrade from a Vermont regiment, and then we went back to the Hasset and prepared for the night ride with a feeling that this had truly been a "big day."

FIFTH DAY OF THE CRUISE.

After a good night's sleep, we woke in the State of Arizona, having left New Mexico some time during the night. It is wonderful how we crossed whole States in our journey. The train stopped at Winslow for breakfast, when Ed and I went out for new experiences. We found one this time at a Chinese restaurant, where we got a good breakfast. The cooking was done behind the counter as the night before, and everything looked clean and nice. At any rate we were satisfied with the experiment. Early in the forenoon we passed Canon Diablo (is there any need of translating that name for English ears?). This was a wild place. An immense ravine, hundreds of feet deep, in solid rock, with sides so steep that it seemed impos-

ble for any one to climb them, and everything around at its wildest. A foot bridge had been erected on each side of the railroad bridge for the accommodation of teamsters, and the train halted on the bridge for a few moments to allow the passengers to get out of the car and look down into this immense ravine to their hearts' content. It was an awful [illegible] there was somehow a fascination in it, and most of the party looked long and intently, though some were satisfied with a single glance. And there was an extra touch of the awful in looking down into that chasm from the fact that the iron rail along the foot bridge was loose in several places, which gave one a start as he leaned against it and felt it giving away, and he thought what might be. Perhaps the rail is left in that condition to add to the sensations of travelers in that wild country. It was noticeable that the irreverent advertiser had been there, and along the sides of the rugged walls, and away down to the bottom of the ravine, could be seen the sacrilegious work of the advertisement painter, and our view of wild nature was interfered with by seeing patent medicine virtues staring up into our faces. Whoever put them there certainly deserves credit for one thing—the patience and labor required to reach the locality.

All the morning we rode in sight of snow-capped mountains in the distance, and by the middle of the forenoon we were in sight of the San Francisco mountains, which remained in view with all their grandeur and glory nearly or quite all day. By the way, why would it not be a good idea for the railroad company to engage some one to go over the road the whole length, leisurely, study up the points of interest, and then write a book for the benefit of the passengers over the road —not a formal guide book, nor yet an elaborate book of travel, which no one would take the trouble to read, but something between the two —something which would give the traveler some knowledge of the country through which he is passing, and so attractively put that he will not only read it with pleasure but remember it. For myself, on this day and the day before, I wanted to ask numberless questions. Where

boy I was much interested in the history of the Santa Fé Expedition, and to ride so many miles substantially along the old Santa Fe trail, was an experience of itself, but I should have enjoyed it much more could I have had some one to point out to me many places which I remembered reading about, and relate to me some of the tales and traditions in which I was interested many years ago. It seems to me that no railroad in the country affords so good a field in this particular line, for the entire route is replete with history, adventure and tradition.

The ride during the forenoon was enjoyed, every minute, and at noon we stopped for dinner at Williams. Here one of the ladies of the Essex, who for some reason had been given "Rob Roy" for a pet name, and who was the possessor of a camera, after dinner announced her wish to take a photograph of the Essex family. So the members of the party were collected together as well as could be, and after the usual work of preparation, which in this case seemed more than usual owing to the strolling disposition of some of them, the camera was snapped. About this time, two small boys, natives of the vicinity, came along, each one mounted upon a burro. Here was a chance for fun, and it was duly improved. The burros were brought into requisition for a photo, and a picture was taken in which the burros were the principal figures, while from between their immense ears looked out one or more of the Essex passengers, and in the background were ladies of the car, standing upon the burros' backs and steadying themselves by clinging to the gentlemen in front of them. It was not quite polite to be sure, to allow the gentlemen to be seated while the ladies were compelled to stand, but in this case politeness was sacrificed to art that a more striking picture might be obtained. And there was a good deal of fun in getting the groups satisfactorily arranged. But the crowd was good natured, and "Rob Roy" was patient.

The ride of to-day was a varied and interesting one. Besides the points of interest already spoken of, we rode over the "horse-shoe." This is a portion of the road where, in order to reach the height required to go over the mountain, it was necessary for the railroad to go this way and that, and twist around

in various ways, all the time gaining a higher grade. The result was that for a time we who were in the second train could look up in the air and see the first train, much higher than we were, and almost directly over our heads, and then look down and see the third train below us and see the third train. At the same time the first train could look down upon the other two trains and see them at different altitudes but almost directly under each other, and the third train could look up and see the other two in similar situations and relationship. It reminded me of the time the regiment passed through Thornton's Gap in the mountains on the raid to Luray, in December, 1863, and those of the comrades who were on that famous raid still perhaps have some idea of the ride over the horse-shoe, and will at least understand why it was necessary for the railroad to be built with so many crooks and turns. It was a fine ride we had, too, through the Crockton canyon, and we had the benefit of it on the platform, with the gentlemanly conductor to answer questions and impart voluntary interesting information. This was a view of the canyon from a different standpoint from that of Canon Diablo. There the chasm was below us and we crossed it on a very high bridge; here we were nearly at the floor of the canyon and must perforce look up to see the rugged beauty and grandeur of the rocks and mountains. "Wonderful, wonderful are the works of nature," was the thought in many minds. We also crossed the Continental Divide, with greater or less variety of sensations. Then, at Ash Fork, where we halted for a short time, we had the pleasure of seeing a number of cowboys on their native heath and in their every day costume. Of course these were objects of great interest, and they seemed to enjoy being looked at and commented upon as much as we enjoyed the scene, showing off their riding and other peculiarities freely and courteously. We had no reason to speak ill of the cowboy at home. We also had a visitor on the train—W. W. Hess, proprietor of the Grand Canyon stage line, who was on board for business connected with his line, and who left each one of us a poem entitled "The Grand Canyon of the Colorado," a quotation from which is here given, not only as a specimen of

western advertising, but because it gives an inkling of how the canyon really looks, though each one has its own peculiarities.

Now we reach the Colorado,
On its rocky walls we gaze,
Gazing down in speechless wonder
Never was a sight so grand;
Here a terrace, there a steeple,
Gilded spires of bright sandstone,
Towering mountains, raging rivers,
All within these walls of stone;
Ever changing, never ceasing,
Light and shadow blending hues,
Granite, marble, lime and sandstone,
Forming panoramic views.
Here we find in grand succession,
Each formation, old and new,
Gracious book of information
Nature has prepared for you.
What a field for art and science;
Poet, painter, every mind,
In this wondrous work of nature
Fitting food will surely find.

At Peach Springs we stopped for a while, and there had some Indian experiences. These were the Walapais, and they certainly were no improvement over their brothers of the Hualapai tribe. They were even more urgent to get money, if that is a sign of increasing civilization. They wanted "money" for everything, from looking at a papoose to seeing a buck. One of them who was mounted on a pony, would not show his pony's paces to a pretended purchaser without "two bits," because he heard some one inadvertently say he would like to see him ride. For a nickel any one of a half dozen squaws would allow a person to take a hasty glance at her papoose, which they kept so closely concealed beneath several thicknesses of blanket that the wonder is the little fellows were not smothered, and their mothers' source of revenue cut off. They were cunning little fellows, though, and, perhaps, worth seeing. But no mother would allow a picture of her offspring taken for a nickel; no, no; she must have two bits for that. Even the smallest of them who was able to run, ran speedily when a kodak came in sight. One enterprising amateur photographer, however,

ceeded in getting a snap on the mounted Indian. The latter was busily engaged in turning the skin of a mountain lion which he was trying to sell, and the snap was taken. Just then the Indian looked up and at a glance realized what had happened, when upon there wreathed around his mouth the broadest broadest smile that ever adorned the face even of an Indian. Once the Essex passengers became enamored of a bracelet worn on the arm of an old Indian and wanted to purchase it. It was rather a curious thing for a bracelet—of brass, of no [illegible] described shape, and only reached around about three fourths of the red man's wrist. It certainly did not look like a bracelet that any white man ever made or wore, and perhaps the Yankee was justified in considering it the product of some semi-barbarous taste and skill. At any rate, after bartering a while he finally purchased the bracelet for four bits. He had paid the money, and had just received the curious ornament of Indian peculiarities, when the colored porter of another car came along, and learning of the transaction, looked at the bracelet for a moment, and with the utmost contempt remarked, "That isn't a bracelet, at all; that is the handle of a grip-sack such as English tourists carry." At this the purchaser, straightening himself up to his full height made a brief address, saying: "Yesterday, I was surprised to see an Indian smile, and made the remark that I thought an Indian never smiled; whereupon my friend, here, (pointing to a fellow passenger) said, 'Perhaps they don't only when they meet the fool Yankees.' Gentlemen, that Indian may smile—I am the fool Yankee." Then the pale faces laughed, but the Indian looked on with stoical indifference or if he laughed, it was in his sleeve.

In the afternoon "Rob Roy" began to make preparations to leave the car in the morning, for a day or two, to visit friends in that part of the country, and the expressions of sorrow at the prospect of losing her from the party were so numerous as to make her feel uncomfortable, to say the least, and she turned upon the friends who had gathered around her, and said: "Now, I don't like this; I don't want anybody to be sorry because I am going away; you ought rather to rejoice with me because I

am going to meet old friends and have a pleasant time with them. I don't like this sort of thing; I don't want any sad looks or mourning at my funeral; I want my friends to come to the funeral with music and flowers, and have a good time." "You want them rather to rejoice with you, than to mourn for themselves, do you not?" inquired a gentleman. "That's just it," she replied, and I must say that I was inclined to coincide with this view.

Along in the evening the train reached the Needles, and we were in California. Here I had a bit of a fright. I found there was a ringing in my ears, that there was difficulty in hearing, and that my own voice, as the voices of others, sounded afar off. What it meant I did not at first know, but I soon found out that several of the party were afflicted in the same way. The greater number of the excursionists had had some slight disturbance while coming over the mountains, especially when at high altitudes—ringing in the ears, singing in the head, nose bleed, sore throats, parched lips, etc., but I had escaped them all, only to receive my share at the lowest altitude we reached, and there were others who were affected the same as I was. I paid little attention to it after I learned what it meant, and long before morning it was all over with. While here we had time for a bit of a stroll around the place, during which we visited several gambling saloons which were conducted as openly as a prayer meeting—more so, because the outer doors were wide open. Here also the watches were set back another hour, and for more than a month there was three hours' difference between Ed's watch and mine—I still keeping the home time. It was 9 o'clock by my watch, and with the folks at home, when it was 12 by his.

SIXTH DAY OF THE CRUISE.

Sunday morning I was awake early, as usual, and as usual lay in the berth awhile and thought of home and friends. This early morning hour was the only time during the cruise of the Essex when I had an opportunity to think or meditate, and I made the most of it, communing with friends even thousands of

miles away. It is always unpleasant getting up in the morning in a sleeping car. Indeed, the most unpleasant hours of the day are the hour before retiring and the hour after arising. In the first instance, the car slowly and solemnly transforms itself into a sleeping apartment, the sounds of pleasant chat gradually grow fewer and of lower tone until they cease altogether, one has no place to sit while his own bed is being made, unless it be in the seat of someone else, which gives him an unpleasant feeling of being a trespasser and keeping some one else from his own comfort, and there is a dreary, uncomfortable feeling all around. In the second instance, one feels alone in the car, realizes that he must move about as noiselessly as possible in order not to disturb the sleepers, has no place in which to sit while his bed is being taken down and the section prepared for the day, and he feels out of place altogether until the majority of the passengers are up and dressed and the car has put on its day time costume. But I didn't intend to sermonize.

This morning we had a ride over the great Mojave desert. We had seen something of desert while in the mountainous country—enough, we thought—but nothing quite so dreary and of so much extent as this. For miles and miles, to say nothing of the miles ridden during the night, we rode over a country on which nothing was growing but sage bush and cactus, and not a great quantity of that. The only variety to the scenery was the snow-capped mountains in the distance, and that was not very encouraging. Still we were not entirely unhappy, for even this was something new, was another view of nature, and a phase with which we were unaccustomed, so that if there was not much to see—neither mountains, nor canyons, nor forests, nor green fields, there were yet touches of nature in a new form, and as such even the desert scenery was interesting. We stopped at Barstow for breakfast, and there found a welcome from San Bernardino, in the shape of oranges, wine and flowers—our welcome to California. All were good, but the roses were of unusual size and unusual flavor. At San Bernardino I was called out of the car by Charley Lee, who said some one wanted to see me. All unsuspecting, I stepped out of the car and [illegible]

had the pleasure of meeting my only sister, Mrs. Mary F. Garcelon, and her husband. They are residents of Riverside, only a few miles distant, and knowing the train was due in San Bernardino this morning, they had come over to meet the "two Eds." I need not say the meeting was a joyful one, when it is understood I had not seen my sister for half a dozen years. We took the two into the Essex, and carried them to Riverside, and of course had a delightful ride, the only unpleasant thing about it being its brief length. We left my friends at their home, and passed along toward the Pacific ocean, knowing that we should meet them again in a day or two. It was surprising how quickly the character of the country changed when we reached a point where irrigation could be practiced. From a dead, dry desert, where a crow would have to work hard for a living, it was transformed into orange groves, and vineyards, and beautiful homes, and flowers, in a twinkling, almost. In the morning we had crossed a country where, to use the words of a resident, water would be worth fifteen hundred dollars an inch, if they could only get it, and long before noon we were riding through a country of beautiful gardens—a country of all gardens. It was a beautiful ride that afternoon, and especially so after we came in sight of the Pacific, which kept in our sight now and then for miles.

In the early evening we arrived at San Diego, and at once took the ferry for the Hotel Del Coronado, where we were to stay for a day. We were now 3,452 miles from home, though we had ridden further than that owing to side trips. We were rather tired, and after supper most of us preferred to retire to a good bed in the hotel to looking about, even in so glorious a place as this.

DEL CORONADO AND SAN DIEGO.

After a good night's sleep we awoke in good condition for the enjoyment of the pleasures of the day. We found the Del Coronado a most delightful place—a good place, it seemed to stop in for weeks. With a grand hotel, with a magnificent view of the grand old ocean, with a grand beach, with surf or tank

bathing at will, with everything required to make it pleasant, it was easy to understand why tourists [illegible] with all tourists. But we were not really happy [illegible] and I. By a miscalculation at breakfast time we [illegible] joining in an excursion to Mexico, an excursion which we very much wished to take. But before night we were [illegible] In the forenoon we had a delightful sail around the [illegible] bay, with plenty of pleasant and efficient guides to point out places of interest and answer all sorts of questions, and in the afternoon we took a grand swim in the bathing house, supplied from the Pacific, and then paid a visit to San Diego and enjoyed the beauties and oddities of that place. Being told to take the car out to the pavilion as it was a pleasant ride and gave one a good view of the city, we did so, and were more than repaid by the magnificent view we had of the beautiful Mission Valley, down below us so far that horses at work in the verdant fields looked no larger than flies. It was a beautiful view and we looked long, finding new beauties and new points of interest every moment. This was one of the finest views we had during the whole trip. And it was no ordinary pleasure to ride that ride, the road being built for the cable railroad alone, and having all the variety of a railroad instead of the monotony of a horse car—running over ravines and through cuts, and winding about as it pleased without any regard for the ordinary highway commissioner. While at the pavilion Ed had a new [illegible] learned something about the effects of the climate. There was what appeared to be a small ravine near us, and he attempted to throw a stone to the other side. To his surprise he was unable to get one half way across, and yet it looked only a little way—like a ravine across which he could easily throw a stone at home. He tried and tried, without success, and gave it up wondering what the matter was with him. When we passed along the road at the end of the ravine, however, how we were more surprised to see that it was really so wide when it first looked so narrow. But he understood why he could not throw a stone across it. We enjoyed every minute of the day, returning with a few strings of ten pins at the head, and [illegible]

before midnight we bade good bye to the Del Coronado and across the bay to San Diego, and again boarded the Essex, which resumed her course at midnight.

EIGHTH DAY OF THE CRUISE.

Tuesday, May seventeenth, was to be passed in Riverside, where my sister lives, and I was awake in the morning early, only to find that the train had passed through that city still earlier. There I learned that we were to visit Redlands in the forenoon and Riverside in the afternoon, and preferring to spend the day with my friends, Ed and I left the Essex at San Bernardino and returned to Riverside, thus having a whole day with my sister, and taking the ride about the city through miles of orange groves and raisin vineyards the same as did our party when they arrived there about noon. But as I paid a longer visit to this city later, I will have more to say about it by and bye. I may say, though, that at this visit we purchased those Mexican sombreros which became somewhat famous during the journey, and which afterwards got into print. They were comfortable, though. Along towards night we boarded the Essex again, and after another ride among orange and lemon groves, and vineyards and gardens, and beautiful country everywhere, arrived in Los Angeles, where we put up at the Hollenbeck House. Here we had the good fortune to meet friends from Binghamton just there before we did with a Raymond party, and happened to be here at the same time. And it was good to meet them so far away from home, even if we were having a most enjoyable trip. In the evening we visited the Chamber of Commerce, where was a wonderful display of the fruit, vegetables, grains, and other products of the country—a display which is continued the year through—a display which would gladden the heart of the managers of a State Fair of any eastern State. One gets a very good idea of the remarkable resources of this portion of the country by a visit to these rooms. More than that, we were invited to sample fruit, nuts, wine, etc., and we retired to bed with a feeling that the half had not been told about California.

LOS ANGELES.

Wednesday morning I was up bright and early, and took quite a stroll about the city alone, finding much to interest me. Our breakfast was a good one as our supper had been the night before, and I was well pleased with the Hollenbeck. [illegible] learned how small a matter will make a man dissatisfied with hotel or with anything else. At the Hotel Auditorium in Chicago, I was in bad humor with the hotel because it would not matter as not being able to look up my room for want of a key, at the Del Coronado I was out of sorts because the table service was so slow that I was deprived of the trip to Mexico; here I was perfectly satisfied with everything. We had had very hot weather at Riverside the day before—our first unpleasant experience of this sort—and the early morning presaged another hot day, so I inquired of a resident if it were best for me to put on thinner underclothing. He replied, "No: it looks as though we would have a very warm day, but if you change your clothing you will surely get cold: we wear the same thickness of undergarments the year round." His remark in regard to the weather proved to be true—it was very hot—but I did not test the truth of the latter.

After breakfast the party was taken in carriages on a ride through the beautiful city. Ed and I had the good fortune to secure seats in the carriage of J. S. Maltman, who proved to be not only a very companionable driver but a man who was well qualified to answer all questions and impart much correct information. He was a resident of Los Angeles, was well acquainted with her history, was proud of his city, but neither gushed over nor criticised in his conversation. Consequently we enjoyed the ride very much. The ride was a fine one, every moment. The city is as pretty as any we saw during our journey. It is beautifully situated, being on many hills, affording many points from which fine views can be obtained, and, naturally, very desirable locations for fine residences and grounds. And these natural opportunities have been improved wonderfully. Many [illegible] places did we ride past and through—time for sightseeing [illegible]

arrangement, for improvements, and for [illegible] flowers. And it must not be forgotten that there are in the city very many pretty little homes as well as [illegible] We were much pleased with Los Angeles. We learned that the city has grown very largely in recent years, even though the "boom" dropped out four or five years ago, and it has [illegible] steady, healthy growth — of more real value than the growth under the influence of the "boom." We saw many [illegible] some business blocks in process of erection, and many which had been recently built. We asked our driver if it was customary to have such hot weather at this time of year — for it was very hot — and he replied that it was not. We were inclined to think he said this to the more favorably impress us with the beauties of the climate, but afterwards found out that he had no such idea. He explained the weather by saying that it indicated an atmospherical disturbance elsewhere; that renewing in the east there was a storm of some kind; that he had watched this for years and found it to be so. We did not fully understand the matter then, but we heard the same theory advanced at other places, and after watching the changes for ourselves as well as we were able, we found that his theory was correct, at least so far as we investigated. At the very time this unprecedentedly heated term in California, Illinois and adjacent states were suffering from heavy rains and floods.

During the ride we stopped at the fine residence and [illegible] grounds of Judge Silent, where we had a reception and there was room for all the excursionists. We passed an hour or [illegible] there in the enjoyment of California hospitality in the full extent. We were much pleased to meet there Mrs. Jessie Fremont, widow of Gen. Fremont, and our thoughts went rapidly back to the Presidential campaign of 1856, and the events which followed up to the time of the war. But you remember those days, comrades, as well as I, and would have been as pleased to see "Jessie," of whom many of you sang in '56. From Judge Silent's residence we drove back into the business part of the city, and to the depot, where we bade our driver and guide good-bye with many thanks. The arrangements for the remainder

of the day were for those who wished to visit Pasadena and so by special train, while those who preferred to visit [illegible] were accommodated in like manner. At Redondo we [illegible] coast and afforded an opportunity for [illegible], and as the day was very hot, very many of us chose Redondo. However pleased those were who went to Pasadena, we [illegible] Redondo were equally well pleased, for we had a [illegible] ride, a good swim in the Pacific over a good beach, and [illegible] deliciously cooled.

TENTH DAY OF THE CRUISE.

At night we boarded the Excursion again. We were about to continue our journey under new auspices. We were to leave the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad and the Santa Fe company, and go forward over the Southern Pacific [illegible] under the care of officials of that company. So we bade [illegible] bye, officially, to Mr. Breder, though we were pleased to meet him unofficially all along the route, and put ourselves in charge of Comrade Myron F. Tuttle, Pullman conductor of G. A. R. Army comrade with whom I soon became acquainted, and from whom I received many favors while in his charge. We moved out of Los Angeles in the evening, and prepared for the night. I slept as calmly, and slept as soundly, as though we had not changed roads and management. And I will say right here that our progress through the country was made just as safely and pleasantly under the one management as the other.

Thursday morning, May 19th, we awoke to find the weather very hot, and the train running through a desert country. We had crossed the Tehachapai range of mountains, through the famous "loop," during the night, thus missing a view of this wonderful specimen of railroad engineering. Appearances indicated that we were going to have a hot, uncomfortable ride without much in the way of scenery to take the attention from its discomforts. But this was a false impression. For long we were riding through fine fields and among plenty of vegetation of different kinds. This was merely the difference between water and no water. The soil was just as good and [illegible]

deep through the desert of the early morning as it was in the gardens, but in the desert there was no water. The man who invents some way to make it rain at will, or to manufacture water in large quantities, is the man they want out in that country, as well as in many other portions of the great west. We were now riding through the beautiful and fertile San Joaquin valley, fertile as far as the eye could reach, with snow-capped mountains on either hand—the Sierras on the one side and the coast range on the other—and it was a grand ride.

FRESNO.

The train arrived at Fresno early in the forenoon, where the excursionists were taken to a ride among the wine and raisin vineyards for which this city is noted. We rode through miles and miles of these vineyards, until vineyards began to get as monotonous to the eye as had the orange groves further south. Ed and I were again fortunate in having a good guide—one who knew what he was talking about, and was proud of his city, but who did not grow over-enthusiastic. He was a cavalryman in the confederate service, though in the western army, instead of the Army of Northern Virginia. But though there were no battles in which we both were and over which we could rejoice, we found ourselves easily talking over war experiences. I was pleased to be confirmed in the opinion formed long ago that the soldiers of the two armies were much alike, and the experiences and peculiarities were much the same, west and east. At all events I had a pleasant time with my new-found confederate friend, whose name, by the way, was Mr. Darnell. We visited one of the larger wineries, where were stored millions of gallons of wine, and were kindly allowed to sample some of the wine. Then our guide took us on a tour through the Fresno China-town, where we hastily glanced at many strange things, including the Joss house; then we visited the Court House, to the top of which we climbed, and were well repaid for our trouble by the magnificent view of the city and surrounding country. But it was awful hot, and when we were told that Fresno was the hottest place in California, we were

inclined to believe the statement. At once the [illegible] were taken into the Opera House, where there were [illegible] speeches of welcome and response and [illegible]. And it was a great dinner and well served. The pastries were delicious strawberries, various [illegible] bright, smart, pretty girls as waiters—all the product of the country.

Dinner over, we took the train again, and all the [illegible] rode through splendidly cultivated land [illegible] San Joaquin valley, through [illegible] and [illegible] and as the air grew cooler the [illegible] latter portion of the ride was very pleasant indeed, [illegible] oughly enjoyed. Just before the train started, a [illegible] comrade rode to the train and invited every comrade [illegible] bottle of wine as a souvenir of the Department Encampment held at Fresno last winter. I secured a bottle which [illegible] orates the hall of Tower Post No. 17, Pawtucket. The [illegible] bears on it a handsome picture of the Grand Army badge, and makes a very pretty souvenir.

STOCKTON.

In the early evening we arrived at Stockton. [illegible] tee man came into the car and announced, "The people of Stockton are going to let you alone this evening because they know you are tired. To-morrow morning bright and early the band will play, and when the band begins to play you will dress and we will do the rest." We all thanked the people of Stockton for their thoughtfulness, and proposed to spend the evening according to our own sweet will. Most of the boys retired after supper, which was [illegible], but I went out for a stroll. We found the Court House and City Hall—the same building—brilliantly lighted from top to bottom, and on making inquiries concerning it, learned that it was lighted by natural gas from wells owned by the city. This information caused other inquiries on our part, and we learned that the city was lighted the same way—with gas which comes out of the ground in abundance; that it has [illegible] with water, which [illegible]

is separated from the gas and utilized for [illegible]. This was a new idea, and as there was a natural gas well [illegible] house near where we then were, there was nothing for us to do but pay it a visit. This we did, and [illegible] enjoyed a fine bath in this new kind of vapor, with new and novel sensation.

Friday morning we obeyed the injunction of the [illegible] before, and when the band played we "got up and [illegible]." We fell into sort of a line and were escorted to the pavilion, where a good substantial breakfast was served. Here we found quite a number of people formerly from the east, and some from our own home, all anxious to see some one, it mattered not much whom so that he came from the old home. This was the case wherever we stopped, but it seemed as if there were more of them here than anywhere else we had been. After eating was over, there was some speaking, which [illegible] and probably was pretty good, but only a few were able to hear it. By the way, why is it that people will expect to [illegible] speeches under circumstances where they have [illegible] and where many are compelled, out of courtesy, to pretend to listen, thus putting themselves to great discomfort for nothing? I heard one speech, though. A gentleman from South Carolina, who stood near where I was, said among other things: "It was my fortune to fight on the confederate side in the war, but I have no excuses to make for that. The scars on my body, from head to foot, bear testimony to the bravery and valor of those who fought on the other side." Even I, a northern civilian, had to applaud those remarks.

The next move was to take a ride about the city, in carriages furnished by the citizens. With our usual good fortune, Mr. and I had with us a good driver and guide, although [illegible] he had his prejudices, especially against anything that came from China. But he knew the city, and knew how to answer all sorts of questions. Like the other cities, there was much to interest the stranger, and it goes without saying that we enjoyed the ride, although there was growing up in our hearts a feeling that so much riding around was becoming a little tiresome. We

this ride we passed a man on horseback, with a lariat attached to his saddle, who our driver said was an Indian. We asked what he carried the lariat for, and were informed that he carried it to catch prisoners with. This was a new and romantic calling idea. In the southern portion of the State, as well as in Arizona and New Mexico, we had seen policemen carrying a lariat, but supposed they had them for the purpose of catching their horses, as we were supposed to do, ourselves, when government issued to each of us a lariat at the beginning of the war. But our driver told us that all the officers in the country, civil and police, carried the lariat for business and used it, too, when occasion required, often bringing down a runaway prisoner as neatly as the cowboy will bring down a cow. But it seemed to our eastern minds rather a cruel way to treat men, though on second thoughts it is not so cruel and dangerous as the more civilized way of discharging cannon after them. We terminated our ride at a large bathing establishment run by natural gas water, with a gymnastic machine which afforded unlimited amusement to participants and spectators alike. It seemed to me, while looking at the swimmers jumping, swinging on the trapeze, cutting up all sorts of gymnastic tricks, ending with a dive or a plunge into the water, that a gymnastic attachment would be a grand thing to introduce into the bathing houses in the eastern country.

At eleven o'clock we took the train again, this time for Sacramento, a name which comes down from the far away past with memories of the days following upon '49. Who that remembers those days does not also remember the song,

> "There's plenty of gold in the world we're told,
> On the banks of the Sacramento."

One word more about Stockton, though, before we leave it. Ed and I were on the way to take the train, when we saw a crowd of perhaps a dozen persons collected around a saloon door. There was a noise and great excitement, and out of curiosity Ed inquired what was the cause of the gathering. A by-stander coolly replied, "Nothing but a shooting match."

This satisfied us, and we passed on. The next morning, however, we got a new idea of the life and customs of this country, when we picked up a morning paper and read that "nothing but a shooting match" was where a woman had shot and killed her lover in a saloon, in broad daylight.

SACRAMENTO.

After a fine ride of about two hours we arrived at Sacramento. Now I want to commend the people of this the capital city of California, for doing up their generous hospitality in the neatest, most unostentatious, and most satisfactory manner. There was no parade, no show, no brass band, no great time over the visitors. Instead, each one of us was given a neat little circular, telling us, virtually, to "go as you please," and then setting forth, clearly and distinctly what there was of interest in the city, and how best to find it, thus leaving every one to consult his or her own taste, and showing them the best way to indulge it. More than this, the little circular gave a bit of street directory, by studying which a few moments the stranger could find his way to any locality he chose by the shortest route, and could tell where he was and just how far from any other point at any time. Then the circular contained some useful information about the city, such as the location of the State House, the Post Office and other public buildings, etc. Could hospitality do more than this, or do it more pleasantly? The result was that everyone followed his or her own bent in Sacramento, and enjoyed the time spent there to the best advantage. Ed and I went first to the State House and climbed to the top of the dome, where we had a magnificent view of the city and surroundings; then to the Crocker art gallery, where we remained two or three hours and wished we could remain as many days; then to the famous Sutter fort, with all its memories of old times; then to the swimming baths, where we swam and played in the soft water to our hearts' content and voted that the most comfortable part of the day—it was still very hot weather. In the evening we again visited the State House and saw it lighted up, with all the glory of flowers, and music and fair

ladies—a very pleasant reception without any of the usual formalities. It was a great day at Sacramento.

But the night following was not a good night. We slept in the car, the car was in the depot, and it was very hot, with no air stirring—not a good night for sleep. Thus the people were uncomfortable, and was very slow about making up the loads, so that it was very late before some of us had a chance to sleep. The next morning we had a pleasant surprise. The good people of Sacramento, beside giving us all they had the day before, and that in the pleasantest manner possible, knowing that we were to start at an early hour and would have no opportunity to get breakfast, kindly prepared a breakfast for us, and served it to us in a pavilion close by the depot—a very thoughtful attention on their part which we thoroughly appreciated. Before leaving Sacramento, it may be said that though a very pretty city, with many attractive features, yet, being one of the older cities of the State, it does not have the new and modern appearance of other cities which we visited. But we enjoyed our visit there just the same, and perhaps more from the historical touches we saw.

TWELFTH DAY OF THE CRUISE.

We left Sacramento at 6 o'clock in the morning, and after a not very long ride reached Vacaville, the town which not long before had been badly shaken by an earthquake. We had a splendid ride about this town. The land was hilly, which was very welcome to our eyes after so much level country—"neither the rugged grandeur of the mountains, nor the [illegible] of the plains," is the way one of the ladies of the party expressed it. Being hilly, and being thoroughly cultivated, the country looked more natural to the eastern eyes, and therefore better. Here we found the principal fruits to be cherries and prunes. We tested the cherries to our heart's content, and pronounced them good. We saw some of the effects of the earthquake. We saw where buildings had been thrown down and had not been repaired or partially so, and saw buildings in which the "shake" left them. All this was in the way of new sights and

but was not really pleasant. Our driver told us many stories of the earthquake and its effects upon different people and in different portions of the town. One thing seemed reasonably certain, that the people were pretty thoroughly frightened, though no one was hurt. "Why," said the driver, "a good many people went to church the next Sunday who had not been before for years, and they have been going regularly ever since—a good many have joined the church since then—a good many joined the next Sunday." And it was fun to hear the driver tell it in his own quaint way. So it might seem that there is some good in earthquakes, after all. It all depends on how one looks at the matter. But we enjoyed our ride too long. When we returned to the depot we found the train had gone, and we were left. This was unpleasant at first, but as our carriage was not the only one which was late, we were not lonesome. The accident was not irreparable, however. There were so many of us that the railroad authorities kindly hitched an engine to a freight car, and we started on the chase for the train. What a ride that was! What singing, and shouting, and joking, and dancing, and fun. It was voted that that freight car was a smoother running car than the Essex, and some of the party proved it to their own satisfaction by showing that they could write in it with more ease. But I was busy with other thoughts than the fun going on around me. While climbing into the car something reminded me that when we went to the front from old Camp Penobscot, in the spring of 1865, we too, went in freight cars—eight men and eight horses in each car—and my thoughts went back to the experiences of that ride and of the days that followed. Have the comrades who went to the front at that time forgotten all about that ride? I have not heard it mentioned for years—not at any of the reunions—and I had not thought of it. We caught up with the runaway train, which we found waiting for us a few miles from Vacaville, and rejoined our friends. A short ride brought us to St. Helena, in the Napa valley, the valley famous for its wines—a valley in which millions of gallons of wine are made every year—a valley abounding in wine grape vineyards. Our stay here was only

long enough to sample different [illegible] bottles away with us. Then there was another [illegible] through vineyards and vineyards, to the town of [illegible] we stopped long enough to partake of a [illegible] vided by the residents, and to sample more [illegible] take a few more bottles to carry away with us. [illegible] pleasant ride; and we reached the pretty [illegible] Rosa, where, after a ride around, we [illegible] live. The country is even more hilly than [illegible] liked it on that account—it is more like home, and we [illegible] gone long enough to begin to think that home is a pretty [illegible] place, after all. The ride here was a glorious one, and [illegible] we were quite weary with the day's riding, [illegible] enjoyed every moment of it. We rode through [illegible] passed many fine residences, saw many orchards and [illegible] the best of cultivation, and had all sorts of [illegible] by an intelligent citizen. We rode up hill [illegible] comfortable variety, getting some grand view [illegible] hills. It was a ride full of variety of a [illegible] thought it was really the best place [illegible] seen. After the ride we were taken into the [illegible] amid the most beautiful and elaborate [illegible] saw, we were served with supper. [illegible] again boarded the Essex, to continue the journey, [illegible] found some one had been there, and had [illegible] three bottles of wine in each section, [illegible] appreciated by all the passengers with [illegible] expressed himself when he found the wine in [illegible] gone it, I wish they wouldn't: they'll [illegible] stuff before I get home, and I don't want to.

A Review.

(Read to the First Rhode Island Cavalry Veteran Association, [illegible])

BY CHAPLAIN F. [illegible].

Hail, comrades of the [illegible] spurs,
  Defenders of the true;
Your presence inspiration stirs,
  Yourselves the war's review.

We come once more, from life's wide ways,
  As fondest brother meet,
Survivors of the fiery days
  That dealt, to wrong, defeat.

We give again warm grip of hand—
  Fit sign of fellowship
That holds us, as a veteran band,
  More firm than league of lip.

How vivid, in each other's eyes,
  We read, what none can speak,
The language of those bosom-ties
  For which all words are weak.

The bond that binds us is too strong
  For time's defying change;
It freshly calls for thankfulness,
  And claims undying range.

How recollection bears us back,
  By camp and crimson field,
Through struggling march and bivouac
  To bear our country's shield.

Stern years of duty unforgot
  When every soul was tried,
When all were called to choose their lot—
  With right or wrong allied.

How yet we feel our burning hearts
  When war the tocsin rung,
Arousing Freedom's homes and marts
  As with clear angel-tongue.

To dearest ones we had adieu
  And to our nag gave hail,
As hasting to the rendezvous
  We buckled on our mail.

From North and West [illegible]
The [illegible] of the [illegible]
Responded to our country's [illegible]
To do her high command;

Such free-will loyalty to [illegible]
The world had never known;
All kings and monarchs [illegible]
Each trembling for his throne.

Our banner bore the Holy [illegible]
Whose light shall never [illegible];
And in the strife its very [illegible]
Became diviner gain.

When gathering hosts of [illegible]
Like tempest on the main,
As from a dream our nation [illegible]
In anger and in pain.

Our Capitol our foes would [illegible]
And filched our arms and forts;
Black pirate-keels bore their [illegible]
From all their stolen ports.

Swift marched our cohorts, pouring in
From Maine to Golden Gate,
Pledged in the bloody strife to win
Or perish with the state.

When boastfully the rebel clan
Its bars defiant flew,
As chevaliers we chose the [illegible]
And "boots and saddles" blew.

Our guidons dashed o'er mount and hill
And swept the hostile plains;
And, in our [illegible], still
Resound the bugle strains.

We stood by Freedom in her fight
'Gainst maddened barbarism,
Undaunted we upheld the right
And shared its sacre [illegible].

There is a nobleness of [illegible]
In men who pledged their [illegible]
To give humanity control
And rend oppression [illegible].

Bold [illegible] adventure on the [illegible],
And [illegible] billows ride,
Or climb the bold acclivities
Where avalanches slide;

But what [illegible] the fields
  Where burning bolts are hurled,
Where steel and iron pierce [illegible],
  And flags in blood are furled.

Where thousands in the [illegible],
  And [illegible],
While brotherhood uplifts the [illegible],
  And feels each anguished wound.

The test of valor is the [illegible],
  The test of fields the [illegible];
And wrong is preordained to [illegible]
  As day overcomes the night.

Our country was the theatre
  Where freedom had her test,
And brave men [illegible] for shielding her
  In holy armor dressed.

The gory fields will testify
  That hoary wrong dies hard,
But truth is mightier than the lie,
  Though in the contest scarred.

Our country then was summoned where
  Her old paths must diverge;
The issue came that would declare
  Her triumph, or her dirge.

John Bull and all our foes joined hands
  To help the traitors win,
Supplying sympathies and brands
  To brace the giant sin.

A continent was put at stake,
  And all the world looked on;
A nation was to [illegible]
  To be then lost or won.

The desperate social wrong had grown
  All [illegible]
Until the blade of war alone
  Could cut the cancer out.

Four million slaves discerned their hope
  And stretched their swarthy [illegible]
To God, their only source of power,
  To break their galling bands.

The prayer was heard, and [illegible] sword,
  Like Moses' rod of old,
Was drawn, obedient to God's word,
  And back the Red Sea rolled.

'Tis over [illegible]
The army line has [illegible]
The same old [illegible]
Cuts off God's [illegible]

There is a power [illegible]
And shapes its [illegible]
Unseen, it [illegible] in its [illegible],
But sure to work its will.

Our nation stood in God's [illegible]
No rebel force could [illegible]
The sabre-thrust of Sheridan,
The rifle-aim of Grant.

The cowards in that mighty strife
We held in other scorn,
And "copperheads" [illegible]
Was out of slavery born.

Some shaped [illegible]
Some plead the rebel side,
So following the Palmyra star
Down to the Stygian tide.

But men of courage took the front
And fought the battle through:
They bore the iron tempest's brunt
And won the [illegible] due.

Nor marvel that our souls are [illegible]
In comradeship intense,
That distance may not intervene
Or dull the tender sense.

Our hearts were fused [illegible]
In flames of battle cast,
As Hebrew [illegible]
Within the furnace blast.

Nor are departed comrades [illegible]
In [illegible] or peace,
From tenderest [illegible]
The true [illegible]

Our nation, with a grateful [illegible]
Of highest service paid,
Erects her costliest monuments
Where martyred sons are [illegible].

And holding [illegible]
She gives [illegible]
To ages of futurity
In granite and in bronze.

And annually, with muffled drums,
In honor of her dead,
With tender step and dirge, she comes
Their graves with flowers to spread.

She blesses all of dauntless soul
Who stood for her defence;
Their names shall shine upon her scroll
In fitting recompense.

Confederates will at last confess
The war's resultant worth;
We battled for the South no less
Than for the free-born North.

We slew the ancient savagery
That woke rebellion's wave,
Inaugurating liberty
For master and for slave.

As brothers, tearfully we read
Our mortuary roll:
But deathless love will ever plead
Our regiment as yet whole:

Our peerless leader at our head
So proud of his command;
And we so sure to triumph led —
A true, chivalric band.

A truer rank ne'er wore the spurs
Or wielded sabre blade:
And faithful History now confers
What laurels ne'er will fade.

While praising others' loyalty
We claim our battle-rights —
The First Rhode Island Cavalry
Counts six and fifty fights.

We sing our brethren of all arms
Alike on land and sea;
But every loyal bosom warms
To speak their eulogy:

Superior spirits never trod
The fields and decks of war,
And offered freely of their blood
The rage of wrong to bar.

But we of glittering blade and spur
Were always in the fray;
The heated battle-blows to stir
We ever led the way.

They tell us that [illegible]
O yes — the [illegible]
But the results will [illegible]
While grow our pines [illegible]

Where'er we go, [illegible]
One thought will [illegible]
This sentiment will cheer [illegible]
We fought on [illegible]

To our loved [illegible] integrity
We make this [illegible]
That in her hour of [illegible]
We to her rescue came.

We held aloft our Holy Stars
Till treason bent the [illegible]
Till sank oppression's [illegible]
And rose the [illegible] free.

Already Freedom's swelling [illegible]
Has pride from power [illegible]
There lives no lord, there [illegible]
Throughout this western [illegible]

Thanks be to God — by [illegible]
Our armies held the [illegible]
Who every patriot [illegible]
Our Sovereign and our [illegible]

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

NO. V.—THE COW CASE.

BY MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.

One morning, early in June, a modest-looking middle-aged lady came into the office and reported that a neighbor had come into her enclosure and driven away her cow without her consent and against her vigorous protest. I heard her patiently, that is, as patiently as I could, for her story was not a short one. Nor was it wholly devoid of interest, for it revealed much of the life and character of the class of people to which she evidently belonged, called by the F. F. V's "poor whites." When she appeared, as a witness, to have exhausted herself, I remarked that the charge was a serious one and the case undoubtedly one of much importance; that I would not feel justified in deciding to whom the cow belonged until I could hear the other side, and I suggested that she come again towards evening, when the heat would be less oppressive, and bring her neighbor with her, who, by the way, was also a woman. After giving many reasons why she could not she finally consented, and reluctantly took along a notice I had prepared for the adverse party. Now a good milch cow at that time, in that suffering section of the country, was a bonanza — was of almost inestimable value to a family. As I revolved the case in my mind and tried to imagine what the defense could be, I realized — I began to realize — that I had a weight of responsibility resting on me I had not exercised on when I assumed command of the county. Indeed, almost every day had a surprise for me — some duty to perform not enumerated in my order of instructions. Not the least surprising was the number of young men who had been in the confederate service who came with request to have an instance of marriage recorded, which was duly done in a big, book the old clerk had used for the purpose, and at the proper time a certifi-

was issued signed, "H. C. Hall, Provost Marshal." I [illegible] perform any marriage ceremonies because I was not [illegible] do so, such ceremonies being solemnized by [illegible] gospel, so that the marriages were not wholly civil [illegible] military—sort of "'alf and 'alf."

Well, promptly at four o'clock the plaintiff in the [illegible] appeared, and in a few minutes the defendant was [illegible] the former with a look of complaisance and [illegible] other with a scowl of determination bordering on [illegible]

When the visions of the two met I saw by the [illegible] dark eyes that there was to be music in the air, and [illegible] the lullaby sort, either. After both were seated at a [illegible] tance from each other and facing a table at the [illegible] which I sat, I stated to the defendant that the plaintiff [illegible] in earlier in the day and charged that she, the [illegible] force and arms had broken and entered her [illegible] removed therefrom one brindled cow valued at [illegible] erty of the said plaintiff, and that [illegible] the said [illegible] used every peaceful means to recover her own [illegible] What say you to the charge?

She commenced a reply, not in a minor key as I [illegible] but in a key of sharps as I feared; at first [illegible] but soon *fortissimo et poco crescendo*, when the [illegible] a third below, and for a time I fancied I was being [illegible] with Italian opera. I listened with exciting admiration [illegible] much to the music, for I did not appreciate its [illegible] the words, for I was unable to understand a syllable [illegible] either, but to the art, the skill and the style of the [illegible] the duet proceeded it was evident that the parties [illegible] had much practice and not a little at recent dates.

At first I would willingly have given a paper quarter [illegible] ness such a novel entertainment, but as the excitement [illegible] to such a seance increased until it seemed certain [illegible] would be destroyed by the other, I would as will[illegible] given several quarters to have had the scene of the [illegible] tragedy in Texas or Alaska or on some distant [illegible] sea. In a little time, however, exhaustion was [illegible]

and gesture of both, and soon both subsided and sank into the chairs from which they had earlier risen.

Well, I had witnessed the entertainment but had gained not a single idea to aid me in the settlement of the unpleasant case. For a moment I watched the mute forms before me to detect some sign of guilt or sorrow or repentance, but none was manifest. The sullen looks and compressed lips were not promising omens for gaining facts on which to base a judgment. What should I do? I could not tell to whom the cow belonged, and I was attorney for both sides and also judge and jury. I wanted to settle the case and settle it correctly, but how could I without some basis for a settlement, and how could I get any reliable testimony from these two persistent claimants?

I was much troubled, for duty demanded that I should place the property in the hands of its true and lawful owner, and above all things I desired to do my duty. At length a happy thought struck me. I suddenly remembered reading in a big book, before the war began, of the decision of a certain wise man as to whom of two women a certain living child belonged which was claimed by both. I immediately went to the door and called a sergeant and told him in the presence of the two women that both claimed a cow that was of a certain color described to him; that I was unable to tell who was the lawful owner of the animal, and that I had decided to send him down with an ax to chop the animal in two equal parts and to give each a half, as the claim of one appeared to be as good as that of the other, and I desired to treat them fairly and equally. All this time I kept a sharp watch of the faces of the two to early note the surrender of the actual owner, for I assumed that my rule was infallible and that it had been properly applied. Besides, I thought if she had any affection for her kine she would not allow the innocent creature to be so cruelly slain. But imagine my surprise! my chagrin! my mortification! when both women, and, with sickly smiles on their pallid faces, expressed delight that the other could not have the cow! What should I do—what could I do now! I was alone and helpless—had lost faith in myself, and Scripture had failed me! I wanted to

resign — to be relieved — to be [illegible] to some place where females are [illegible]

I was forced to recall the sergeant and [illegible] After a little reflection I told them that I [illegible] either owned the cow, and that until I [illegible] the lawful owner I decreed that each should have the [illegible] the animal each alternate day, and that the first to [illegible] decree should forfeit all her rights and interest in [illegible] cow, and, as a further punishment, would [illegible] sentence in the county dungeon. My [illegible] including suggestions of incarceration [illegible] effect on the nerves of my two [illegible] the office performing a duet in firm but [illegible] expressed little regard for me or respect for the [illegible] much less sisterly love or holy fear of each other, and I [illegible] never seen or heard of either of them to this time. [illegible] their difficulties were amicably adjusted on their way [illegible] that they are alternating the old cow to this day.

Jim.

We don't take vagrants in sir
  And I am alone to-day,
Lestwise, I could call the good [illegible]
  He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast,
  I'll bring you some bread and [illegible]
You might sit on the old stone yonder,
  Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling, stranger? Mebbe
  You've got some notions to sell.
We hev a sight of peddlers,
  But we allers treat them well.

For they, poor soul, are tran[illegible]
  Like the rest of us to live;
And it's not like tramping the country,
  And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—
No offence in the world to you—
I think, now I look at it closer,
Your coat is an uncommon blue.

Don't say! Under Sheridan, were you?
My eyes they are growing dim—
I had a boy at Winchester
Who was proud to serve under him.

James Wood—you might know me by him,
But of course you were much apart,
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,
Small from its dear old Maine;
It's long stretch from there to Kansas,
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was James, sir,
He and my old man and I—
Had sort o' growed together,
And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a looking for trouble
When the terrible war began,
And I wrestled for grace to be able
To give up our noble son.

Well, well, 'taint no use o' talking,
My old man said, said he:
"The Lord loves a willin' giver;"
And that's what I tried to be.

Well the heart and flesh are rebels,
And hers to his fought with grace;
But I'd given my life—yes, willin'—
To look on my dear boy's face.

Take care, you are spillin' your tea, sir.
Poor soul! don't cry; I'm sure
You've had a good mother sometime—
Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!
Hunted by dogs, did you say?
Hospital! crazy seven years, sir?
I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Jim was killed, sir,
"How do you know that he died?"
'Twere certified, sir, by the surgeon,
Here's the letter, and—"May it be God!"

Well I never! you [illegible]
"James Wood!" [illegible]
First Maine Cavalry, [illegible]
Lies here in a [illegible]

Just died—will be [illegible]
Can't wait for his parents [illegible]
Well, I thought God had [illegible]
As for John, my poor [illegible]

Didn't speak for a month [illegible]
Scarce spoke in a week, [illegible]
Never been the same since [illegible]
They brought us this letter [illegible]

And you were from Maine! from old Kittery!
Perhaps you enlisted with him,
I just disremember the fellows
That marched out of town [illegible]

Lord love ye! come into the [illegible]
It's getting too warm out [illegible]
If I'd known you'd been [illegible]
I'd taken you in here afore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humble
But our hearts, sir, are full [illegible]
Sit here — it's Jim's chair — [illegible]
"Call father!" My God! you are Jim!

BOWDOIN BOYS IN LABRADOR.

ON BOARD THE JULIA A. DECKER,
ROCKLAND HARBOR, ME.,
September 23, 1891.

The staunch little schooner has once more piloted a safe path through the dangers of fog, rocks and passing vessels, and her party are safely landed at the home port, before quite two weeks of the college term and two weeks of making up had piled up against its members.

The crew that weighed anchor at Riggolette on the morning of September 2nd, when the wind came and the tide had turned, was a happy one, for from Professor to "cookee" we all felt that we were truly homeward bound, and that we had accomplished our undertaking without any cause for lasting regret. The mail steamer, whose passengers had joined in the jollification of the night preceding, being independent of the wind, had started ahead of us. Another race was on with the "Curlew," this time a merely friendly contest, without the greater anxiety as to some other party's getting the lead of ours in the trip up the Grand River. But the result was not different this time. A fine breeze kept us going all day and the following night. But the next day the fog came. It was no different from the cold, damp, land-mark obscuring mist of the Maine coast in its facility in hiding from view everything we most wanted to see in order to safely find the harbor that we knew must be near at hand, though we could not tell just where. A headland, looming up to twice its real height in the fog about it, was rounded, and the lead followed in the hope that it would take us to the desired haven. Soon a fishing boat hailed, and a voice, quickly followed by a man, emerged from the fog and shouted that if we went farther on that course we would be among the shoals. We were told we had passed the mouth of the harbor, and so turning back, tried to follow our guide, but he soon disappeared

Just at this moment when it seemed impossible for us to find any opening, the fog lifted and we saw a schooner's hull over one of the small islets that lay about us. Taking our cue from that we poked into the next narrow channel we came to, and getting some sailing directions from a passing boat and from the signal man stationed on a bluff to give assistance to strangers, we glided into an almost circular basin, hardly large enough for the vessel to swing in, set among steep rising ledges into which many ring bolts were seen to be fastened, and perfectly sheltered from every wind. The use for the ring bolts we found later. The fog kept rolling over, and the little fishing vessels kept shooting in, till it seemed the harbor would not hold another. As all sail had to be hauled down before the vessels came in sight of the interior, the vessels seemed literally to scoot into the basin. A few of the vessels were anchored and kept from swinging by lines to the bolts, and the rest of the fleet made fast to them. In all the number of vessels crowded into the space where we hardly thought we could lie was about twenty. How they would ever get out seemed a puzzle, but the next morning it was accomplished, with a light fair wind, by all at once without accident or delay. Had the wind been ahead, the ring bolts would have aided in warping to a weatherly position.

During the evening the mail steamer caught us, and after putting a little freight ashore, left us behind again. There were some strange epitaphs painted on the wooden slabs. Also people ready to exchange or sell at a far higher rate than we had hitherto paid, anything they possessed for the cash which was all we had left to bargain with, the available old clothes having been already disposed of.

It was hard to disabuse the minds of the people at Spruce Island Harbor of the idea that we had come to seek gold or other valuable mines, the reason being that several years before a party from the States had spent considerable time prospecting in that vicinity and partly opened one or two worthless mica quarries.

It was a glorious sight to see the fleet get under way the next morning. Many a close shave and more bumps but no serious collisions were caused by the hundred or more vessels crowding out together through the narrow opening, each eager to get the first puff from the fair breeze outside the lee of the cliffs. The whole fleet was bound up the coast, but those many of the schooners had drifted far enough out to catch the breeze it had failed, and only after an hour or more of annoying experience with puffs from every quarter, did the strong sea breeze set in. Sheets were trimmed flat aft, and all settled down to beating up the coast. The Julia soon left the mass of the fleet but before reaching Battle Harbor, where a long desired mail was awaiting, had nearly overtaken the lucky ones who had drifted far enough off shore to make a leading wind of the afternoon breeze. During the calm a school of whales disported themselves in the midst of the fleet, chasing one another, blowing and churning the water to foam about us, apparently as strongly it was rare fun.

Late in the afternoon we approached the entrance to Battle Harbor, but with the wind blowing directly out of the narrow, rocky and winding entrance we wondered how we should get in. Our captain was equal to the problem, however, and unperturbed by the crowded state of the harbor, within whose narrow limits were two large steamers, one or two barks and several fishermen performed a feat of seamanship the equal of which, we were told, preserved in the traditions of the port, and only half believed, as having been done once, thirty years before.

Getting about ten knots way on the vessel, and heading her straight for the steamer nearest the mouth, we just brushed by the rocks of the entrance, sheered a bit and shot past the steamer before her astonished officers could utter a word of warning, and were traveling up the harbor at a steamboat pace, the sails meanwhile rattling down, and some of us on board wondering if *we* should not keep right on out the other entrance to the harbor, while boats scurried out of our way. I remember one fishing boat looking reproachfully at us as we missed them by about two feet just after our fellow on lookout had reported

"nothing but a schooner in the way, sir;" and people rushed to their doors and to the decks to see what was exciting such a commotion, just as the anchor was let go with a roar and we quietly swung to and ran our mooring line, as though we had done that thing all our lives.

Here about one hundred letters were brought aboard amid much rejoicing, for many had not heard from home at all during the trip.

By the time we were ready to make what we hoped would prove the last departure from a Labrador harbor, the next morning, the wind, which had changed in the night and was blowing in exactly the opposite direction, had become so strong that the little steam launch of Bayne & Co., which had been tendered us to tow us out of the harbor, was not powerful enough to pull the schooner against it. The other entrance, for like all the rest this Labrador harbor was merely a "tickle" and had its two entrances, was narrow, shoal, and had such short turns that it seemed impossible to run so large a vessel as the Julia through it. However, our impatience would not brook the uncertain delay of waiting for the wind to change, so taking on board the best pilot that town of pilots could afford, we made the attempt. Three times we held our breaths, almost, as we anxiously watched the great green spots in the water, indicating sunken rocks, glide under our counter or along our side, while the steady voice of the weatherbeaten old man at the fore rigging sounded "port," then in quick, sharp, seemingly anxious tones, "now starboard—hard!" and again "port—lively now," and the graceful vessel turned to the right or left, just grazing the rock or ledge, as though she too could see just how near to them it was safe to go and yet pass through without a scrape. It was a decided relief to all, and the silence on board, that had been broken only by the rush of wind and water, the pilot's voice and the creaking of the wheel as it was whirled around by the skilful hands of the captain, suddenly ceased, when the pilot left his place and walked slowly aft, praising the admirable way in which the vessel behaved at the critical points, and apparently unconscious that in the eyes of twenty college boys he had performed an almost impossible feat.

After a hard pull to windward for two of us to put the pilot ashore, and a wet and rough time getting aboard again, and after our laugh at the expense of the mate, who had cast off our shore warp, as we started out of the harbor, and thereby had been unable to catch the schooner, which was equally unable to wait for him in the narrow passage, and who had therefore to row all the way after us at the top of his speed, and only caught us when we lay to to send off the pilot; we made everything snug and started down the straits, hoping to reach Cape Bauld without further delay.

That was not our fortune, however, for soon the wind headed ahead, and with a strong current against us it was impossible to make any progress, so after jumping in a most lively manner all day, in the chops of Belle Isle, we made a harbor for the night at Chateau Bay, in almost the same spot where we had waited two dreary days two months before. The next day we worked along the coast, but at night again put in to what proved our last, as well as our first harbor on the Labrador — Red Bay. Here we found a mail steamer and were allowed irregularly to open the bag to Battle Harbor and take out that which belonged to us, much to our delight, of course, for it gave us news comparatively fresh, that is, not over a month old, from home.

Here, also, we laid in a supply of the only fruit that Labrador produces, called "bake apple." It is a berry of a beautiful waxen color when ripe, otherwise looking much like a large raspberry, and having a most peculiar flavor, which we learned to like, and grew very fond of, when the berries were cooked, stewed with sugar. We had been deprived of fresh fruit so long that we should probably have learned to like anything, however odd its flavor, that had its general characteristics.

Here, too, we again fell in with our little Halifax trader, which gave us so hot a race to Halifax in the coming week, both vessels arriving at Halifax within an hour of each other, after starting at the same time from Red Bay and keeping within sight nearly all the time. At length the wind came to the south, and we started, laying our course west, along the Labrador shore, so as to get a windward position and be able to "fetch" Cape

when the wind came around to the west, as it is certain to do at that season of the year, compelling us to "tack ship" and stand right out against the stormy Gulf of St. Lawrence. These southwesterly winds had been our dread, for they blow so strongly and in September make the Gulf so rough that getting to windward against them is impossible. Hence our satisfaction can be imagined as we sped along the Labrador coast that day, the wind becoming a trifle easterly, so as to allow us to "ease our sheets" and at the same time steadily increase our offing, getting such a weatherly position for Canso that the moment the expected change of direction began we promptly "tacked ship" and at the worst had a leading wind across.

For three days we hobnobbed with the little "Minnie Mac" across the Gulf. The first thing we did in the morning was to hunt her up with the glasses from aloft, if not in sight from the deck, and the last thing in order at night were speculations as to where we should next see her. The difference in the build of the two vessels, the one being shoal and centerboard, the other deep and heavily laden, made the race a zigzag. When the wind favored a little and the sheets could be "eased" then the shoal model would push ahead, but when the wind came more nearly ahead, and we had to plunge squarely into a head sea, then the deeper draught and heavier lading told to advantage.

During this time we were not idle on board. The Grand River men were beginning to feel vigorous again and their notes and data had to be worked up. The collections, too, though largely packed away securely for the rough voyage, yet gave plenty of occupation to those not otherwise employed, while the few really industriously inclined used their superfluous energy in seeing to it that the lazy were given no opportunity to enjoy their idleness.

The morning of the fourth day the coasts of Cape Breton were in sight, but the wind came straight out of the Gut of Canso in half a gale, and then our rival, owing to her greater weight, forged ahead, and it seemed that we were to be baffled. However, much to our amusement, when we got a few miles off

the mouth of the Gut, we found a calm, into which the "Miami-Mac" had run and where she stayed till we came up. With us also came a breeze, and we forged ahead of her into the anchorage at Port Hawkesbury just as we had said we would do when we left Red Bay. Here we spent the rest of the day taking in a stock of much needed fresh provisions, and [illegible] nine of our college base-ballists, at the invitation of the Port Hawkesbury nine, to give them some points on the game. About the fifth inning the game closed on account of darkness, with score in Bowdoin's favor something about 30 0.

A short run brought us into Little Canso, where we had to turn to the west to go along the Nova Scotia coast to Halifax, but fog shut down so we spent a day inspecting the plant of the Mackay-Bennett cable, which has its terminus at Hazel Hill, about two miles from Canso, finding some very agreeable acquaintances in the persons of Mr. Dickinson, the superintendent, and Mr. Upham, his first assistant electrical expert, who proved to be a Castine man and was delighted to meet some Yankees from his old cruising grounds, Penobscot Bay, and getting some interesting knowledge concerning ocean telegraphy. It seemed strange, to say the least, to be in communication, as we were, with a ship out in mid-Atlantic, repairing a cable, and to have an answer from Ireland to our message in less than a minute after it was sent.

With one stop on account of fog and threatening storm we reached Halifax in two more days. The introduction to it, though, was not so pleasant, for as we were running up the harbor solid shot from one of the shore batteries came dropping around us and skipping by us, altogether too near for comfort. However, no damage was done beyond the injury threatened to Her Majesty's property in the proposition for a whip-[illegible] to call away boarders, land and take the battery. We found later that it was merely target practice and nothing disrespectfully intended towards the flag flying from our peaks. We were satisfied that we had not made any hostile response.

Once ashore the hospitable Haligonians began by inviting the Professor and others to a dinner at the Halifax Club. The next

day we enjoyed an official reception, and accompanied by Premier Fielding and members of his Cabinet, Consul General Frye and other gentlemen, were taken on an excursion about the beautiful harbor in the steam yacht of one of our entertainers, given a dinner and right royally treated at one of the public buildings, and were finally taken to the Yacht Club House for a final reception.

At Halifax some of our party fearing more delay in reaching Rockland, left us, so with diminished numbers but plenty of enthusiasm we made ready for the last stage of the voyage. After some rather amusing experiences with our assistant steward or "cookee," who seemed to reason that because he had been so long deprived of the luxuries of modern civilization he should employ the first opportunity he had to enjoy them, at making himself incapable of doing so, and who was brought aboard the morning we sailed only after a somewhat prolonged search, we "squared away" for Cape Sable. The fine fall wind ran us nearly down there, but just as we thought to escape the provoking calms that delayed us in this vicinity on the [illegible] trip, we found the wind drawing ahead and failing. A day was spent in slowly working around the cape, drifting back much of the time, and then we struck one of the southerly fog winds that are too well known on the Maine coast. We were in [illegible] on which our captain had been bred, and so we pushed on into the night, looking eagerly or listening intently as the [illegible] closed over us for some sign of approaching land. At [illegible] just about eleven, when it seemed we could not stand the [illegible] of knowing that thousands of rocks were just ahead [illegible] just where they were, and yet equally unwilling to stop them when so near home, we heard the sound of the breakers and standing cautiously in on finding the water very deep [illegible] made Mt. Desert rock light. It was a welcome sight, and [illegible] there an easy matter to shape our course for home. At [illegible] break we could still see nothing, but towards noon, the [illegible] being light and our progress slow, we passed the [illegible] of refuge on the Wooden Ball Island, and soon the [illegible] showed us the mouth of Penobscot's beautiful bay, and [illegible]

after we dropped our anchor in the long wished for Rockland harbor, and the cruise of the Julia Decker and her crew of Bowdoin boys was ended.

The account would be incomplete, though, were reference omitted to the royal welcome that awaited us at Rockland. Upon landing we found the church bells ringing, and the city's business for the moment stopped, while the city fathers as well as a goodly number of her sons and daughters greeted us at the wharf. In the evening there was another reception, and there the expedition as such appeared for the last time, and as the most fitting way in which we could express our gratitude at the interest shown in our work and safe return, as well as to contribute our share towards the evening's entertainment, the Bowdoin College Labrador Expedition Glee Club rendered, as its last selection, a popular college song, of which the burden was, as also the title, "The wild man of Borneo has just come to town."

JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.

Number Four.

BY C. C. HASSLER, CO. 1, 21ST PENN. CAV.

NOTE: This poem will need no explanation to old soldiers, but to others it is best to state that whenever cavalry is dismounted to go into battle the command is counted off into fours and he that is number "four" is detailed to hold the horses while numbers "one," "two" and "three" go into the fight. We are reminded just now of a little story about a regiment which was to go into a very hot engagement. It was to be a nasty fight and by no means a desirable job. The command was given to count off. Number "four," supposing of course they would be detailed to hold the horses, instead of saying "four" when the count reached them shouted "bully," but they were surprised, when the count was completed, to hear the Colonel say, "Number three will hold the horses. Number "one," "two" and "bully" will go into the attack. We are very much pleased with this dialect poem by Comrade Hassler.—Ed.

> Say poys, I tells you now some lings I tells you not pafory,
> About dot gavalry dat fite on foothack in de war.
> Vere one, doo, dree, gits all de braise vile number four must sthay,
> And hold dem hosses, in de bush so dey not runs away.

Mine garbine it vos nice und clean, mine sabre alvays bright,
Mine bistels dey vos gocked und brimed, und ready for a fight;
But efery time, und efery time ve lick dem reb's some more,
Bromotion nefer comes to me for I vas number four.

I rides, all day long, mit dem poys, on hikkel I do stand,
I comes me out, on dress parade, mit sabre in mine hand;
I drills mit dem, und makes de cuts, and points und hangs de flay,
A solchet I vos bound to make, as good as vere de plan;
I schwore before I leave mine house und fight mit golden grate,
Dot flag should nefer be disgraced vile mine gott sword vas near;
But ach "mein Gott" how many times haf I yust wish'd mineself avay,
To see dem poys dismount to fite, vile I vas number four.

Und vile dem horses champ und gick I holds dem mit mine hand,
De deeper in dem spurs I sthick de more dey vill not sthand;
Dem shells dey gracl, de pullets sing, de poys dey yell and sthout,
I yust can sthand und listen, vile I makes me nodings out,
I gits no chefrons on mine coat, no reibel rings I rides,
I say, "by chings," mit all my might, dot vas one big mistake;
Dot var might sooner haf been done, und ve been home by dime,
If when dem reibels dey vos killed dere vas no number four.

De var long times vos over now, I sure vos glad of dot,
I lifs at home in bence mit all gontents I mit my lot;
I looks around upon dem gals und leedle shmoby poys,
Dot makes de house sometimes yust ring, mit laffer und mit noise,
Dere's Fritz und Carl, und Choon, und Chuy, und Nick, and Jacob Grass,
Kathrine und Gretchen und Louise, and sally Ann I dey pushes;
Dose dwins I haf not counted vile dey rolls upon de floor,
Dey move as pays for all I have ven I vas number four.

Dot Chaplain say, dat up on high, anoder vorld dere vas,
Mit golden sthreets und beauty gates all open vide to pass;
I guess dem Generals get in first, dem Colonels by dem nex',
De Machars und de Captains all, in chariots vill ride,
Und den de poys vill march by fours dem gates in columns three,
[Maybe, some gray git mixed up dere, long mit dem poys in blue,
But ven de Captain say "come in, sthay de rest vere out,
Vill I sthay out, dem horses mit of I be number four?

I dinks me not. No countersign is need for dat dere gate,
De poys who early git in dere vill meet dem dere mit hate.
Und reaching out dere hant is vill say, "Welcome, welcome home,
Long dimes ve vatch und vait for you, vile on dot earth you roam."
Ten thousand harps vill music play, ten thousand voices sing,
De sweetest notes dot ever made de vaults of heaven ring;
Vile white wings I guess are sprouted on dem, vill we fly, yaw vill,
Down to dot gate ut I say, "ve counts ourselves number four."

Bloomington, Ill.

Twenty-First Annual Reunion.

UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY AND ON TO WASHINGTON.

BY GEN. J. P. CILLEY.

Most of the rivers of the United States trend southward as they run to the ocean. In like manner the tread of the Veterans of the Republic in September was toward the City of Washington, and the reports of the railroads centering in that city show that over three hundred thousand old soldiers and their friends were carried into the capital of the nation during the term of the National G. A. R. Encampment. It is supposed that nearly one hundred thousand of the vast throng were old soldiers, though a much less number participated in the grand march that filled Pennsylvania Avenue from 9 A. M. till 6 P. M. Like the grand review of 1865 the sight and cadence of sound from so great an army of veterans will never again stir the hearts and souls of a mighty nation.

Maine was well represented in the magnificent procession. The yellow ribbon and symbolic badge of our regiment was noticeable all through its column and was also occasionally seen in the ranks of veterans from other states.

The story of our twenty-first reunion at Washington cannot be separately told. The "First of Maine" formed only a small fractional part of the hosts assembled from east and west. I can only skirmish in vicinity of a full account of what the members of our regiment saw and performed at the encampment. I will tell only what came under my observation, what I enjoyed, commencing at the very start, Thursday evening, Sept. 15, 1892, on the steamer Penobscot. Many and varied were the excursions from Maine to Washington. Why I chose the route described will be evident as you read the ground it covered. On the steamer the G. A. R. Posts at Searsport, Castine and Belfast were well represented—Silas Leach, our former

master, bearing the honors of the regiment from Castine, and Sergeant Samuel Gurney that of Belfast. We recruited Saddler William Trimble of Calais, while at Boston, and the set of cavalry fours for the route were full. Comrades from the Post at Littleton, N. H., and from the Granite State generally completed the Maine and New Hampshire excursion and filled the steamer at Providence for New York, Friday night, and Saturday afternoon o'clock P. M. saw us on the field of Gettysburg. What a revelation that field was. We rode out on the Emmittsburg road through the grounds of the second day's fight, then on and through the Devil's Den, where we dismounted and most gallantly stood the fire of the Gatling gun like appearance of a photographer's camera. Here a comrade of the Fourth Maine Infantry, whose name has escaped my memory, with his eyes glistening with increasing recognition of the landscape, sprang over the rough ground and exclaimed: "This is the identical spot where I stood and fired shot after shot into the column of the Rebs. So intent was I on my work that I did not notice they were swinging around my rear till I was swept from this very ground a prisoner." Then over Little Round Top on foot, where the Twentieth Maine did most valiant service, not only protecting this part of the field but capturing as many prisoners as their own ranks numbered.

A magnificent view of the field is obtained from the top of Little Round Top, where the Forty-fourth New York stood and which is to be marked by one of the largest and most expensive monuments of the Monumental field, forty-four feet high, with an outlook from its top.

Then along the extended line from the left to right of our position, finding the field substantially the same as it was July 3, 1863. Away in front was the long line of woods behind which Lee deployed his men and massed his artillery; close at hand the site where our artillery returned the thunder of his guns and caused the earth and air to quake; then the wide field across which Picket's men came with full ranks and audacious daring; here the rebel general Armistead fell. The spot is marked. From it I looked across the open field to the woods that cov-

tained the rebel line, turned to our line that extended to my right and left, to the position of our artillery, and felt like uncovering my head to do homage to the brave men who in face of such a fire of artillery and musketry had charged so far and so valiantly.

Monuments to the rebellious hosts have been religiously excluded from the grounds, but no prouder monument of simple valor stands among the numerous and costly granite memorials than the simple words "Here is where Gen. Armistead fell."

Then on and on to Cemetery Hill and beyond. From this hill the long line to Round Top can again be viewed, and here the line turns with its fish hook curve and afforded a magnificent position for our artillery to enfilade the ranks of the advancing enemy. Night now drew her shades over us and clothed in mystery and religious awe the field, of all other fields, of valor and monumental art. No other battle ground on all the wide face of our country is so costly and beautifully marked or can be so easily read. You can see the whole event recorded before you, and over it all hangs the inspiration of Lincoln's undying words—making a perfect atmosphere to hold the record of valor and art, the sacrifices and effort of a mighty nation to redeem herself.

But where were the cavalry in those days of concentrated war? The eyes of a novice can not see nor understand the valor and importance of the cavalry part of Gettysburg. We wished much to see the grounds where our regiment enacted its part in the fight of July 3. We were scheduled to leave at seven o'clock. The First Maine monument is four miles to the east of Gettysburg, and the road is rough and hilly. Up before four o'clock and with breakfast by lamplight, before the day dawned, Trimble, Leach and myself, and Capt. Carsin, who having heard our voices in the dark, joined us, fresh from his bed with no breakfast, and away we went to the cavalry grounds on the right flank.

Our regimental monument is admirably placed for observation from the roadside. It is beautiful in design and all we could desire. Away on the right points the cavalry shaft in honor of

Gregg's Division, while the wide field to the right and left and towards Gettysburg tells the story of the many acres and [illegible] grounds necessary for the manœuvers and fighting of [illegible] men, making the lines of infantry fight, where nearly seventy thousand men were packed, seem in comparison narrow and contracted. On our return we inspected and paid homage to the beautiful monument of the tenth New York Cavalry, which bears above the coat of arms of that State the proud head of a horse in bronze resting on a rectangular pedestal nine feet above the base. These New Yorkers were a good set of boys in the field, and have gained good positions in political and social life since their discharge. Away to the left, in a field and removed from the road, was another monument to a cavalry regiment, but we did not have time to reach it for we must be at the depot at Gettysburg village at 7 A. M.

We must pause a moment to relate a peculiar experience of comrade Trimble. July fifth, 1863, as we moved through Gettysburg in pursuit of Lee, and in the square through which the Hanover road passes, where muskets were piled up like cord wood, he saw a drug store just opening, and having been afflicted with army itch, which infection with that of army lice were enemies more frequently met and fought than the rebels themselves, he dismounted without halting and ran into the store and in curt words directed the apothecary to put him up a pound of sulphur, and without returning thanks or pay he was back on his horse with the sulphur. The sulphur did such good service that Trimble's conscience has never been fully quiet concerning the pay for the same. At Gettysburg [illegible] troubled conscience directed him to the square where in appalling distinction stood the store as of old. He entered. An old man looked at him and he saw the identical druggist before him. Trimble told him he owed a bill at that store and had called to pay it. The old gentleman looked perplexed, and said, "I do not know you; you must be in the wrong place." Trimble then told the occasion and the old man found he had a slight remembrance of the act, but considered the account was outlawed by lapse of time, and refused to take any pay.

We were on time and for a short distance on the railroad lost oversight of a portion of the ground of the 4th of July first, and then in vicinity and overlooking much of Lee's line of retreat, and a most beautiful line of outlook of mountain and valley scenery. We curved around the railroad stations of Prospect and Summit, and swung southward towards Cumberland Valley, which from our high position in the mountains lay almost at our feet, smiling in beauty, till entranced at its charms we halted for an hour at the Wood Park at Pen-Mar to worship the Sabbath of September eighteenth by gazing at the myriads of peach orchards that filled the valley, and climbed the mountain's side till they reached the line of the railroad.

Mrs. George A. Wheeler, who with her husband, Dr. Wheeler of First Maine Heavy Artillery, from Castine, and Rev. Mr. Lock, Company E 39th Massachusetts Infantry of that place, and your correspondent formed the "set of fours" that rode together most of the way from Rockland to Washington — she was Maryland born and a right beautiful sample of the fruit of that state — shouted in glad enthusiasm, "Maryland, My Maryland."

It is common to speak of cathedrals as sermons in stone, but before us in peaches and wide outlook was a sacred homily. To this spot come the maidens of Baltimore to renew each summer their beauty and good health, and the air here breathed and the prospect a perpetual feast, evidences the reason why the Maryland boast of beauty is perennial.

But we must up and away, by Chambersburg which has risen from her ashes, by Hagerstown with its peach packing, to Antietam, and a long ride over that battle field interesting but unsatisfactory compared with the orderly lines drawn up at Gettysburg, but filled with interesting spots. We saw the field now in grass which was covered with corn when the Seventh Maine advanced so valiantly and was finally withdrawn after suffering a loss of one-half its men; the spot where Gen. Mansfield was killed; Dunkard church, around whose walls so many troops fought; the sunken road where the Confederates suffered most, and Burnside bridge on the opposite end of the line of battle,

where the Ninth Corps suffered so heavily in storming its passage in face of the steep banks that sheltered the rebel line in sweeping it with musketry fire, then we stood in the National Cemetery, from whose exalted top Gen. Lee directed the movement of his troops September 16, 1862. South Mountain reared its crest high before us, the road across the same being clearly seen. South Mountain and Antietam both appear on our authorized list of battles, thanks to Comrade G. H. Allen, M.

In the quiet enclosure of sacred mounds in the National Cemetery lay our own men. Wm. Trimble found the grave of William B. Shaw of Vassalboro, of his own company, C, and told his story: "He was a brave soldier, had the typhoid fever. When convalescent he returned to his company and was prostrated by a relapse. I had a hard time to get him into the hospital at Frederick City, it being so crowded with wounded from the battlefields, but at last a nurse gave him a bed and found some Sister of Charity to take an interest in him, which interest was largely aroused by finding a letter on him from his mother, and in replying to this letter for the sick soldier." Trimble told of his perplexity and efforts to get his comrade thus cared for, but he never heard anything further concerning him till he found his grave in Antietam Cemetery.

How near and vivid do these personal experiences bring the two battlefields we have visited, before our vision. It was our very good fortune to have similar experiences on the other battlefields. This cemetery is on a beautiful site and in every way impressive. The graves are arranged by States, and both known and unknown are marked by head stones, and in the office of the Superintendent is a full register.

But our time for Antietam is up and we again are on the train and soon cross the river at Shepherdstown near the ford and can see the ground where the Corn Exchange Regiment (One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania) lost two hundred and eighty-five out of eight hundred. It had been in the service just three weeks. I also imagined as the road led us away some distance from the river I could discern the ground where our regiment fought and Lieut.-Col. Boothby was wounded.

We were soon at Charlestown of John Brown memory, where wearied with our early ride to the cavalry grounds on the right flank at Gettysburg and the heat of the day, Trimble and myself concluded not to attempt historic Harper's Ferry and Bolivar Heights, so waiting till the train left we selected the best looking house in the vicinity of the depot and walked to its door and knocked. A bright little girl appeared and ushered us in.

When the gentleman of the establishment presented himself we asked the privilege of his hospitality for the night. He looked us over, consulted his wife, and said he would take us. We found ourselves in the custody of Amos D. Miley of Company F, Eighth Virginia Infantry, General Armistead's brigade, Picket's division, and were most royally entertained. After supper and in the cool of the evening he took us through the town. We saw the Court House where John Brown was tried, the jail where he was confined, the town hall erected on land given the town by Gen. Washington, and the hill where John Brown was hung — a commanding location with wide outlook to the Blue Ridge, the Massanutten Mountains and Alleghanies, whose ample grounds afforded space for the massing the large bodies of Virginia troops present as guards. On this spot we saw a large and attractive brick house just erected by Col. John Gibson, costing some fifteen thousand dollars and built from money made in investment at Roanoke, Va.

In good season the next day our large train was in motion for Fort Royal and Luray, whose names call to mind many occasions of our service in Virginia, but this time Luray inclosed us in her own soil and gave us a view of beauty unknown to herself till some years after the war. I had previously obtained the impression that caves were damp and darksome spaces under ground that might impress one with the unspecified extent of the cellar like dampness, and that outside of their strangeness and wonder little was there to attract or admire, but never was a more fairy-like vision revealed to our eyes than the high, arched rooms and winding passages of Luray Cavern illuminated by electric lights, presented to our view.

I do not know how many hours we passed in the caves or how many miles we walked on its paths. It was a new world

with a sky of constantly changing beauty, now approachable heads and now soaring to cathedral heights above us. The air seemed fresh and cool, in marked contrast with the hot air above ground. We not only feasted our eyes on wall and roof of stalactites of constantly varying forms and colors, now near and now afar, but the beauty permeated the air so that it was refreshing to breathe it, and even we returned to daylight through same stalactites, in the organ room, filled our ears with their melodious notes so true and natural that they would easily respond to a novice's efforts.

So we saw, we breathed, we heard, and became willing captives of the hidden beauties of our mother earth as she held us in her Luray Caverns. We walked to daylight again and the coarser needs of human nature returned upon us in the form of hunger, and the hotels of the quiet village were well patronized. Personally my feast in the inside of nature left me with little desire for more substantial food and I stepped into one of the stores of Luray and inquired where I could get a glass of milk. The merchant replied, "Pass through the door in the rear of the store and my wife will give you all the milk you desire." I made my wants known to a very pleasant appearing lady, who asked me where I would partake of the milk. I answered I could find no more attractive place than that room if she was willing. The milk was brought in generous quantities with nice bread and butter, and my appetite gave ready response to the attractive table spread so quickly before me. While [illegible] bright looking boy marched in, who stopped rather suddenly on seeing a stranger. His mother said, "My son, you have said many times you would like to see a Yankee soldier. There is one before you now, at the table." The boy opened wide his eyes and gazed. I rather enjoyed the occasion, but wishing to relieve the silence I took off my cavalry badge and quickly called his attention to the Henry rifle, the cross sabers, the horse's head, the state of Maine pine tree and the rabbit's foot and horse shoe all in gold. He forgot who I was and we became quite chummy. I told his mother that in December, 1863, our regiment had burned the church in that village

besause of rebel saddles stored there and had burned tannery after tannery from there to near the summit of Thornton's Pass, and now she was putting coals of fire on my head by giving me a perfect little lunch in her sitting room. The coals of fire were not unpleasant and the mother and myself were both glad the war was over, but the son had a longing desire that he would like to have a war when he became a man.

Soon we were again on the cars and back to Fort Royal and then through the Manassas Gap and all the war-time familiar places on that railroad and the Bull Run Mountain with its famous Thoroughfare Gap to Manassas Junction, where two hours were allotted us to see the Bull Run battlefield.

By some chance in balancing the numbers in each team I lost my usual set of fours and found myself in a team with two New Hampshire friends, with a pair of horses and a light carriage. The driver said his name was White, and when I asked his first name he said it was Born. I asked if it was spelled "born," and he replied affirmatively, and said he vested his boast of ancestry on his name. He was a good boy and had good horses, which I praised to the extent of my powers, and he showed me their best paces. The road to the field was excellent, and with horses dripping with sweat we were on the ground some twenty minutes ahead of the other teams and had ample time and daylight to receive a full account of the fight as seen and enacted by Mr. Henry, whose house was near by and whose mother was killed by a stray bullet in the first battle. It was a most interesting description. My previous ideas of the First Battle of Bull Run were that it was impossible to see much of the ground and it was fought in confusion and with little traditional order; that the Second Battle of Bull Run was fought out with greater confusion and virtually a tangle, or so it appeared to our regiment at the time, but from the wide inclosed field where we took our outlook there were three places marked where confederate generals fell, Gen. Bee and Gen. Barrow killed and Gen. Wade Hampton wounded, and the position of the troops on the twenty-first of July, 1861, was clearly before us. The neighboring woods, fences and lines remained much the some as they were on that day.

Then came the description of the fight of August, 1862. Before us were the Bull Run Mountains, showing plainly Thoroughfare Gap, whence came Jackson; also Ashby Gap, near Aldie, and across this identical field and wide hilltop [illegible] formed the lines of the two opposing armies with their positions virtually reversed, firing in opposite direction in the second battle from that of the first.

The sun was nearing the horizon as the account closed, and I saw two persons running on foot into the field. I directed the driver to ride towards them and found one of them to be Charles H. Hooper of Company B, Second Maine Infantry, who was viewing the location with marked excitement. I asked him if he recognized the field. He replied, "Why there is the identical rail fence from which I fired my first shot at the foe. We advanced across this very field to the front of the woods there, from which we received a most murderous fire from the Confederates. We were forced back and rallied by the house yonder. After fighting for some time—how long I cannot say—but eventually Capt. Tilden (now General) of my company and myself got separated from our command way off to the left of that house as we now stand and were advancing Richmondward unsupported, till we realized more fully the points of the compass and in the darkness of the evening, directed our steps to Sudley's ford, in crossing which I caught my foot in some broken artillery wheels and only released myself by some hard pulling."

The comrade who accompanied Hooper was Dr. Samuel J. Wallace of Castine, First Sergeant of Company A, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Infantry, who had been studying the location, recognized the field, and who told me the position his regiment and the troops he was with occupied at the time of the fight of August, 1862. It was deeply interesting but lacked the individuality of the personal experience of comrade Hooper. I was reminded of comrade David H. Whittier's incidental mention of this same spot in his account of Aldie in Call Sixth of the BUGLE. I was strangely moved and interested, and with reluctance was forced to return to the station by the gathering darkness of night.

This battlefield is unvisited and neglected in comparison with that of Gettysburg and other more noted fields, but second Bull Run is borne by our standard as one of our battles and has been frequently traversed by our regiment. In a more remote part of the field, September fourteenth, 1863, we had quite a skirmish, and a few days later on this same ground Gen. Smith spent part of a day in undress uniform skirmishing with a personal enemy and at night of the same day, with torch and spade lead the Pioneers in a midnight campaign, undaunted by the witticism of Col. Boothby. This field, remembered by so many and varied experiences, I can not leave without submitting a few historical facts, which bear upon the locality viewed and some of those present with me.

FIRST BULL RUN.

Gen. Sherman says, in his Memoirs, page 187: "For two hours we continued to dash at the woods on our left front, which were full of rebels, but I was convinced their organization was broken and that they simply had settled there and taken advantage of the woods to cover them, to reach which we had to pass over the intervening field about the Henry house which was open, clear, and gave them a decided advantage."

Johnston in his narrative says: "Bee, seeing the advantage given him by this position by its elevation greater than that of the opposite ridge, on which the enemy stood, by its broad, even top and by the extent of open ground before it, formed his brigade."—Page 45. It was on these grounds or in plain sight that Gen. Jackson obtained his name, "Stonewall." "Bee had advanced over the open ground about the Henry house and was driven back. He aided in rallying his men by calling them to observe how 'Jackson and his brigade stood like a stone wall.' The fact being that Jackson's men in sight of Bee's troops, had by Jackson's order laid down to avoid the Union artillery."—Page 48. In a few minutes after Gen. Bee fell, mortally wounded.

Appleton's Encyclopedia of Biography says of Hampton at First Bull Run, "Six hundred of his infantry held for some

time the Warrenton road against Keyes' corps and sustaining Bee when Jackson came to his aid."

SECOND BULL RUN.

"Gen. Hooker selected Grover's brigade to lead [illegible] which was to be directed against the center of the enemy's line. The brigade consisted of the First, Eleventh and Sixteenth Massachusetts regiments, the Second New Hampshire and the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania. The charge was one of the most gallant and determined of the war. It seems almost certain that if this splendid assault had been properly supported it would have succeeded in breaking the center of Jackson's line." —Campaigns of the Civil War. The Army under Pope, page 106.

It was near midnight when we reached Washington, and the cable cars were found bulging out on each side by a clinging mass of humanity. I saw a place to cling, and with a run and a jump hit it and was borne towards Mt. Pleasant [illegible] quarters at Gen. Spear's. The next day was the parade. It was big — it was magnificent. But this is not the place to describe it. There is a joy undescribable in being one of a noble host, but there is a keener joy in observing the fellow feeling of an old cavalry comrade who has rode with you and fought by your side and whose countenance has not been before you for years. I can only say one thing, to the Committee of Parade, appointed by the comrades in Washington [illegible] the honor of the arrangement and success of the parade.

I come to September twenty-first and twenty-second, days cast and rainy but packed full with warm and hearty greetings of the old comrades of the cavalry corps and the meeting of many of the old comrades of the grand old regiment, whom I had not seen since the war. We had no speeches [illegible] but we did a little routine business. We missed the jubilee and glory of Boston in 1889 and 1890; we did not have the comfort of Houlton, Me., 1891, nor many of the delightful enjoyments of Eastport, Bar Harbor, and many other places that we hold in most grateful remembrance, but we took [illegible]

titude of comrades by the hand, of the gallant division of Gen. Gregg, and the grand body of cavalry that served with Sheridan, and metaphorically hugged a lot of the "First of Maine," but all these things elude pen and paper. The following comrades were present though not all at the same time. There were some others in Washington who omitted to report and hence their names do not appear:

M. J. Allen, Skowhegan, Me.
George W. Brown, Bangor, Me.
W. G. Besse, Lewiston, Me.
Chas. Burgess, Bath, Me.
Andrew M. Benson, Boston, Mass.
A. J. Burbank, Chicago, Ill.
R. R. Bangs, Wescott, Neb.
G. W. Barnes, Waterville, Me.
Frances Colburn, Lewiston, Me.
John P. Carson, Mt. Vernon, Me.
Jona. P. Cilley, Rockland, Me.
Edgar F. Comstock, Minneapolis, Minn.
O. W. Cole, Etna, Me.
R. M. Clayton, La Moure, N. Dak.
H. E. Challis, Baltimore, Md.
H. M. Cleaves, Saco, Me.
A. C. Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass.
Bradbury P. Doe, Cambridgeport, Mass.
S. C. Davis, Monson, Me.
L. F. Davis, Arctic, R. I.
Albert Edgecomb, Boston, Mass.
L. G. Estes, Washington, D. C.
Phineas Foster, Tacoma, Wash.
H. D. French, Waltham, Mass.
Chas. B. Faber, Wakefield, Mass.
Levi C. Flint, Monson, Me.
John Faunce, Oxford, Me.
Perrin P. Freeman, Camden, Me.
Geo. E. Goodwin, Skowhegan, Me.
Amasa Gilman, Dover, Me.
S. S. Goodhue, Haverhill, Mass.
John W. Goodwin, Manhatten, Pa.
D. W. Gage, Cambridge, Mass.
Chas. L. Grant, Kittery, Me.
Chas. H. Goodwin, Stetson, Me.
Dr. Horatio N. Howard, Washington, D. C.
Geo. D. Harvey, N. Berwick, Me.
S. T. Hall, Hontzdale, Clearfield, Co., Pa.
A. W. Hanson, Fall River, Mass.
Amos R. Hall, Herrickon, Lincoln Co., Va.
Frank G. Haynes, New Haven, Conn.
G. N. Harris, Melrose, Mass.
L. H. Ingram, Houlton, Me.
Frank R. Jones, Saginaw, Mich.
Sylvanus Judkins, Athens, Me.
Warren A. Jordan, Bangor, Me.
John F. Johnston, Haverhill, Mass.
Edward Jordan, Bangor, Me.
C. D. Jones, Rockland, Me.
Albert F. Jackson, Monson, Me.
O. Kelley, South Etna, Me.
S. C. Lovejoy, Washington, D. C.
E. B. Loring.
L. W. Lyon, Saginaw, Mich.
Geo. W. Lovejoy, Montreal, Canada.
Daniel W. Lowell, Lake Co., Pa.
Silas Leach, North Gustine, Me.
Leander Lane, Knox's Mills, Me.
Robert Lockhart, Custer City, Pa.
U. P. Lincoln, Somerville, Mass.
C. N. Lang, Pordenon, Me.
H. H. Lowell, Fannield, Pa.
Loren H. Millikan, Washington, D. C.
Wm. Mahoon, Auburn, Me.
Wm. Morang, Portland, Me.
H. G. Morton.
Laurel Munson, Houlton, Me.
Thornton W. McIntyre, Plymouth, Me.
Geo. E. Nason, Boston, Mass.
Alfred Pierce, Arlington, Me.
John M. Perkins, Boston.
B. H. Putnam, Houlton, Me.
Corbet L. Packard, Houlton, Me.
George Prince, Boston, Mass.
Geo. P. Phillips, Boston, Mass.
P. A. Rogers, M. D., Canon City, Col.

W. K. Ripley, Canton, Me.
Chas. E. Shields, Marinette, Wis.
C. N. Smith, Newlon, Mont.
C. W. Skillings, Portland, Me.
F. J. Savage, Fairfield, Me.
G. A. Savage, Fairfield, Me.
N. C. Stowe, Dover, Me.
S. C. Smith, Winfield, Kan.
Chas. Smith, Skowhegan, Me.
Sewall W. Smith, Skowhegan, Me.
Hollis Simpson, Waterville, Me.
Patrick F. Shevlin, So. Boston
P. T. Thomas, Monroe, Me.
L. H. Todd, Portland, Me.
Levi Toothaker, Brunswick, Me.
Wm. Trimble, Calais, Me.
C. D. Ulmer, Flint, Mich.
E. P. Worcester, Tekamah, Neb.
D. H. Whittier, Athens, Me.
L. W. Wheeler, Paw Paw, Ill.
A. M. Warren, Dover, Me.
Chas. W. Weymouth, Augusta, Me.
James T. Williams, Salisbury, Mass.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held in the Sheridan tent, and was called to order by President Comrade Gilbert N. Harris. It was voted that the report of the Treasurer be printed and sent to the members with the report of the meeting.

A committee of one from each company and one from the field and staff were appointed to nominate a board of officers for the ensuing year, who reported, and the following officers were elected:

President—Caleb N. Lang of Portland.
Vice President—Peter Dresser of Lewiston.
Treasurer—Jonathan P. Cilley of Rockland.
Secretary—Charles F. A. Emery of Medford, Mass.
Corresponding Secretary—Oren S. Haskell of Fittsfield.
Financial Committee to Audit Treasurer's Account—A. C. Drinkwater, G. F. Jewett and A. L. Ordway.

The same committee were instructed to present the names of three towns as places to hold the next reunion.

It was voted that the next reunion be held at Lewiston, Me., at such time as the local committee may determine.

Gen. L. G. Estes was chosen as the representative of the association on the committee of the cavalry corps organized to consider the question of erecting a bronze statue in the city of Washington to some famous cavalry leader or typical cavalryman.

Gen. J. P. Cilley was chosen as a like representative on another committee of the cavalry corps organization to look up the official records and war maps and see that they record accurately the cavalry services.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The ladies met September 22, 1892, for their seventh annual reunion, in the Sheridan tent in Washington, at the headquarters of the Cavalry Association, and a very pleasant meeting followed, although rather different from that of the previous one held at Houlton.

The meeting was called to order by the President. Records of last meeting read and approved. Four new members joined. The following officers for the coming year were elected:

President—Mrs. Laurel Munson, Houlton.
Vice President—Mrs. Volney H. Foss, Bangor.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Grace Everett Tobie, Portland.

Voted to meet with the First Maine Cavalry Association in '93. Voted to adjourn.

The following reports of cavalry meetings, taken from the Washington *Star* and *Post* are given as pertinent to this report:

THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

There are seventy-eight cavalry regiments in the Army of the Potomac, and they are represented by from five to eight thousand men at the encampment. Regimental reunions of all except twenty of them were held on Tuesday and Wednesday, and the other comrades met Thursday. The whole [illegible] as a [illegible] in the Meade tent to form an organization.

Unexcelled for variety, vigor and enthusiasm was the reunion of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac. Yellow badges filled the capacious tent, and the old guidon with red and white stars floated from the [illegible]. [illegible] presided, and his enthusiasm was enough to inspire the meeting without the assistance of his staff. Capt. H. C. Parsons of the First Vermont Cavalry was the chairman, and Capt. A. B. White of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, secretary.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Chaplain [illegible]. It was an inspiring invocation of the God of battles and of peace, and [illegible] cavalrymen [illegible] commonly supposed to be over pious, it evoked a chorus of [illegible] from the whole assembly. Fraternal letters were then read from [illegible] leaders [illegible] Wesley Merritt, U. S. A.; C. H. Smith, J. P. Hatch, [illegible], and James H. Wilson. Each breathed the kindliest spirit of [illegible] when a truly eloquent epistle from Mrs. [illegible], widow of the [illegible] cavalry leader and hero of the Black Hills, was read [illegible] with [illegible]ing. Comrade John McElroy, [illegible] in great measure the successful plan of these reunions, was then introduced as "[illegible] doesn't hurt him a bit," cried a voice, and Mr. McElroy met with [illegible]. In particular, his plan for christening the old White [illegible] "Grand Army Flood" seemed to please the old boys, and they cheered it to the [illegible].

During the interim several old cavalry buglers [illegible] F. L. Putt of the Second Ohio, now a practising physician at [illegible] Faught of the Fifth United States Cavalry, who was Gen. [illegible] Capt. Lot Abraham of the Fourth Iowa. The latter "[illegible]" and proceeded to show that he had not forgotten the [illegible] that defies description. The old boys went wild at the inspiring [illegible] for "boots and saddles," "reveille," the "charge," etc., were responded to [illegible] by Capt. Abraham, who, after each, would recite the words [illegible] imagine that the bugles sang. This was one of the [illegible] reunion, and warmed it up wonderfully.

From this time on enthusiasm was rampant, and the [illegible] Capt. Parsons of the First Vermont Cavalry; Maj. [illegible] of Washington; Maj. Cummings of the First New York; Capt. [illegible] Second Pennsylvania, and Gen. A. B. Nettleton, formerly of the [illegible] Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, were heartily received. The [illegible] when he referred to the rights of old soldiers to be rewarded from [illegible] for their services, were applauded with especial emphasis.

The mention by the speakers of such famous cavalry [illegible] Farnsworth, Kilpatrick, and Gregg aroused unbounded enthusiasm and brought forward another feature of this reunion which promises to have lasting results. It was a sentiment expressed generally by the speakers that the full and fair history of the services of the cavalry corps had not yet been written, and neither has the [illegible] soldier been commemorated in monument. After some [illegible] formulated in two resolutions: one for a committee consisting of one [illegible] chosen by each cavalry organization to look up the official records [illegible] see that they record accurately the cavalry services. Another similar committee [illegible] consider the question of erecting a bronze statue in this city to some [illegible] leader or the typical cavalryman. These resolutions were carried [illegible] appointed, and the meeting adjourned.

THE GLORIOUS RECORD OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

A reunion of the First Maine Cavalry was held Thursday. The [illegible] most remarkable record of the war in the number of battles [illegible] 1865 the War Department authorized it to put the names of [illegible] its banners, and they are inscribed now with that proud record. [illegible] well-known organization in Maine and publishes a magazine [illegible] They have a large delegation in Washington and the reunion [illegible] Among those present were Gen. J. P. Cilley, Gen. [illegible] Capt. Ulmer, Capt. Carson and Capt. Black Hawk Putnam. The [illegible] association will be held in Lewiston, Me. The history of the [illegible] lished, and it fills a volume two inches thick with stories of [illegible] pictures.

PRAISE GIVEN MEMBERS OF THE SIXTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

The Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry held its reunion in the White [illegible] afternoon at three o'clock, J. R. Garlan, president, presiding. Speeches [illegible] by Judge Russell R. Pealer, J. D. Miller, and John D. Fellman of [illegible] Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry belonged to Sheridan's corps, and were [illegible]

fighters from "way back." Each of the speakers had only words of praise for the men, and the applause was frequent. There was great praise [illegible] for the splendid manner in which the men had been entertained, and when reference was made to the lavish expenditure of money there was a storm of applause.

SECOND PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY DOING AN UNPAYABLE KINDNESS.

Thursday evening Sheridan tent was filled with survivors of the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry and their friends and one of the most enthusiastic and enjoyable reunions of the encampment was the result of the meeting. The Second Pennsylvania Cavalry is one of the historic veteran cavalry regiments of the Army of the Potomac, having been selected by every commanding general of that army for duty at headquarters on account of its efficiency and fine military bearing. For several years it served in the second brigade, second division, under Gen. Gregg, and always enjoyed the confidence of that brave cavalry commander. About two hundred and fifty survivors of the regiment still exist, its total number of enlisted men having reached about two thousand. Its fine and costly bronze monument near Gen. Meade's headquarters at Gettysburg is one of the meritorious works of art on that historic field, having been designed by J. K. Ellicott, the sculptor, of this city.

Capt. Albert N. Seip, now residing in this city and who has been president of the regimental association for the past five years, presided, and J. J. Galbraith, who has served efficiently for the same period as secretary, recorded the proceedings. Comrade B. Chambers, a member of the Virginia Legislature, was elected to serve as a representative of the regiment on the committee for the cavalry corps to erect a monument in this city in honor of the cavalry. Comrade J. J. Galbraith was elected to represent the regiment in the corps committee on correction of the cavalry records. The assemblage was stirred when Capt. Seip exhibited the old and torn cavalry guidon of Company A which he saved at the battle of Gettysburg and which he treasures as a precious relic of his command.

Stirring and enthusiastic addresses were made by Comrades B. Chambers, H. S. Clark, who recited very pathetically "The Old Canteen;" Wm. C. Frew, F. H. Armstrong, who read a fine poem; Dr. A. B. Porter, A. N. Seip and others. Capt. Wm. C. Frew was elected president, J. J. Galbraith secretary, D. Chambers treasurer and Albert N. Seip historian for the ensuing year. Comrade [illegible] Clark, chief of the third division railroad mail service city post office, one of the members of the regiment present, was only fourteen years of age when he enlisted, and looks like one of the Sons of Veterans among the old white-haired boys there assembled.

I had anticipated and planned to attend the reunions of a lot of cavalry regiments, but it was simply impossible to move from the tent assigned to our regiment, and thus fail to greet the varying stream of old comrades there appearing. I did attend the reunion of the Cavalry Corps. I did enjoy it but not fully. There was something of the town meeting about it that separated it from the gathering of comrades from one regiment with oneness of purpose and oneness of experience.

I did attend the reunion of the Twentieth Maine Infantry, the night of September twenty-first. They were entertained at Mt

Pleasant by Gen. Spear, and it was a right good reunion happy in all its incidental relations, and most hospitably entertained by the general.

The evening of September twenty-second I found [illegible] my disposal and attended the reunion of the First Maryland Cavalry and the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry. I was an observer only, sitting in the shade of the tent, watching the manner of proceeding and the remarks. Both were [illegible] with speeches, but the reunion of the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry interested me most. We knew that regiment [illegible] were in friendly relations with many of its members. They continued their session for a much longer time than the First Maryland and seemed reluctant to depart. There was [illegible] a strong bond of affection between its members. This [illegible] largely due to the influence of the president, Capt. [illegible] has done so much for the good of the association that [illegible] ber could fail to recognize and return his kindness. Capt. [illegible] all the comrades of our regiment will know and remember [illegible] his letters in the BUGLE. He is a gentlemanly, [illegible] man. I had the joy of meeting Col. Robinson of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. How clearly I remember his appearance and action at Sailor Creek, April 6, 1865, when the Sixteenth Pennsylvania and First Maine went forward as one, in memory of Shepherdstown and fields previously fought together. Judge R. R. Pealer of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and now of Three Rivers, Michigan, shook me by the hand and the [illegible] of my acquaintance formed with him at the crowded entrance to the Russell House at Detroit last year was brought to memory, when the instant removal of the disagreeable pressure and annoyance of a crowd was occasioned by the glad fact that a Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry comrade stood by my side. I met also Edgar Clement of the Second New York Mounted Rifles, whose letters in the BUGLE have made him known to [illegible] Gen. E. M. Whitaker of the First Connecticut and Second New York Cavalry was a glad acquaintance, and Chaplain Joseph E. Bradley of the Tenth New York Cavalry, brought joy by his saintly countenance and good will.

September twenty-three brought a delightful and wide excursion down the river Potomac with the members of the encampment. A delightsome, pleasant day and a most enjoyable trip. I had been down and up the river before in war times but was then preoccupied by responsibility or burdened by wounds and never as on this day realized what a wide, broad and magnificent river the Potomac was, and it was enough to me why Washington erected his mansion on its banks and desired to have the capital of the republic at the upper part of its wide expanse.

At Indian Point we landed and viewed the proving grounds of the United States navy for the new heavy ordnance, and in fact for the smaller ordnance and repeating cannon. All these guns with their mechanism are in fact attractive in an artistic point of view, as well as impressive from their powerful range. One of the five-inch guns was fired for our benefit and we watched with interest the high leap of the projectile as it struck the startled waters, which sprang heavenward and we wondered to see it leap and leap till nearly out of sight on the distant surface of the Potomac waters.

On the steamer we were well fed and happy. On our return as the shades of evening drew around us, the comrades gathered in the saloon and passed complimentary resolutions to the committees of the Potomac Department and the city of Washington for their magnificent work in receiving, caring for and entertaining the veterans and the National Encampment. Capt. Farnum of the First Vermont Cavalry, presided. As the chairman of the Washington Committee, Edson rose and replied to the resolution, he received an ovation that shook the steamer. After various speakers, Capt. Jack Crawford of New Mexico addressed the boys in cow boy style. It was rough and patriotic at times, but most comical and wholly inspiring. Its close was tumultuous cheers and laughter. At its close Thomas J. Luttrell of the Fortieth Virginia Infantry confederate veteran and a member of the Washington Committee, was called out. As he is, five and two inches of stature, clothed in a greyish suit, held the attention, he commenced to speak in an impressive and fraternal

manner, but through it ran a tone of sadness in marked contrast with the speeches of the boys in blue, that sobered entirely the entire throng. In the hush that followed his remarks a comrade with a rich voice commenced to sing, "We are tenting to-night, boys, on the old camp ground." He sang it with fervor, swaying the audience with his hands as he moved them with his voice. I looked around as best I could, and tears were streaming from the eyes of all the vast number of grey headed men crowded into the large saloon. I never saw so full a response to the memories that held us all.

(To be continued.)

Capt. J. P. Carson's Devotion to His Regiment.

BY GEN. J. J. CILLEY.

Capt. Carson was taken sick just after the battle of Cold Harbor June 2nd, 1864, and was taken next day to St. James Church, used as a hospital, when he was so affected by his illness that in his own language he did not care whether he lived or whether he died, but rather preferred the latter as the least painful. When the hospital at the church was broken up he was moved to a hospital boat stationed near White House Landing. Here he remained sick with a severe form of typhoid fever till the regiment were well on the way to the Trevillian Raid and the boat was ready to start for Washington. The morning before she was ready to move the tide left her with her guards inclined towards the wharf and about four feet from it. The more he contemplated the position of the wharf the more the desire grew strong to reach it and return to his regiment. He went to the surgeon in charge and asked him if it would be safe for him to return to his regiment. The curt reply was that he wasn't fit for duty and it would be with his sickness simply delivering himself into death's hands. The captain returned to the deck; and the wharf, as the way of access to his loved regiment, won the day. He went over

the side and stood again in the "sacred soil." He found quarters and subsistence among the trains and quarter master supplies at the Landing and waited the return of his regiment. It came in due time and with it his horse and accoutrements, and he was once more in the saddle and in the line of active duty. Immediately came the fight at Black Creek the long march to the Chickahominy, the long and fearful day at St. Mary's Church where so many of our comrades lay down to rest forever. As we fell back and back, wearied and unrelieved, keeping the enemy at pistol distance, at the last stand he saw a place to make a barricade of rail and forced the men to construct such barricade and take post behind it till he had nearly two hundred men in position, when came the mounted charge of the rebels carrying all before it. As this charge flanked the barricade the only thing to be done was to get out of it before they were cut off. This he successfully performed and was making good progress for a new position when he came upon Lieut. Gordon wearied and unable to go any further, licking the sand that enabled Carson to hold the field in spite of his fever and debility, unwilling to abandon his Lieutenant, he tried to help him along till the rebs swung their lines around them and captured both. The sequel of the fever was a long term of imprisonment and exposure in rebel prisons. He has yet to look for his reward for early rejoining his regiment and his efforts to save a brother officer.

A Skirmish at Little Auburn, Va.

BY G. W. WILES, (101ST N. Y. CAV.) DELAWARE, OHIO.

In October, 1863, Lee's army made an attempt to pass around the right flank of the "Army of the Potomac," and interpose a force between them and Washington. Meade therefore ordered a retreat of his whole army. October 12th the cavalry guarding his right flank had a sharp brush with the enemy at Sulphur Springs, at the crossing of the Rappa-

hannock River, and falling back before a heavy force found themselves near Little Auburn, a small cross road village. On the evening of the 13th our regiment covering the rear, Capt George Vanderbilt was ordered back on picket just after dark. Moving out of camp less than a half mile they placed their reserves in a small grove of oaks, through which ran a wood road and posted a line of videttes just beyond the grove. They soon discovered that in their immediate front was a large camp of the enemy, and from the numbers of fires it was evident that a large portion of the Confederate Army was there, and that they would probably move forward again in the morning.

Word was immediately sent to the headquarters of the regiment, and it was evident that the picket guard would get no sleep that night, as parties of the enemy were liable to run against them at any time. So they prepared to give them a warm reception in the morning when they should advance. A strong rail fence ran along the side of the woods toward the enemy, and where the wood road passed through was a heavy gate. This being the point where the advancing enemy would probably reach them first in the morning, they built a strong barricade of rails and timber. Then back at the edge of the wood toward our camp, along which ran another strong fence, a second barricade was built, leaving just space for the little squad of horsemen to pass around when a retreat was ordered.

Although the enemy was so near that loud talking in their camp could be heard and their camp guards seen, they appeared to have no knowledge that our forces were so near, and our pickets took every precaution against making their presence known. Every ear and eye was strained to catch the faintest indication of an advance by the enemy. Nearly an hour before daylight signs of activity were manifest in portions of their camp and our boys were aware that in a few minutes the enemy would be upon them, and a struggle against great odds to hold them back, necessary.

Capt Vanderbilt formed his little force of thirty-five or forty men across the road in rear of the outer barricade with their

carbines ready. Presently the tramp of horses and rattling of sabers out in the darkness announced their approach. As they drew near the Captain sang out, "Halt, who comes there." The only response was an order from the Confederate officer, "Draw sabers, charge," and on they came through the darkness, not knowing what they were to meet. When within fifty yards of the rail fence and barricade the captain gave the order, "Fire!" and a sheet of flame sprang out from the carbines that illuminated the night and horses and riders went down. In an instant almost their line struck our barricade, which was too strong for them, and horses and riders rolled over each other. Before they had recovered from their astonishment we gave them another volley and they fell back out of sight. This repulse put our men in high spirits, although aware that at the first light of day the enemy would easily push us back. In a short time the enemy recovered from their surprise and advanced more cautiously, extending their flanks well to the right and left as if to learn the extent of our line, and as daylight was fast approaching our captain, aware that his small force would be soon flanked and captured if he remained longer, gave them one more volley and fell back to the second barricade. Being unopposed the enemy soon passed the fence and first barricade, and believing that our small squad had fallen back in confusion came galloping through the open timber nearly up to the second fence before the light was sufficient to see our small party, when our boys gave them another volley and they broke for the rear again.

But in a few minutes it was evident that their lines on either flank were advancing again and we fell back toward the regiment which was now mounting. One squadron under Capt. Thomas Johnson, charged down the road with sabers, when the enemy opened fire and several horses and men went down, among them the horse of the gallant captain, who so fell that Johnson was unable to get away and was made a prisoner, and for more than a year suffered and starved as a guest at "Hotel Libby." Col. Avery having orders not to further oppose the advance of the enemy ordered the regiment back

and the retreat was continued until near Bristoe where we found Gen. Warren with the Fith Corps swinging into line; and as the enemy came on he advanced, striking them in flank, and rolled them up, capturing many prisoners.

COMMENTS ON THE ABOVE.

The account of Comrade Wiles is another feature of the peculiar intermixture of the two opposing armies in the retrograde movement of October, 1863. The night of October twelfth our regiment was in the rear of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry and walked into their camp. The night of the thirteenth, Stuart's Cavalry advanced to Auburn and beyond toward Catlett's Station, and the Second Corps marched at night to their rear and encamped near Auburn, directly behind them, and the Fifth Corps were on their left flank and the moving Union wagon train in their front. Stuart was in a trap, but he thus describes the situation, with a little touch of confidence that came after the affair was over and which did not exist at the time:

Stuart retraced his steps to Auburn, if perchance a passage might still be forced at that point. A brief reconnoisance developed the fact that he was securely enclosed between two large marching columns of the enemy, and that any attempt to force his way through could be successful, if at all, only at a great sacrifice.—Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry, p. 389.

"Our left flank, which extended across the road to Catlett's, was our weak point, and against this a strong attack was directed. It was all-important to repel this for our only means of egress lay in that direction. Colonel Rutan now led the First North Carolina Cavalry in a mounted charge. He rode over a strong line of skirmishers, most of whom surrendered; but his charge was broken by the close line of battle beyond, and his men returned and reformed for another attack, but left behind them for dead their gallant leader. The enemy's advance was checked, and, seizing the favorable moment the artillery and wagons were withdrawn from the hills, and, passing in rear of the enemy's position the whole command was extricated from its perilous situation. Stuart had expected when he commenced the attack that he would be aided by a vigorous movement of our troops from Warrenton, and he had hoped that the combined assault would inflict serious damage upon the enemy, and perhaps bring on a general engagement."—Idem, p. 3[illegible].

THE ASSEMBLY.

"Saddle up, pack up, and be ready to move on [illegible]."

The next call of the BUGLE, to be issued next January, will be the annual Roll Call, and we need the assistance of every living comrade to make this roll call complete. So every one of you look out the roll in the last January Call and wherever you find the name of a comrade which is not properly filled out, sit right down now—don't wait until to-morrow—and write to the editor or to Gen. Cilley, giving the full facts. If there is the name of a comrade without his address, and you know the address, send it along. If there is the name of a comrade who has died, and there is no mention of the fact, send the time and place of death at once. Anything that is not correct, write and have it corrected. This must be attended to at once in order to be in season for the printer. If the comrades will attend to this they will assist in making as complete a roll call as ever was made. By the memories of the comrades, living and dead, we urge you to do this much for them.

With the next call will commence a new campaign. Campaign II., which was entered upon for the purpose of presenting the reports of our reunions to the comrades, is finished. The report of the last reunion, at Washington, may be found in this Call. Ten times has the BUGLE visited the comrades, each time bringing them an account of one of the glorious reunions of our regiment. This was the foundation of the BUGLE. But each time also has it brought them an increasing amount of reading matter of more interest to them than to anyone else, until our pages have been crowded and we have been obliged to enlarge our borders many times.

Hereafter we shall have an account of a reunion but once a year. But the BUGLE will continue to visit the comrades four times a year, just the same, and will continue to be filled with interesting reading matter prepared solely for the comrades and their families. Something, however, must take the place of the accounts of the reunions. Now there will be room for the sketches by the comrades which have been promised from time to time—room for sketches such as only the comrades can write. The sketches which the comrades have already furnished are full of life and of interest to every other comrade. Every comrade who has enjoyed these sketches owes it to every other comrand to prepare one for them to read. The pages of the BUGLE are open to all. There is not a comrade but can write an interesting sketch of service if he will only try. And nothing is more readable to the comrades than what is written by other comrades. So, comrades, the BUGLE belongs to you—it is yours, and upon you depends the manner in which its pages shall be filled. If you will do your duty to yourself and to each other as you did to the country long years ago, then the BUGLE will thrill your hearts as of old.

Take hold and help, comrades, on the roll call.

We have in hand for publication as soon as practicable, the following sketches: "A Cavalry Reminisence," being an account of the famous ride to Little Washington in the autumn of 1863, by Lieut. Horatio S. Libby; a stirring narrative of the escape of Capt. Andrew M. Benson from a rebel prison in 1864; an account of the First Cavalry Fight at Kelly's Ford, March 17th, 1863, by Maj. Frank W. Hess, United States Army; and "With Gregg in the Gettysburg Campaign," by Lieut.-Col. William Brooke-Rawle, Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Rally, comrades, and assist in making the roll call complete.

Another of Maj. Hall's interesting sketches in the series entitled "After Appomattox."

is published in this Call, and the gallant Major has promised another sketch for the January Call.

We call attention to the poem by Comrade Charles C. Hassler, Co. I, Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, entitled "Number Four." We have several selections from his pen which will be given in due time.

The roll call needs your help, comrade—not the help of some other comrade, but your help.

Bind Your Bugles.

James Hearn & Co., binders of the history, will bind the ten calls of the BUGLE in half morocco, stamped on one side with cross sabres and lettered on the back, making a companion volume to the history, for eighty cents per volume in lots of one hundred.

Comrades who also have the copies of our reunion proceedings, first to eleventh, can have them bound in like manner and price. Comrades are urged to do this and thus preserve the literature of our service.

The treasurer, Geo. Culley, will receive the issues, and when one hundred are on hand forward to the binder.

The postage on the BUGLES forwarded to the treasurer will be one cent for every four ounces, but the return postage on the bound volume will be one cent for every two ounces.

Mail is the cheapest way of sending the BUGLE. The bound volumes will cost about the same by express or mail.

The first issues of the BUGLE and the copies of our first reunions are in demand to complete sets for binding.

Comrades who may not desire to preserve their copies will confer a great favor on the Association by sending their copies to the treasurer and thus supply the members who have lost their numbers.

Surplus Numbers.

There are quite a large number of copies of the reunion proceedings from the fifth to the eleventh, which will be given to any member of the Association, who may desire thus to complete their sets or who may wish to preserve them as interesting and valuable records of regimental life.

Capt. Melville B. Cook, whose nomination for County Commissioner of Knox County was noticed in last issue, was one of the few successful candidates on the Republican ticket for that county; thanks to the comrades of Co. B and the old regiment, who rallied as a man to his support.

Jonnies.

In war time we called the Confederates "Jonnies." That name held more of good fellowship than of hostility. Today it holds good fellowship only. This call of the BUGLE furnishes abundant evidence that the kindest feeling and respect exists between the old soldiers of both armies. All this evidence is most happy and of peculiar interest. Read the letters of Major Brown and Thomas J. Sanford, and Gen. Cilley's report. He found the same feeling during all his journey in Virginia.

On our advertising pages will be found the notice of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, and all who are intending to visit Chicago and the World's Fair will find it to their advantage to read this notice before deciding upon their route. The conduct of this road is too well known to need any recommendation.

The BUGLE was made the official organ of the Comrades' Society of the Armies of the United States at the annual meeting last June. The July Call contained the report of the proceedings of that meeting, and sketches are promised by different members of the society from time to time.

Read the roll call as published last January, see who is missing, and write us about it.

Correction.

On page 61, fifth line, insert October in place of September.

The First Rhode Island Cavalry.

When the seven companies of the regiment entered Virginia in April, 1862—their first campaign—they stopped in the woods near Catlett's station. We were about as forlorn a body of cavalry men as was ever seen during the whole war. We arrived there with our horses and that was about all. It was raining and we had no

tents; we were hungry and we had no food, nor had we any cooking utensils; we were cold and we had no axes with which to cut down the splendid white oak trees all around us, in order to build fires. We were destitute. It was our first march, and everything had been put into the wagons, and the wagons were hung up the other side of a creek five miles away. We were cold, wet, hungry, weary and helpless. We named our stopping place "Camp Misery," and spent there two or three of the most miserable days of the whole term of service. Near "Camp Misery" was another camp known as "Camp Mud." This was occupied by the First New England Cavalry, afterwards the First Rhode Island Cavalry. They had arrived a day or two before, and the rain which begun on our last day's march had not flooded the creek so as to keep their wagons back. They had some of the comforts of camp life, but not all. They had carbines, however, which we had not. There were cattle roaming about in the vicinity, but we could not kill them. Yet as we had nothing to eat, we must kill them. So carbines were borrowed from the Rhode Islanders, cattle were killed, and we were saved from starvation, even though we were obliged to cook that beef on the end of a stick and eat it without condiments or accompaniment. And many other kind services did they perform for us, in those our days of need. Thus the Rhode Islanders saved our lives. We were not destined to remain with this regiment long. They were sent into other localities, and we met them but seldom during our service, though we heard of them and of their gallant deeds and grand record now and then. But we always remembered them and their kindness to us when kindness was worth something.

The First Rhode Island Cavalry held their annual reunion on the 4th of August last, at Pleasant Bluff, on the shores of the beautiful Narragansett Bay, and it was our good fortune to be present. We enjoy one of these reunions almost as much as we do one of our own. There is a spirit of comradeship among them, as there is among our own comrades, which I have never seen at

any Infantry reunions, and I have attended many of them. We enjoyed this reunion because we felt very much at home. Some of the comrades we have been acquainted with for a score of years, some of them we "had not seen since the muster-out," nor before, either. But they were all comrades. The reunion was very much like one of our own—cordial, comradely, cavalry greetings, old stories, jokes, a business meeting, a dinner, then speech making, etc. It was pleasant to us to be called upon as a representative of the cavalry regiment which had the best reputation of any regiment in the service—which lost more men killed in action, had the largest number of battles upon our flag, etc., and it was pleasant to respond by relating the story of the first meeting of the two regiments, and giving the First Rhode Island Cavalry the credit of saving our regiment in the time of greatest need it ever experienced. Chaplain Frederic Dennison (the "fighting chaplain")—as good a soldier of the nation as he was soldier of the cross—read an original poem at this reunion, which he has kindly allowed to be presented in our columns, and every comrade should read it while thinking of the time the cowbines of the First Rhode Island killed the beef which kept us from suffering. All hail to the comrades of the First Rhode Island Cavalry.

Gen. John Pope.

Within a few weeks there has passed away a soldier who was at one time prominent in the rebellion, but whose final muster-out was barely noticed in newspapers which have poured out columns of tribute to men much less deserving. Gen. John Pope died and was buried and few knew of it, or realized that it was he who once commanded the glorious old Army of the Potomac. The comrades of that grand army who were serving in front of Washington during the summer of 1862, when Gen. Pope was appointed to the command, will remember the thrill of joy with which they greeted his breezy orders—those orders which were received with so much ridicule. We had been marching to and fro, backward and forward, to the Rappahannock and be-

yond and back towards Washington, to Falmouth and then to the Shenandoah Valley, and we could understand nothing about it. Of one thing we were assured, and that was, that the whole army seemed to be busily engaged in protecting the property of rebels rather than in fighting them. Our comrades will remember the first time we were sent out foraging, when it was a matter of life or death for men and horses, when a receipt in the name of Uncle Sam was given for all that was taken: they will remember how many of the boys, and sometimes whole companies, were detached as safeguards to protect the property of the citizens from being taken by our men, who were suffering for want of what was so near them and so strictly guarded. We were told it was the property of "Union citizens" we were guarding so carefully, until we were led to believe that all the citizens of Virginia were looked upon by the government as Union citizens, while we felt that there was nothing more scarce in this world than Union citizens in Virginia. We remember once upon a time the regiment was camped near a mansion where such care was taken of the grounds that some of the incorrigibles of the regiment averred that they were not allowed to whittle on the camp ground; where the horses had to be watered, one company at a time, and the horses led out in single file, so as not to mar the beautiful grounds of the "Union citizen" who owned the grounds: where there was no comfort in living. When Gen. Pope took command of the army and issued his famous orders we knew all this would be changed, and we welcomed the change. We felt that the troops which were scattered all about doing "safe-guard duty" would be gathered together again into an army, which was done. We felt that Gen. Pope believed that the army was raised for the purpose of fighting the enemy, not of protecting him so that he might the better fight us. Gen. Pope infused more life into that portion of the Army of the Potomac than did anything else until the appointment of Gen. Grant to its command. He did not

win the second battle of Bull Run—it isn't worth while to enquire why at this late day, as the comrades well know why—but he did inspire the troops with new life, he did inaugurate a change in the whole manner of campaigning in Virginia, and the old idea of protection to the enemy's property was never revived. From that time forth there was a new order of things, and in the end success crowned our arms. Who shall say then that Gen. Pope does not deserve the highest credit for his service in the Army of the Potomac—the credit of one of the most important military steps taken from the firing upon Fort Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox? God bless Gen. John Pope.

Kind Words.

The Rockland *Tribune* publishes an article upon the July Call of the BUGLE, from which the following kind words are taken with thanks. The *Tribune's* article closes with the sketch by Comrade William H. Luce:

THE FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

The July issue of this interesting publication shows by its increased pages and its varied contents a growth both in financial and literary points of view that is most creditable to the association and to those who have immediate charge of the quarterly. It now contains more reading matter than the *North American Review*. It may not be quite modest to speak of the mechanical excellency of the periodical as it was executed in THE TRIBUNE office, but we should be very happy to have a comparison made of our work with that of any other printing establishment in the state.

Since the April issue the BUGLE has been adopted as the official organ of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States and will contain contributions from members of the mounted regiments, north and south, which participated in the War of the Rebellion.

All its articles are carefully written and contain valuable historic facts and fascinating narratives of personal experience. This last quality is well shown in the semi-plaintive account of the soldier "beguiled by chance." There are three original poems, all well worthy of permanent preservation in our literature.

Among its larger and more ambitious articles is an exhaustive and interesting account by our townsman, Young Gilkey, of the exploration of Grand River and the re-discovery of Grand Falls by the Bowdoin College scientific expedition to Labrador; and an account of "the country for which we fought" by the editor, containing quite a large number of illustrations.

The First Maine Cavalry claims a list of first things—and not content with bearing three more authentic names of battles on its colors than any other regiment, and of having lost more officers and more men killed in battle than any other cavalry regiment in the entire army, now claims the honor of having

on its rolls the name of the first man who enlisted in the War of the Rebellion. We present this claim, not only for its own interest, but because it mentions the name of Dick Martz, a genial citizen of our neighboring town, picturesque Camden. It is written by Wm. H. Luce, of Rice Lake, Wis.

Our First Visit to Warrenton.

The comrades who went on the famous expedition to Warrenton on the night of April 11th, 1862, will never forget that experience, but the following story of that expedition, told by Capt. George N. Bliss, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, will be new to them:

Some of Gen. Sigel's men had been left sick in Warrenton, nine miles from our camp, and about sunset one night six hundred of the First Rhode Island and four hundred of the First Maine Cavalry marched for Warrenton, escorting ambulances in which the sick men were to be brought within our lines. About midnight the column was halted, and an officer came along the lines giving the order in a whisper, "Draw sabres." The men had never been in action, and this order, given in a low whisper in the darkness of midnight, was appalling but it was obeyed, and the men could be seen carefully adjusting their sword knots and swinging their sabres to be sure they were ready to strike home; then at a slow walk we moved into the town and Warrenton was ours. Some of the citizens, aroused from sleep by the clanking of sabre scabbards and the ringing of horses' shoes on the stone pavements, opened their windows and looked out, and one citizen came out on the street just as the colonel reached the court house. He ordered said "Corporal Jones, you will take this citizen as a guide, and produce the mayor of this city instantly." In a few minutes the United States flag was made fast to the halliards of the court house flagstaff, and the mayor was produced, showing evidences in his confused clothing and disordered hair of a hasty toilet, and the following ensued:

Colonel—Are you the mayor of this city?

Mayor—Yes, sir.

Colonel—Hoist that flag.

Mayor—Hadn't you better hoist it yourself? I don't acknowledge that flag.

Colonel—Hoist that flag instantly.

The mayor hoisted the flag, the style of the colonel evidently impressing him with the belief that to refuse was death, and then the colonel said:

"Now, sir, I hold you responsible that when I return here again to-morrow night that flag shall still float."

"But," said the mayor, "suppose that Stuart or Ashby comes in?"

"But they won't come—they won't come," said the colonel, with crushing emphasis. "They have heard of me!"

The Kansas Crop of '92.

SIXTY MILLION BUSHELS OF WHEAT—A BUSHEL FOR EVERY INHABITANT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Never in the history of Kansas has that state had such bountiful crops as this year. The farmers cannot get enough hands to harvest the great crop, and the Santa Fe Railroad made special rates from Kansas City and other Missouri River towns, to induce harvest hands to go into the state. The wheat crop of the state will be from sixty to sixty-five million bushels, and the quality is high. The grass crop is immense, and is a very large one; the early potatoes, rye, barley and oat crops are made, and are all large. The weather was propitious for corn, and it is the cleanest, best looking corn to be found in the country today. Cheap rates were made from Chicago, St. Louis, and all points on the Santa Fe east of the Missouri River to all Kansas points on August 30 and September 27, and these excursions gave a chance for eastern farmers to see what the great Sunflower State can do. A good map of Kansas will be mailed free upon application to Jno. J. Byrne, 723 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill., together with reliable statistics and information about Kansas lands.

BUGLE ECHOES.

"Its echoing notes your memories shall renew
From sixty-one until the grand review,
Where elbows touched and troops rode boot to boot,
Triumphant 'neath the flag that South and North salute."

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

PORT CALEDONIA, Cape Breton,
May 31st, 1892.

DEAR GEN. CILLEY,—I received the BUGLE and enclose you one dollar for a year's subscription. I will also fill up the dates with regard to marriage, etc. I feel so interested in the BUGLE I think the sound should bring a host of subscribers.

I remain yours respectfully,
ROBERT NUTTER.

[Hist. p. 537.]

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass, June 13th, '92.
GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Old Comrade,—Please find enclosed one dollar for BUGLE for second year. I sent you one dollar last year for first year which you did not credit to me as per inclosed slip. The BUGLES are worth their weight in gold. I hope to meet you and all the boys at Washington in September. I am suffering from an accident to right hand. Will send family record for next campaign. If you intend to print another Roll Call sometime in the future I will send all corrections I may know of. Gen. Smith's brother is a neighbor of mine and is greatly pleased with the BUGLES I loan him.

Yours in F. C. and L.,
BRACKETT F. DOE.

[Hist. p. 609.]

(The January Call of each year will contain a roll call of the members of the regiment.—ED.)

347 EAST TENTH ST, ST. PAUL, MINN.
JULY 14th, 1892.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—

Enclosed please find draft for two dollars to pay my subscription for the BUGLE, as also my genealogy, which you desired me to forward. It is very seldom that I meet anyone connected with the regiment, unless it is when I go east, but here in St. Paul I do not have the pleasure of meeting any of my old comrades. I have had the satisfaction of meeting Capt. Cole once in a while, and am glad to be able to say that the last time I saw him he was as fat and jolly as ever. Should you ever come as far west as St. Paul I should be delighted to meet you, as also any others of the boys of the First Maine Cavalry.

Yours very truly,
EBEN L. SHACKFORD.

[Hist. pp. 413-515.]

---

94 SOUTH MARKET ST., BOSTON,
AUG. 15, 1892.

DEAR GENERAL:—

Enclosed find check for two and a half dollars, amount due for the BUGLE to October, 1892. Let them come, and I should fail to respond with cash as often as you would like. "Here the rally."

Yours truly,
JOHN B. DEANE.

437 East Twenty-Second St.,
New York, Aug. 16, 1892.

Gen. J. P. Cilley:

Dear Comrade,—Your copy of the Bugle just received, also slip showing indebtedness of fifty cents for same. I enclose check $1 in payment. The excess fifty cents devote to sending the Bugle to some deserving worthy comrade, and if he takes as much pleasure in reading it as I do he will be well pleased indeed. While I was not a cavalryman but rather a mud-slinger, alias an infantryman, I find your Bugles of much interest indeed in bringing before me the stirring events and happenings of the days when I was a member of the good old Army of the Potomac. Please continue to send them and very much favor

Yours fraternally,
E. W. Schulte,
Late Serg't., Co. C., 13th Mass. Inf.

Bar Harbor, Mount Desert,
Aug. 31, 1892.

My Dear General:

Your letter was forwarded to me here at Bar Harbor where I am taking a fortnight's vacation. You certainly don't charge as much to get the "proceedings" in the hands of the members as it has cost us in the past. For my part I am profoundly grateful to you—for it has fallen to my lot every year to superintend the getting out of the pamphlet, reading proofs, mailing, etc., and it was a very irksome job, as it generally came along about the time my hands were full of work in my professional capacity. I trust too it will prove of benefit to your magazine, the Bugle, which is a most wonderful thing to be published by a regimental organization. It is full of of interesting matter, and I read the number you sent me with a great deal of enjoyment.

Very truly yours,
Gerrard Irvine Whitehead.

Bloomington, Ill., Aug. 26, 1892.

Gen. Cilley:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—I find upon my table a copy of the First Maine Bugle. I cannot express to you the feelings that are revived or the memories that are awakened by the perusal of its contents. First Maine Bugle. Not the old bugle that rang out upon the morning air to awaken the boys from peaceful slumbers, or sounded the charge that sent the thundering column into the midst of death so many times upon the soil of old Virginia in the sixties, not the old bugle that sounded "taps" when night had thrown its friendly shades over the dead and the dying of our brigade so many times when we were honored by being associated with you, but none the less a bugle sound that reaches from the far distant shores of Maine to the broad prairies of Illinois, and on to the snow-capped mountains of the Rockies. How well I remember you as a regimental and our brigade commander, Gen. Smith. The captain of my company, J. H. Harmony, of Co. L, was brigade inspector during the winter of '64. Coming to the brigade comparatively a new regiment after six months' dismounted service in the first brigade, first division, fifth army corps, our first acquaintance began at Stony Creek Station and Boydtown Plank Road. The Bellfield Raid, Dinwiddie Court House, Five Forks and Farmville, and finally at the grand wind-up at Appomattox, are ties of memory that now, after almost thirty years have past and gone, are strong in everything that tends to bind in bonds of comradeship all who yet survive. God bless you all. I inclose you one of my efforts in the way of poetry, should you honor it with a place in the columns of the Bugle. I should appreciate the kindness and remain fraternally,

Charles C. Hassler,
Co. L., 21st Pa. Cav.

SOUTH NORRIDGEWOCK, AUG. 19, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—Yours of the 15th received. I therefore remit the $1.50 for BUGLE and thank you beside, for it is a very welcome guest. It is one of our strongest ties now as we are so scattered; we think of each other when we receive each Call, filled with letters from old comrades from the First of Maine. You may be assured that every Call sent the boys is carefully read and filed away where they can be reached often. I fear we do not study the Holy Writ as studiously and frequently as we do this yellow covered volume. I have a few times after solemn obligations from comrades of another regiment "to be careful and not to soil it," let them take it to read, and have been surprised that they did not show more interest in it. But come to think of it they never knew the writers of those stories or they were not there on that day, and if they were in the battle mentioned, their position was different from ours. The fact, "this is my regiment, although we may have occupied a very humble position in it, makes us toss our heads a little when the question is asked, "to what regiment did you belong?" With pride we can say "we hold an honorable discharge from the First Maine Cavalry, dated August 1865, and received it upon the old camping ground at Augusta." Even if we did raid a sutler's tent at Newport News we have tried to be good citizens since, help pay the debt the government contracted in putting down the rebellion and do our best to aid every good cause. It is evident that we all are now passing down the sunny slope of life, but I think we should keep up good courage and try to meet each other at the annual reunions, as the duty we owe first to ourselves and secondly to the rest of the boys, and then when we hear the bugle sounding "Taps," "Lights out," the world can say that he has tried to do what good he could.

FLEMMER H. BUTLER,
Co. H., First Maine Cav.

[Hist. p. [illegible]]

---

196 to 200 LEWIS ST., NEW YORK,
AUG. 20, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—After an absence of two weeks I return to my office to find the package of July BUGLES as ordered. A copy was received at Jefferson, N. H., for which I beg to thank you. It is a very enjoyable number. At the same hotel with me—the Jefferson Hill House—was a couple of Bowdoin boys—Mr. Dane and Dr. Parker, who were very much interested in the account of the Labrador trip. Perhaps you will be interested to learn that the cedar in Rushton's boats in that trip, mentioned on page 27, was furnished by me. Rushton has been a customer of mine for many years, both in cedar and mahogany. I beg to thank you for your very flattering notice of my little poem, and I only hope it will please all the readers of the BUGLE.

With best regards, I am yours truly,

HENRY T. BARTLETT.

EASTPORT, ME., SEPT. 3, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear General,—I enclose one dollar and fifty cents to meet your small account rendered. I think the BUGLE increases in interest with every number. If I were in a position to be of any special service to the First Maine I would certainly go to Washington, but I expect that the G. A. R. will absorb nearly all interest and each one will want to devote as much time as possible to sight-seeing. I hope the weather may be favorable and all will have a good time. Shall expect a good account in the next BUGLE.

Yours truly,

C. H. SMITH.

BAY POINT HOTEL, ROCKLAND BREAKWATER, ROCKLAND, ME.,
AUG. 20, 1892.

COL. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Colonel,—I thank you cordially for the April and July copies of your First Maine BUGLE, which I find very entertaining and interesting.

Yours truly,
FITZ JOHN PORTER.

DOVER SOUTH MILLS, ME., AUG. 23, 1892.
GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—Father received the BUGLE and he is glad to get it. He is sick all the time and has a small pension of eight dollars a month. He is not able to pay for the BUGLE, but he is glad to get one any time. He takes great interest in reading them.

Yours truly,
ALLIE F.,
Daughter of Aaron Bartlett, Co. M.

In the same mail with this letter came a contribution from Fred D. Lyon of Co. B., now of Togus, Me., of one dollar for a deserving comrade, and by the gift, the daughter of Comrade Bartlett received an answer to her communication.—J. P. C.

BELFAST, ME., Sept. 11th, 1892.
GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Sir.—We received the April BUGLE, also the July number and were very much pleased with the April number containing my husband's history. The July number is also very interesting. I should have written and sent the money but we have been sick about all summer. George says if he could only be well enough and could afford to go to just one of the reunions he would be most thankful. He wishes to be kindly remembered to all his old comrades.

Very truly,
MRS. GEO. W. EATON.

FRANKLIN, N. H., SEPT. 7, 1892.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Please find one dollar for the "BUGLE." I am delighted with the idea of its connection with the Cavalry Society.

Yours sincerely,
A. H. BIXBY,
Maj. 1st R. I. Cav.

DELAPLANE, Va., Oct. 13th, 1892.
T. J. SANFORD, ESQ., Medford, Mass.:

Dear Sir.—Your very pleasant letter of 10th inst just at hand, and with much pleasure I have just read it to my family as from a Yankee friend. I am much gratified to know that you had a much more pleasant trip to Richmond, Va., than your boys had in the sixties. You found that our boys in peace could give just as warm receptions to our Yankee friends as we could in war. Thank God those days are gone, the flag is our flag, and he, she or it that offers insult to that flag will find in us poor ragged Johnnies a foe that is strong to defend. I feel certain could those who wore the blue mingle with the Southern boys, that no many months would elapse before every vestige of war feeling would vanish, and the feeling that should characterize and inspire every heart should be most friendly. May the pleasant hours spent by you and your comrades in our Virginia State be the forerunner of many yet to come. All visitors are thrice welcomed to our state. To you and those gentlemen I had the pleasure of meeting with you I extend a cordial invitation to visit me at my home. It will give me and my family pleasure to have you with us. Remember this I bring kindly to them. With pleasure permit me to say, "Hurrah for the Union and the Flag!" Hoping to hear from you some time, I am Very truly your friend,
WILLIAM A. RUCKER.

BANGOR, Me, Oct. 25th, 1892.
MY DEAR GENERAL:

You remember we left Washington together on Saturday the 24th, about noon, separating at Harper's Ferry, you going up the Shenandoah Valley while I was bound for Shepardstown, Antietam, etc. I stopped at Harper's Ferry for a short visit at quarters I occupied there in April and May, 1862, met one resident who was there at that time, the owner of the house used for headquarters by Gen. Miles and also by Gen. Beal, then commanding the Tenth Maine Infantry. At next station up the Potomac orders were "Change cars for Antietam, etc." and I found myself stranded at 3 P. M. with no train till 9.30, no hotel, no anything of interest to me. I strayed into a store near by, when a gentleman who came in to make some purchase, noticing my cavalry badge, asked me where I had served, and under what generals. My reply led him to ask if I was at the Shepardstown fight. I told him I was. "Well," said he, "I was under Rosser opposite you that day." Further conversation brought out the fact that we were also opposite at Aldie, Middleburg, Upperville and some other fights. We had a very interesting interview at the close of which he invited me to go over with him a few miles to his place and spend the Sabbath. I declined with thanks and returned to the depot to see what the prospects were for getting away or something to eat, if I stayed till the late train. An hour later, he being ready to start for home came and renewed his invitation so very cordially, I surrendered at once, finding my captor to be Major McDonald of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, a member of which once swore at Major Thaxter. After driving about four miles we approached the family mansion, beautifully placed in a thirty-acre grove of oaks. The farm or place contains four hundred and two acres and had been in possession of his wife's family for a hundred and thirty years—since 1762. I was presented to a charming lady on the sunny side of forty apparently, and whom I could hardly believe was the mother of eight grown or growing children, seven of whom were soon after sitting with me at a bounteous Virginia supper. Sunday morning all assembled for family prayers just before breakfast, and later the Major drove me over to the station for a train to Sharpsburg, thus ending a very pleasant episode of my Washington trip. A few miles by rail brought me to Sharpsburg and I spent a portion of the day in Antietam Cemetery, a lovely spot, kept in perfect order by the U. S. Government. Monday forenoon I spent in Hagerstown with a family with whom my wife boarded several weeks of the winter of '62 and '63, went to Gettysburg the same afternoon, where I spent all Tuesday, driving over the battle field with a guide who was in the battle and lives in Gettysburg, there being well posted. The whole trip was a grand occasion, the last of the kind I am likely to undertake.

Very truly yours,
G. M. BROWN.

[Hist. pp. 456, 641.]

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., SEPT. 2d, '92.
GEN. J. P. GILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade:—Yours of Aug. 31st at hand, I am glad to be able to comply with your request and inclose you a copy of "No 4." I also send you my favorite, "Going Down the Hill," and also "Only One Flag in Percession." I think this is enough for the present, but have some that I shall have to copy as I usually only retain one copy of each. I would not so readily comply with the request you make if it were not for the high esteem I hold for the First

Maine Cavalry. I consider it an honor to be in any way in company with the survivors of that regiment. In falling back from the burning and destroying of the station and bridge at Stony Creek, Va., December 1st, 1864, our regiment was the rear guard of the brigade, and the way those Johnnies hurried us was a caution. Several times we formed, by squadrons on either side of the road to allow the column to pass, then held them in check until another was formed farther on. But just at a time when they, the Rebs., got so close to the rear of the column as to throw it into confusion, we saw a light ahead in the woods on the roadside, back of the fire stood two hundred men of the First Maine Cavalry with you at their head, waiting for the enemy. And I shall never forget the music of those 16-shooters when the Rebs ran into them and you charged their confused colums. That was the last we heard of the enemy on that occasion. So if I can do anything to aid you in making your BUGLE CALL heard with pleasure and interest to the members of our regiment as well as yours, I shall be glad indeed to do so. Both myself and family read with interest, "The Bowdoin Boys in Labrador." Please let me know what pieces you have of my production and I will then know what to send you in future.

Fraternally yours,
C. C. HASSLER,
Co. L., 21st Pa. Cav.

ANDERSON, Ind., Oct. 19th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:

Sir,—Having met to-day a gentleman from my old home, the State of Maine, I made some inquiries about the late members of the First Maine Cavalry, if he could tell me of any who were living and where. He referred me to you; I had the impression that you did not survive your wound. I would like to hear from you and if, as this note says, you are editing a magazine which gives an account of all the old boys I would like to subscribe for it. Please let me know the sum required and I will remit the same. I was indeed pleased to hear of you and that you still lived. I was a member of Co. C, First Maine Cavalry, for nearly four years, being discharged one month ahead of the regiment with about twenty others. I hope to hear from you and that you will give my love to the boys at your next reunion. I am traveling for a confectionery house of Indianapolis, Ind., selling candy. My home is 210 Hoyet Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., where I have a fine little family of two beautiful daughters and two sons, and I would be pleased if you come to Indianapolis to Encampment next year to have you make us a call.

Most respectfully yours,
WILLIAM O. ELLIOT.

[Hist. p. 506. As William Elliot.]

STRONG, Me., Oct. 8th, 1892.

GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade—I have received the First Maine BUGLE since it has been printed and have thought I should be able to pay for it some time, but now I shall not be able to. Last Memorial Day while I was attending Memorial services at Strong I lost all my buildings by fire; lost everything, no insurance—one four-year-old colt, two pigs and all of my farming tools, so you see that I am not able to pay for the BUGLE. My health is very poor, I cannot do any work, and and it will be but a short time before I shall answer the last roll call. With many thanks to you and the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry, I am

Yours in F. C. & L.,
EDMUND T. BANKS,
Private, Co. L.

[Hist. p. 866.]

ROME, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—I intended to write you a long time ago, but my memory is very poor, almost a total wreck. I have been living in hopes that I could manage in some manner to pay for your BUGLE that you so kindly sent me. All the income I have in this world is my pension, and my doctor bills have been so large they with my other expenses has used up my income and more too, or I would have remitted to you for the BUGLE. The copies that I have received I have had bound in good substantial form. My health was so poor that I could not go to Washington. If I had been able to attend I would surely have skirmished around until I found you. My disease is locomoter ataxia, so that I am hardly able to walk, besides total deafness. I will close by wishing you and all the readers of the First Maine Bugle a long and happy life. And when the heavenly bugle sounds may we all rally around the Throne of Grace.

Yours in F. C. & L.

W. W. WILLIAMS,
Co. D, 10th N. Y. Cav.

NORTH LEEDS, Nov. 3d, 1892.

COMRADE CILLEY:

I thank you for sending me the BUGLE; reading its pages brings to mind the times that tried men's souls. I was a recruit in Company I and my first service was on Kilpatrick's Raid where I had my horse shot under me, my left arm broken and I was taken prisoner and confined in Libby Prison sixty days and then paroled. Government was so pleased with my services that they gave me two dollars per month pension. I am able to do but very little work. It is very hard for me to get along. I would like one of the badges and if you will send me one on my honor as a comrade I will send you the pay for it as soon as I earn.

Yours respectfully in F. C. & L.,

ALLEN F. GILLEY.

[Hist. p. 96.]

MARLBORO, Mass., Oct. 24th, 1892.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—What a glorious trip we had to Washington. I shall never forget it. I went to Alexandria, Fredericksburg, Richmond and Petersburg and looked them all over, also Gettysburg on our return home. Among other gentlemen that I met was William A. Rucker, late a member of Second Virginia Cavalry, who fought our regiment through the whole war, was in the battles of Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville and lives near Aldie. He insisted upon my visiting at his home. I have received a letter from him and as it seems to have the true soldier ring I send it for the BUGLE.

THOMAS J. SANFORD.

[Hist. p. 282.]

William Trimble, of Co. C, Cadiz, Ohio, writes: "I am not satisfied with the position of the First Maine Cavalry monument. I think it ought to be on the ledge where it was supported on Friday on the third day of the fight, when the rebel prisoners came on our left, and I saw Gen. Stuart, as I was told, carried by us on a stretcher sitting up and smoking a cigar. I did not have time to find the place while at Gettysburg, Sept. 18th, but have it clearly in my memory. Would like to have a fuller account written of Lieut. George S. Kimball. I was with him in the charge at Middleburg when he was killed. A braver man never lived.

GENEALOGICAL.

"There is no honor in rank or title or official station, no pride of family or of wealth, like the honor and pride which belong to the survivors of that great struggle which preserved constitutional liberty on the face of the earth."

ABBREVIATIONS.—b., born; d., died; dau., daughter; disch., discharged; en., enlisted; Hist., History; m. married; p., pages; res., resided.

HORATIO SMITH LIBBY.

Horatio Smith Libby, (Hist. p. 501); b. Sept. 30, 1839; res. Melrose, Mass.; oc., route agent; m. Frances Ayres, dau. of Charles Washington and Frances Eliza (Huckins) Ayres, June 1, 1871.

CHILDREN.

Horatio Ayers, b. March 19, 1876.
William Parker, b. Dec. 23, 1877.
Marguerite, b. Feb. 16, 1880.

Lieut. Horatio S. Libby was the son of William Libby, b. March 13, 1812; res., Gardiner, Me.; d. Oct. 5, 1881; m., Sept. 9, 1837, Martha Tilden (Smith) Libby, now living at Skowhegan, Me., with her daughter, Mrs. George B. Safford, whose husband is an honorary member of the Skowhegan Association. Lieut. Libby is the ninth generation from John Libby, who emigrated from England in 1630 and settled at Black Point, now Scarboro. His great grandfather (Dominicus) was a soldier of the revolution. His maternal grandfather,

EBENEZER SMITH,

Served *eight long years in the war of the Revolution*, as private, sergeant, sergeant-major, lieutenant and captain. He first volunteered in Sept., 1775, as private; promoted to sergeant and sergeant-major until he was commissioned as lieutenant from Jan. 1, 1777, under Capt. John Bailey, in the Eighth Massachusetts Continental regiment, commanded by Col. Michael Jackson; marched to Boston, there remaining for a time, then to Albany, N. Y.; from thence he was, with a detachment, detailed for service at Cherry Valley, Otsego Co., N. Y., to protect the inhabitants and property from destruction by an expected invasion of a body of Indians and Tories, in July, 1777. The enemy, after reconnoitering the place, retired without making an attack. Soon after he marched north to Fort Stanwix, now Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., the objective point of a large force of British, Tories and Indians, under the noted Indian warrior Brant, all commanded by Col. St. Leger, where he was besieged for twenty-one days. This fort after considerable repairs, in 1776 and 1777 was sometimes referred to as Fort Schuyler but the more familiar name was "Stanwix." The siege commenced Aug. 2, and was abandoned Aug. 22, 1777, and during that period the locality was the scene of military activity with battles to prevent relief sent from reaching the besieged party. After the enemy had retired he was ordered to rejoin his regiment, which was with the northern army under Gen. Gates at Stillwater, N. Y.

atoga county, New York, opposing the advance of Gen. Burgoyne, and he participated in the battles at that place Sept. 19th and Oct. 7th, which preceded the surrender of the British army at Saratoga, Oct. 17th, 1777. During this time of events in Saratoga county, the enemy in large force, with war vessels, had ascended the Chesapeake Bay and occupied Philadelphia, Sept. 26th, 1777, and Capt. Smith with his regiment, after the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, soon marched for Pennsylvania to join the army under Gen. Washington, who early in December went into winter quarters at the historic camp at Valley Forge, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, where with great privation for want of food and clothing the winter of 1777-8 was passed.

Capt. John Bailey had been dismissed from the service by a general court martial, and Lieut. Smith was transferred to the company of Capt. John Burnham in the same regiment, where he remained until commissioned as Capt. to rank as such from Sept. 16th, 1780, in the Eighth regiment. When the enemy evacuated Philadelphia, June 18th, 1778, he with the army under Gen. Washington left Valley Forge in pursuit, overtaking them while crossing New Jersey at Monmouth, where a battle took place June 28th, 1778 (an excessively hot day) after which the pursuit continued to New Brunswick, where war vessels were assembled to transport the retreating enemy to New York City. From thence the American army marched to and crossed the Hudson River and occupied the military posts in the highlands.

He was one of the volunteers under Gen. Wayne when he stormed and captured the Fort at Stony Point, N. Y., on the Hudson River, July 16th, 1779. There is on file a certificate from the Governor of Massachusetts, dated July 29th, 1780, which authorized him to act as captain-lieutenant, indicating actually the commander of a company. His commission as captain gave him rank as such from Sept. 16th, 1780, which was issued by Congress, in the same regiment. His company was disbanded in June, 1783, at Soldier's Foreing, near West Point, N. Y. The General Society of Cincinnati was organized about May, 1783, just prior to the partial reduction of the army in the succeeding June, and he joined the Massachusetts Society in August, 1783. During the war of 1812 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel in February, 1813, by President James Madison, but owing to his age and family considerations he did not go into actual service. He died at Woolwich, Sept. 4th, 1824.

JOHN LIBBY, THE EMIGRANT.

[From the "Libby Family in America," prepared by Charles T. Libby, Esq., of Portland.]

John Libby was for many years one of the town's principal planters, but he took no part in the affairs of the province, and little, so far as is known, in the management of the town. It incidentally appears, however, that he was a constable in 1694, and his name stands first of the four selectmen in a town grant bearing date 1699. His name, except as constable, does not appear at all in the Provincial Court records, and that at a period when quarrels and litigations were the order of the day, and indictments were issued for the most trivial offences and on most questionable testimony. That in point of morality he took a stand far above his class is very evident from a comparison between his accounts while on Richmond's Island and those of his fellow fishermen; whereas most of them spent their entire wages for spirits and tobacco he used no tobacco and very little intoxicating drink of any sort, while very nearly all

that he did use was wine. He seems to have practiced that quiet, correct, peaceful mode of life which has always characterized his descendants. In Phillip's War, in which were devastated all the more exposed settlements of Maine, John Libby suffered in common with the other inhabitants. He lost everything he had except his plantation. In the late summer of 1675 hostile Indians began to appear at Black Point, shooting cattle, etc. Those of the inhabitants who lived at any distance from the garrison (and among them John Libby) were compelled to leave their habitations for the safer abode. Their crops had to be gathered under the protection of soldiers, who went from Boston. The burning of John Libby's house was recorded in the diary of Capt. Joshua Scottow, who had charge of the Boston soldiers, as follows:

"Sept. 7, 1675. Being Lord's Day—the enemy—before of their designs early in the morning burnt those houses and barns our Capne saved the day before—they burnt also eight or nine deserted houses belonging to Libby and children."

In October, 1676, Black Point garrison was deserted and most of the inhabitants fled to Boston. The able-bodied men returned soon after and again took possession of the garrison, which the Indians, contrary to their custom, had left unburnt. Probably the women and children did not return till the close of the war. At any rate, John Libby with his wife and younger children were in Boston the 10th of July, 1677, and on that date petitioned the Governor and Council there assembled that his sons, Henry and Anthony, on whom he stated he was dependent for support, might be discharged from the Black Point garrison. The petition was granted the same day. He returned to Black Point probably very soon after. There was no serious trouble there subsequent to June, 1677, and April 12th, 1678 terms of peace were finally ratified. In a short time Black Point had regained something of its former prosperity, and in the few remaining years of his life John Libby acquired a comfortable property. He died at about eighty years of age.

THOMAS BENTON PULSIFER.

Thomas Benton Pulsifer, (Hist. p. 521); b. April 2, 1842; res. Vermouth, Mass.; oc. physician; m. June 1, 18[illegible], Annie Gorham, b. Sept. 3, 1859, dau. of Benjamin and Clara Gorham.

CHILDREN.

Carrie Rust, b. April 17, 1881.

Mary Anna, b. Nov. 3, 1882, d. April 28, 1885,

Gorham, b. April 1, 1887.

Thomas B. Pulsifer was the son of Moses Rust Pulsifer, b. Oct. 1[illegible], res. Ellsworth, Me., and Mary Steele Dunn, b. 1800, who were married 18[illegible]. Moses R. was the son of Jonathan and Polly (Rust) Pulsifer, the son of David Pulsifer, the grandson of Benedict Pulsifer. Mary S. Dunn was the dau. of Capt. Josiah Dunn and Sarah Barnes, dau. of Thomas Barnes. Polly Rust was the dau. of Moses and Sarah (Choate) Dunn.

CHARLES H. PICKARD.

Charles H. Pickard (Hist. p. 4[illegible]); m. Nora F. Cappers, of Levant, Sept. 1, 1866.

CHILDREN.

Carrie E., b. June 3, 1867.

Mamie, b. June 5, 1870.

Annette, b. July 10, 1875.

Res. Hermon, till 18[illegible], when he moved to Levant, where he died May 10, 1879.

SAMUEL W. PALMER.

Samuel W. Palmer, (Hist. p. 18[illegible]); b. at Pittston, Feb. 21, 18[illegible]; en. at Pittston; m. Lucretia S. Richardson.

CHILDREN.

Ona Mabell, b. Feb. 6, 1873.

Roy Livingston, b. Nov. 29, 1874.

After disch. was travelling until Feb. 1866, when he located at Charlestown, Mass., and res. there except two years in Glenwood, Mass., formerly East Medford; was employed in Charlestown navy yard as blacksmith for two years, and after that was travelling salesman in the steel business; Rebublican; Universalist; d. at Charlestown, March 4, 1885, of apoplexy.

Comrade Palmer told the following story of his service with the regiment: I joined the regiment at Long Bridge, marched to Washington, and from there went with the regiment to Frederick City, Md., there I re-enlisted in Fourth Regiment Infantry, went to New York harbor, drilled for two months, then sent to the front, I think to Brooks Station. I then ran away and came to First Maine at camp in woods just before going into winter quarters at Camp Bayard. When the regiment broke quarters in spring of 1863, I, being on sick list with chronic diarrhoea was sent to Aquia Creek, and to Washington and from there to United States General Hospital, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. I returned to the regiment at Bealton station, I think, and was with the regiment until May 28th, 1865, at which time I was discharged. During the time with the regiment had three bullets through my clothes, one through the top of my hat, some bullet knocking splinters from rail hurt my right eye badly, which was in bad condition for a month or two. This happened when on Sheridan's raid to Richmond on the same day that Capt. Loring was wounded, which my parents saw by newspapers and they thought I was sure to come home either crippled for life or to die, but, thank God, I am all right except loss of hearing in my right ear while in Camp Bayard.

CHARLES L. ROBINSON.

Charles E. Robinson, (Hist. p. 484); b. in Lunenburg, Mass., March 15, 1841; res. at en. Washington, Me.; m. Nettie A. Burns, Sept. 4, 1865; one child, Lena C., b. June 8, 1870; d. March 23, 1871. Oc. changeable on account of poor health; was last a country merchant in Washington, Me.; gave up all business in January, 1880, and has since been an invalid; Republican; belongs to no religious society, but attends whatever church happens to be in his vicinity.

RICHARD ROBERTSON, JR.

Richard Robertson, Jr., (Hist. p. 487); b. in Monroe, May 29, 1815; m. Susan Clements, Sept. 12, 1839.

CHILDREN.

Daniel S., b. March 13, 1841.

Francis M., b. Sept. 13, 1842; d. Sept. 11, 1843.

Francena J., b. June 19, 1844.

Cora E., b. May 5, 1846; d. March 6, 1872.

James A., b. Aug. 17, 1848.

George O., b. July 14, 1850; d. Oct. 1, 1905.

Lydia M., b. Aug. 12, 1853; d. Oct. 22, 1895.

Edgar A., b. April 22, 1855.

Susan M., b. Oct. 9, 1857; d. Oct. 29, 1895.

Charles R., b. July 6, 1859; d. July 11, 1860.

Frank L., b. July 21, 1861.

John, b. Nov. 20, 1865.

Res. Swanville; served in 8th Me. Vols. after service in 1st Me. Cav.; farmer; Republican; Methodist.

ISAAC SHIELDS.

Isaac Shields, (Hist. p. 495); b. in Linneus, May 23, 1839; m. Rebecca J. Starrett, April 5, 1867.

CHILDREN.

Emery A., b. June 11, 1868.
William A., b. May 2, 1870.
Thomas O., b. Aug. 23, 1871.
Lily J., b. June 5, 1874.
John I., b. Jan. 3, 1877.
Rachel E., b. May 15, 187[illegible].
Hartly M., b. June 15, 1881.
Oc. farming and working in the woods.

ZORADUS D. STEVENS.

Zoradus D. Stevens (Hist. p. 495); b. at Dixmont, Aug. 27, 1844; m. Olive Wentworth, July 28, 1865; one son, b. March 14, 1871. Oc. painter; res. Bangor, Monroe and Hampden Corner; Democrat until last election for President, Republican since; prefers the Baptist but attends the Methodist church.

ABEIZER VEAZIE.

Abeizer Veazie, (Hist. p. 495); b. at Camden, Aug. 20, 1831; m. Freelove D. Richards, April 19, 1851. She was b. Nov. 25, 1827, and was daughter of Robert and Margaret (Newbert) Richards.

CHILDREN.

Adella F., b. Jan 18, 1852; m. Jason M. Studley, of Rockland; has one child, Charles R., b. April 19, 1880.

Was a Republican and a Methodist; d. in Malden, Mass., Aug. 13, 1890 while attending the reunion in Boston that year.

MARCUS A. VOSE.

Marcus A. Vose, (Hist. p. 481); b. at Montville, Feb. 23, 1841; m. Miss Eva M. Averill, at Roxbury, Mass., June 11, 1866; one child, b. Dec. 22, 1867, lived three days; wife died at Boston, Jan. 2, 1872; m. Lizzie Mellen, at Boston, March 23, 1873.

CHILDREN.

Eva M., b. 1874, d. Dec. 1879.
May E., b. May 16, 1875.
Emil M., b. Oct. 1[illegible], 1[illegible].

Res. Providence, R. I.; oc. mason; Universalist; Democrat.

Comrade Vose tells the following story of his service after leaving the First Maine Cavalry. Enlisted and commissioned as lieutenant, Co. H, Second Maine Cavalry, Dec. 18th, 1863, at Augusta, Maine; left Portland with fourteen men and horses with Co. I; shipped on board the ship Lancaster for New Orleans, La., April, 1864; were forty-five days going out; remained in Louisiana until July, 1864; was in the Red River campaign. From Louisiana we embarked for Barrancas, Fla. After the fall of Forts Gaines and Morgan in Mobile Bay I was detailed with Capt. Johnson, with fifty men from different companies, and placed on Dauphin Island where Fort Gaines is located, for guard duty. While on the Island I was detailed by Gen. Robinson as Adjutant General of the fort and forces on the Island, with headquarters in Fort Gaines. December, 1864, we, the Second Maine Cavalry detachment, moved from Dauphin Island to the rear of Mobile to do scouting duty. We had several skirmishes while there. In January, 1865, we fell back to East Pascola, Miss., Jan. 30th took transport back to Dauphin Island; remained on the Island till Feb. 6th, then went to Barrancas, Fla. A brigade composed of a detail from Second Maine Cavalry, Florida Cavalry and Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, under command of Lieut.-Col. A. B. Spurling, left Pensacola, Fla., March, 1865, on a raid through the country to Montgomery, Ala. Lieut. M. A. Vose was A. D. C. on Col. Spurling's staff. Fifty picked men and horses were detailed from the Brigade for advance guard under Lt. Vose; March 25th captured two trains of cars on the Mobile and Montgomery, Ala., [illegible] loaded with rebel soldiers and a rebel

paymaster, with lots of rebel money. March 28th I was wounded at Muddy Creek Bridge, which was found destroyed so we couldn't get our horses across. I was detailed with fourteen of my men to dismount and cross the bridge the best way we could, and go a proper distance and do guard duty, while the bridge was being repaired. After going a short distance we came to another stream—just beyond it were breastworks thrown up. A shot was fired on our right and my sergeant exclaimed, "The rebs are flanking us." Thinking we were flanked every man fell back. The rebs behind the works opened fire on us. I and nine of my fourteen were wounded. Col. Spurling came over with two hundred dismounted men and charged the works but the rebs had left. Dr. Martin, our surgeon, probed my wound and took the bullet out, and I went on duty with the guard again. March 29th, joined Gen. Steele's force; April 1st advanced on Blakely, took one hundred prisoners and one battle flag; April 7th went on a scout dressed in gray, captured one captain, and lieutenant, and seven privates; one killed. April 8th made an assault on Fort Blakely with Gen. French's colored troops; captured two thousand prisoners; April 16th we entered Montgomery, Ala., and heard the news that President Lincoln had been assasinated; remained in Montgomery until October 1865. I was promoted to first lieutenant, Co. M, Second Maine Cavalry May 1st, 1865. Joined the regiment at Barrancas, Fla., October 1st, 1865. October 13th I was detailed as agent of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedman and Abandoned Lands; November 10th was placed in command of the post of Pensacola with Co. M. Was mustered out at Barrancas, Fla., December 6th, 1865.

DAVID H. WHITTIER.

David H. Whittier, (Hist. p. 5[illegible]; Bonn, Call vi., p. 31-33, pict., [illegible]; Call vii.) b. April 27, 1838; m. Addie F. Flanders, Nov. 29, 1874. She was a dau. of William Sand Frances Flanders; was b. Nov. 6, 1841; res. Cornville, P. O. address, Athens; farmer. His father, Smith Whittier, res. Harmony; was b. April 22, 1814; his mother, Hannah D. Horn, was b. Jan 9, 1815; m. May 24, 1837. His grandfather, Nathaniel Whittier, came from New Hampshire to Cornville, as did his maternal grandfather, David Horn.

EDWARD P. WORCESTER.

Edward P. Worcester, (Hist. p. 4[illegible]) b. Aug. 11, 1844; m. Jennie C. [illegible], dau. of John and Catherine Lang, June 30th, 18[illegible].

CHILDREN.

P. W. Worcester, b. Nov. 6, 1871; d. Aug. 10, 1872.

E. A. Worcester, b. Dec. 19, 1877.

W. W. Worcester, b. Aug. 1[illegible], 18[illegible].

H. H. Worcester, b. April 3, 18[illegible].

Res. Tekamah, Neb.; occ. merchant. His father was J. A. Worcester, who was b. Nov. 7, 18[illegible], and was the son of Allen M. Worcester; res. Bonne, Iowa; m. Eliza H. Nevins, dau. of Joel Nevins, July 10th, 1842.

CONTENTS OF CAMPAIGN II.

	Call	Page
AFTER APPOMATTOX, No. 1,	VI.	15–20
" " No. 2—Judge Cox,	VII.	69–73
" " No. 3—Black Horse Cavalry,	VIII.	14–17
" " No. 4—Fort Darling,	IX.	21–25
" " No. 5—The Cow Case,	X.	35–38
MAJ. HENRY C. HALE.		
AFTER TAPS—Poem	IX.	11–12
A DAUGHTER OF MAINE.		
ALDIE, A Comrade's Recollections of	VI.	31–33
DAVID H. WHITTIER.		
ALDIE, A Confederate Account	VI.	38–40
GEN. THOMAS T. MUNFORD.		
ALDIE, Battle of—Poem	IV.	13–14
MISS MINTA J. MOSHER.		
ANDROSCOGGIN ASSOCIATION, Organization of	V.	69
" " Annual Meeting, 1892	VIII.	58
APPOMATTOX, The Morning of	VI.	28–30
MONROE DAGGETT.		
AROUND THE CAMP FIRE—Poem	IV.	10–13
MISS LILLIAN L. SMITH.		
AUDITING COMMITTEE, Report of	III.	63–64
BANQUET TO GEN. CILLEY AND LIEUT. TOBIE,	V.	23–24
BEGUILED BY CHANCE,	IX.	64–67
A COMRADE.		
BLUE COAT OF THE SOLDIER—Poem	V.	17–19
BOOTHBY, LIEUTENANT COLONEL	IX.	100
BOWDOIN BOYS IN LABRADOR—No. 1	VI.	43–48
" " " " No. 2	VII.	74–81
" " " " No. 3	VIII.	31–52
" " " " No. 4	IX.	26–43
" " " " No. 5	X.	41–49
JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.		
BOYDTON PLANK ROAD, RECOLLECTIONS OF	VI.	67
FRANK C. NEEDHAM.		
BUGLER, THE—Poem	IX.	43–44
HENRY I. BARTLETT.		
CAMP PENOBSCOT, RELICS FROM	VIII.	57–58
CAMP PENOBSCOT, THE WINTER AT	VI.	33–35
C. W. SKILLINGS.		
CAPT. BIGELOW'S VISIT TO RICHMOND	V.	50–56
CAPT. CARSON'S DEVOTION TO HIS REGIMENT	X.	70–71
GEN. J. P. CILLEY.		
"CAPT. JACK" AT THE HOULTON REUNION,	VI.	52–54
CAVALRY, LOSSES IN THE	VI.	36–38
CAVALRY ONCE MORE TO THE FRONT,	III.	52–54

CAVALRY SOCIETY, Armies of the United States, Constitution,—By Laws, Officers for 1892-93, Proceedings of Annual Meeting, Scranton, Pa., June 15th, 1892, Next Meeting, Badge of the Society, List of Members, Deceased Members. IX. 81-94

CHARGE OF COMPANY "C"—Poem. VII. 55-56
PATRICK F. SHIVLIN.

"CHIT WHEEL," THE I. 40-47
MAJ. HENRY C. HALL.

COOK, COMRADE MELVILLE B. IX. 99

COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FOUGHT, THE (Illustrated.)—From Rhode Island to Colorado IX. 45-63

COUNTRY FOR WHICH YOU FOUGHT, THE—From Colorado to San Francisco X. 3-28
LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.

CUTLER, LIEUT., THE WOUNDING OF II. 59
CLIFTON W. WILES.

DEDICATION OF THE CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG Addresses by Gen. David McM. Gregg, Gen. John B. McIntosh, David A. Buehler, Esq.; Lieut. Col. William Brooke-Rawle, Gen. J. Irvin Gregg, Col. John B. Bachelder, Capt. David M. Gilmore, Capt. William E. Miller, Rev. Percy Clinton Webber, Maj. J. Edward Carpenter, poem by Lieut. Edward P. Tobie. V. 38-39

DO YOU REMEMBER, COMRADES—Poem V. 10-11
FRANCIS E. SAUNDERS.

ENLISTING IN THE REGIMENT, Price for the Privilege of VIII. 24-25
ORIN W. GOOCH.

FIRST FIGHT, THE VI. 35-36
CHAPLAIN S. A. FULLER.

FIRST MAINE AND THE G. A. R., IV. 48

FIRST MAINE BOY AS ORDERLY, I. 59

FIRST MAINE BOY AT THE GATE—Poem IX. 16-17
LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY MAN'S DREAM—Poem VII. 54-55
LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY CLUB AT BANGOR. III. 59

FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY, X. 78-86

FROM WASHINGTON INTO VIRGINIA, II. 38-42
MAJ. HENRY C. HALL.

GENEALOGICAL, Jan., 1892, VII. 87-88
James Donnelly, Jr., Henry T. Libby.

GENEALOGICAL, April, 1892, VIII. 84-88
John Ames, Gideon Andrews, Jr., William W. Barlow, Warren E. Bickford, William Bradford, Jerome W. Burrows, Samuel Burrows, Alvin A. Carter, Rowland C. Clark, George W. Eaton, Arthur Gilchrist, Riley Gilchrist, James W. Harriman, Andrew J. Kimball, Frederick D. Lynn, Emery Merrill, George A. Messer, Aurelius Parker, John Thompson.

GENEALOGICAL, July, 1892. IX. 112-113
Charles S. Brown, Seth C. Brown, John O. Bruce, Moses P. Bucklin, William Y. Clements, Adnah Gilmore, Charles B. Gilman, Samuel M. Holden, John F. Lord, Asa Frederick Steward.
GENEALOGICAL, Oct. 1892. X. 61-[illegible]
Horatio Smith Libby, Samuel W. Palmer, Charles H. Pickard, Thomas Benton Pulsifer, Charles L. Robinson, Richard Robertson, Jr., Isaac Shields, Zoradus D. Stevens, Abierer Veazie, Marcus A. Vose, David B. Whittier, Edward P. Worcester.
GEN. JOHN POPE, X. [illegible]
"GODDARD'S CIRCUS," VI. 41-43
Moses Y. Richards.
GREGG'S CAVALRY FIGHT ON THE RIGHT FLANK AT GETTYSBURG, IV. 22-34
Lieut. Col. William Brooke-Rawle.
GREGG, Gen. J. Irvin, Death of VIII. 66-68
HAWKES, NATHANIEL S., Capture of, V. 61-63
HOW TWO CHUMS MET TO-DAY.—Poem, I. 48-51
Lieut. Edward P. Tobie.
JIM—Poem, X. 58-[illegible]
JOYOUS ENTERTAINMENT, VIII. 58-59
K COMPANY IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY, V. 60-61
KIND WORDS, X. 82
Rockland Tribune.
LADIES AUXILIARY, Organization. IV. 20
" " Bangor, V. 22-23
" " Bar Harbor, VI. 13
" " Boston, 1889, VII. 66-67
" " " 1890, VIII. 15
" " " 1890, II. 52-53
" " Houlton, VI. 57-58
" " Washington, X. 65
LAST CAMPAIGN, Official Report of, VIII. 17-18
Gen. J. P. Cilley.
LAST MAN OF THE OLD FIRST MAINE.—Poem, II. 19-22
Lieut. Edward P. Tobie.
LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, July, 1889. I. 54-57
Lemuel R. Larvey, Thomas B. Pulsifer, James V. Wood, Charles E. McCoy, W. W. Williams.
LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, Oct. 1[illegible] II. 54-59
Charles B. Kenney, Thomas C. Cole, Hermon L. Foster, Joseph R. Bangs, George W. Eaton, W. W. Williams.
LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, Jan. 1891. III. 57-[illegible]
Lieut. Horatio S. Libby, James W. Herriman, Edwin E. Davis, Charles E. McCoy, John F. Lord, W. S. Sylvester, John Maxwell.
LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, [illegible], 1892. IV. 52-[illegible]
James T. Williams, W. W. Williams, Lieut. Horatio S. Libby, Maj. Henry C. Hall, Lieut.-Col. William Brooke-Rawle, Joseph R. Bangs, James V. Wood, Frank J. Sprague, Capt. William F. Milliken.

LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, July, 1891, V. 71-[illegible]
E. A. Paul, James H. Merritt, Augustus W. Ingersoll, Plummer H. Butler, W. W. Williams, W. A. Vinal, O. M. Harrington, W. S. Sylvester, S. C. Smith, Nelson S. Forsythe, D. W. Palmer, Geo. F. Jewett, Lewis Andrews, R. L. Dodge, Albert M. Cole, Monroe Daggett, L. W. Wheeler, Riley L. Jones, Albert Moulton, Gilbert N. Harris, A. A. Melvin, George M. Kelley, Lieut. Horatio [illegible] Libby, William H. Farnum, Dr. William S. Howe.

LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, Oct. 1891, VI. 61-67
Henry L. Mitchell, Charles H. Bell, Thomas B. Falsifer, Orrin L. Garrett, Converse L. Webb, J. P. Thompson, C. W. Shaw, A Comrade's Wife, Lorenzo C. Hooper, Mrs. Joseph G. Varnum, James H. Card, Perley Lowe, E. W. Whitaker, Albert L. Sylvester, Cyrus Case, Frank C. Needham.

LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, Jan., 1892, VII. 92-95
H. B. Soule, R. W. Porter, Samuel Fowles, A. Lord, Jr., George N. Bliss, E. M. Tuton, James H. Merritt, W. S. Sylvester, Lyman P. Leighton, George W. Gray, S. C. Smith, W. S. Foster, A. K. Snell, Albert F. Jackson, Edgar Clements.

LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, April 1892 VIII. 70-83
S. M. Holden, James H. Merrill, Edward P. Worcester, L. W. Lyon, Harrison Goding, James W. Harriman, Joseph T. Darling, Mrs. Orrin L. Goodwin, Monroe Daggett, Bessie McClure, W. H. Hollingwood, Mrs. M. E. Walker, Edgar Clements, Lillian Gertrude, A. A. Robinson, George Northrop, Albert N. Seip, Robert Bell, A. M. Warren, Leroy H. Tobie, Robert Lockhart, Orrin F. Lewis, Jos. T. Darling, Henry C. Whitaker, D. McM. Gregg, George J. Northrop, Thomas B. Moore, Charles C. Griswold, E. W. Schulze, Warren F. Bickford, Mrs. Richard Cram, Henry C. Whitaker, Alvin Hunter, John B. Perry, W. A. Vinal, D. W. Davis, W. M. Davis.

LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, July 1892 IX. 104-111
D. H. L. Gleason, B. F. McReynolds, Alvin Hunter, Edward B. Ripley, William J. Carleton, A. J. Burbank, Joseph H. Bradley, James E. Stilphen, H. P. Thompson, Harrison Goding, L. H. Tobie, A. A. Robinson, James N. Prescott, J. P. Cilley, Jennie F. McFarland, Henry T. Bartlett, Hiram T. Cook, Henry L. Patch, E. B. Haywood.

LETTERS FROM COMRADES AND FRIENDS, Oct. 1892 X. 84-90
Aaron Bartlett, Edmund T. Bangs, A. H. Bixby, George M. Brown, Plummer H. Butler, Bradbury P. Doe, John B. Drake, George W. Eaton, William O. Elliot, Amil L. Gilbert, Charles C. S. Hassler, C. C. Hassler, Robert Nutter, Fitz John Porter, William A. Rucker, Thomas J. Sanford, C. H. Smith, E. W. Schulze, Eben L. Shackford, William Trimble, W. W. Williams, Gerrard Irvine Whitehead.

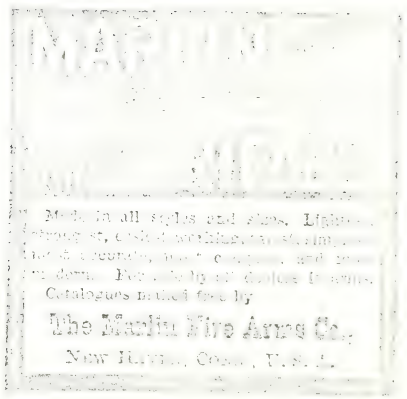
LONELY ALL-NIGHT RIDE, VIII. 22-23
CHAPLAIN S. A. FULLER.

MASSACHUSETTS GRAND H, Annual Meeting, 1891 III. 55-56
" " Banquet, 1888 VI. 13-14
" " " 1890 VIII. 12-13
" " " 1892 VIII. 59-66
" " Organization IV. 20-21
" " 1865 VII. 67-68
MEMORIAL DAY AT ST. ALBANS, V. 63-64
GEN. J. P. CILLEY.
MIDDLEBURG AND UPPERVILLE, VI. 25-27
LIEUT. HORATIO S. LIBBY.
MIDDLETOWN AND BULL RUN, Recollections of VIII. 25-26
LUCIEN W. LYON.
MONROE DAGGETT'S FIRST ONATION, V. 56-59
MOUNTFORD, LIEUT. DEATH OF VIII. 29-30
SERGT. PETER J. DRESSER.
MYRICK, MAJOR JOHN D. TRIBUTE TO I. 22-25
GEN. J. P. CILLEY.
NIGHT WITH MOSBY, IX. 74-76
C. W. WILES.
NORTH AMERICAN COPPERHEAD, IV. 49-52
MAJ. HENRY C. HALL.
NUMBUR FOUR—Poem X. 49-50
C. C. HASSLER.
OBITUARIES, July, 1890. I. 60-61
Gustavus McClure, Asa M. Young.
OBITUARIES, Oct., 1890. II. 61-64
Col. Daniel S. Curtis, Alcester Veazie, Sergeant Major Albert C. Dam, George R. Cameron, Lieut. James W. Poor, Corn.-Sergt. Daniel W. Holmes, Andrew S. Fisher, John C. Cummings, Thomas P. Moore.
OBITUARIES, Jan. 1891, III. 61-62
Lieut. James W. Poor, Sewall S. Avery, Orlando A. Hayford.
OBITUARIES, April, 1891, IV. 60-64
Lieut. Calvin P. Parsons, William C. Fisher, Dr. Frank B. Nash, Andrew S. Fisher, Capt. George W. Hussey, Alcester Veazie, John H. Bickford, George F. Palmer, William H. Gray, Nathan B. Webb, Mrs. Edward P. Tobie.
OBITUARIES, Oct., 1891, VI. 68-71
Horace Sylvester, Stephen W. Patten, William H. Woodward, Horace P. Hoiyoke, Lt. William S. Howe, Mrs. Caroline Cameron.
OBITUARIES, Jan., 1892. VII. 91-96
John H. Goddard, Fred S. Jones.
OBITUARIES, April, 1892. VIII. 89-90
Mrs. Calvin S. Douty.
ONE OF OUR BOYS IN THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS. IX. 77-79
W. H. LUCE.
OPINION OF GENERAL OFFICERS, . I. 59
OUR REGIMENT, A Well-Written Sketch of (Illustrated). IX. 68-74
GEORGE L. KILMER.

PLEASANT ANNIVERSARY GATHERING, V. [illegible]
REGIMENTAL REUNION—Poem, IX. 19-29
REPORTS OF THE TREASURER, 1883, 1889. I. 65-71
" " " 1889, 1890, VI. 72
REUNION AT AUBURN, 1883, I. 5-52
Addresses by Hon. W. W. Bolster, T. Horace Holmes, L. P. Merrill, Major J. D. Pulsifer, A. R. Savage, Esq., Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Chaplain Benj. W. Toft, E. S. Johnston, Lt.-Governor Alonzo Garcelon, Maj. Sidney W. Thaxter, Rev. Stephen Beckett, Dr. John P. Sheahan, Maj. Henry C. Hall, Lieut. Howes; poem by Lieut. Edward P. Tobie; letters by Gen. Charles H. Smith, Gen. David Mc M. Gregg, Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Governor Frederick Robie and others.
REUNION AT BANGOR, 1887, V. 5-57
Addresses by Col. Samuel H. Allen, Maj. George M. Brown, Col. A. C. Hamlin, Gov. Bodwell, Gen. Charles Hamlin, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Judge Haskell, Capt. Charles A. Boutelle, Rev. Dr. A. K. P. Small; poems by Francis E. Saunders, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie; letters from Gen. Charles H. Smith; an old letter from Gov. Washburn; appointment of committee on the Gettysburg monument; report of committee on the publication of the History.
REUNION AT BAR HARBOR, VI. 5-19
Addresses by Simeon A. Holden, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Col. Samuel H. Allen, Gen. J. P. Cilley, Mrs. Lorenza Haynes, Professor Taylor of Virginia, Charles E. Jacks, Lieut. Edward Jordan, Capt. Jacob B. Loring, Perry Chandler, Melvin Preble, Capt. Black Hawk Putnam, Maj. Henry C. Hall, Benj. P. Lowell, Patrick F. Shevlin; presentation to Comrade Holden.
REUNION AT BOSTON, 1889 VII. 23-93
Addresses by Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Lieut. Gen. Brackett, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, Gen. Chas. H. Smith, Harry McGlenen, Hon. Harrison Hume, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley; poems by Lieut. Edward P. Tobie and Patrick F. Shevlin; letters from Gen. J. Irvin Gregg, J. P. Johnson, Riley E. Jones, Capt. Charles W. Pond, Melville B. Cook, and others; visit to Deer Island as guests of the City of Boston.
REUNION AT BOSTON, 1890. VIII. 3-43
Addresses by Gen. Charles H. Smith, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Col. Samuel H. Allen, DeWitt C. Dargan, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Gen. Llewellyn G. Estes, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Dr. Augustus C. Hamlin, Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Gen. W. H. Sinclair, Maj. Benj. F. Tucker, Hon. William L. Barrett.
REUNION AT BOSTON, 1890, Sketch of II. 44-57
REUNION AT EASTPORT, 1884. II. 5-43
Addresses by N. E. Nutt, Esq., Gen. Charles H. Smith, Dr. John P. Sheahan, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Rev. D. W. Morrison, Capt. Charles A. Boutelle, Maj. A. B. Sumner, A. H. Kelly, Dr. J. M. Jonah, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Col. Geo. B. Dyer, Maj. Henry C. Hall; poem by Lieut. Edward P. Tobie.

REUNION AT HOULTON, 1891. IX. 3–29
Poetic Greeting by a daughter of Maine; addresses by Maj. Lyman S. Strickland, Gen. J. P. Cilley, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Dr. John P. Sheahan, Charles E. Jacks, Dr. Theo. J. Batchelder, Gilbert N. Harris, Capt. John W. Freese, Lieut. Horatio S. Libby; story by Sergt. Sidney W. Clark; poem by Lieut. Edward P. Tobie; letter from Gen. Charles H. Smith.
REUNION AT HOULTON, Sketch of VI. 49–52
REUNION AT PORTLAND, 1885. III. 46–51
REUNION AT SKOWHEGAN, 1880. IV. 5–21
Addresses by Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Capt. G. S. Sewall, Capt. Zenas Vaughan, Maj. George M. Brown, Dr. S. A. Patten, Rev. C. M. G. Harwood, Rev. J. M. Frost, Gen. Isaac Dyer, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Dr. William S. Howe, Milton P. Ricker, Frank J. Savage; poems by Miss Lillian C. Smith and Miss Minta J. Mosher; letters from Gen. Charles H. Smith, Major Sidney W. Thaxter, Capt. Charles W. Ford, Lieut. Benjamin A. Osborne, and others.
REUNION AT WASHINGTON, 1892, X. 51–70
GEN. J. P. CILLEY.
REVIEW—Poem, X. 29–34
CHAPLAIN FREDERIC DENISON.
ROLL CALL, January, 1891, III. 5–45
ROLL CALL, January, 1892, VII. 3–43
ROSTER IN THE HISTORY, Amendments to I. 62
ROSTER, Additional, III. 62
SERGEANT NORRIS' SQUIRREL, VIII. 27–29
GEN. J. P. CILLEY.
SKIRMISH AT LITTLE WASHBURN, X. 71–74
C. W. WILES.
SMITH, GEN. CHARLES H., Retirement from the Army, VII. 82–87
SOMERSET ASSOCIATION, Banquet, 1891, VII. 90–91
" " Organization of V. 69–70
" " Second Annual Reunion, IX. 101–102
SONGS OF THE GUNS—Poem, V. 20–22
SONS OF THE FIRST OF MAINE, Organization of VI. 59–60
SONS OF THE FIRST OF MAINE, Story, IV. 47–48
SOUTHERN SAILORS, VIII. 21–22
GEN. THOMAS T. MUNSON.
STORY OF HOME IN WAR TIMES—Poem, V. 15–16
LIEUT. EDWARD P. TOBIE.
TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT, IV. Sup.
TRIP TO HOULTON, The VI. 54–57
UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY AND ON TO APPOMATTOX, X. 51–70
GEN. J. P. CILLEY.
WARRENTON, Our First Ride to X. 83
WEDDING JOURNEY, VIII. 18–20
LIEUT. M. T. V. BOWMAN.

WEDDING JOURNEY REVISITED, VI. [illegible]
GEN. J. [illegible]
WHAT'S A CAMP FIRE—Poem, VI. [illegible]
SERGT. WINSOR B. SMITH.
YANKEE SEA CAPTAIN IN JAPAN, IV. [illegible]



Made in all styles and sizes. Lightest, strongest, easiest working, [illegible] most accurate, most compact, and most modern. For sale by all dealers in arms. Catalogues mailed free by
The Marlin Fire Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

5676